LIBRARY
IOLA, KANSAS

October 28, 1933

5¢ a copy

10c in Canada

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Broadway Complex a short story by Damon Runyon

Oct. 28, 1933

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Arrow presents the Mitoga

The Regular Shirt
The New Mitoga
sloped to fit the shoulder
tapered to fit the arms
no unsightly fullness here
shirt follows the lines of the body
no excess material
plenty of room here
This is the pattern that makes the Mitoga sleeve different from the ordinary sleeve

. . . a shirt that fits as though tailored to your figure

Don't confuse the new Arrow Mitoga with any so-called "form-fitting" shirts. Mitoga is tailored to your figure *throughout!*

Mitoga is *shaped to fit.* It follows the lines of your body, drapes in at the waist . . . conforms to the shoulders. It tapers with the arms. There's no bulging—no bunching anywhere . . . no folds of extra cloth to twist around.

Collar and neck, too, conform to the Mitoga's smart lines, assuring your collars of that perfect fit which distinguishes all Arrow Collars.

What's the idea of all this new cutting and shaping? Well, in the first place, it eliminates "bunching" and blouse effects at the waist. And it's been done so judiciously that you'll find its taper a joy and a comfort. It gives you comfort, style and fit advantages of an expensive made-to-measure garment!

The Mitoga's perfect fit is made possible by Arrow's *Sanforizing* process—which makes this shirt *stay* form-fitting—makes it *keep* its right size through a lifetime of launderings.

See the Mitoga at your Arrow dealer's—try just *one*—and discover the most perfect fit in your shirt-buying career! Mitoga comes in most Arrow styles, patterns, and collar versions . . . at no extra cost. And remember—if it hasn't an Arrow label, it isn't an Arrow Shirt! $2 to $2.50.

© 1933, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, New York

3 of the Many Smart Collar Styles Available in Mitoga

Glenroy — *Collar attached*

Wales Tab — *Tab collar attached*

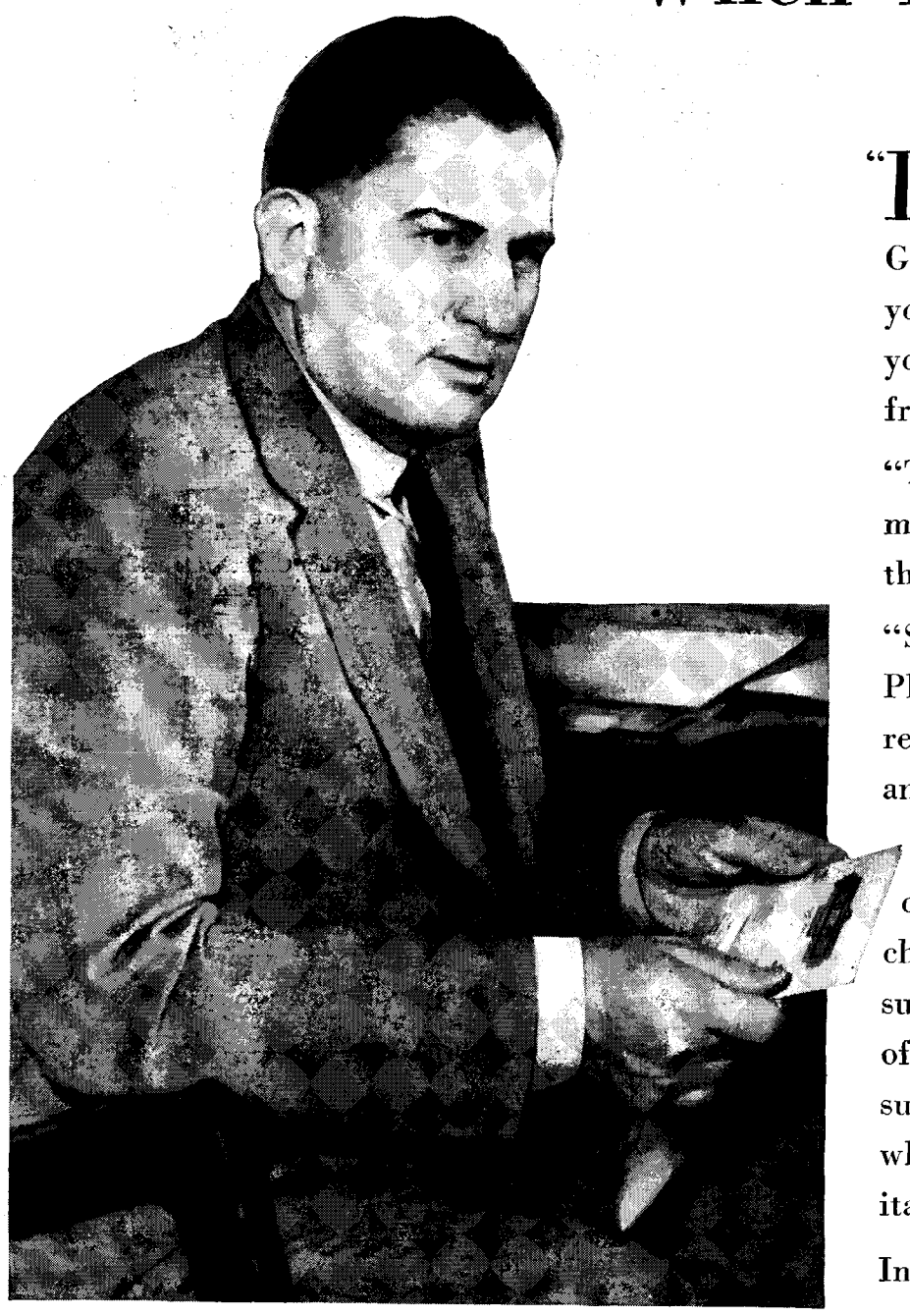
Nile—Two starched collars to match

ARROW SHIRTS *SANFORIZED SHRUNK*

A new shirt if one ever shrinks

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"There Comes a Time When You *Must Have* Cash"



George Siedhoff, prominent contractor and hotel owner of Kansas, whose Investors Syndicate Reserve Fund supplied the cash to swing a million dollar deal. His secretary and ten other employees also carry Investors Syndicate Plans.

"IN EVERY business man's life there comes a time when he must have cash and that *quickly*," says George Siedhoff of Wichita, Kansas. "It's the money you have laid aside years before, that usually comes to your rescue at such a time and often that money comes from a source that you had almost forgotten.

"The rent from just one room in my hotel once helped me land a million dollar construction deal. I'll tell you the way it came about.

"Some time ago I took out an Investors Syndicate Plan for a reserve fund. To carry it, I set aside the revenue from one room only in my Wichita hotel—and I never missed the money.

"Then came the chance to land a big construction contract. But a large amount of cash was required. I checked over my resources. I listed everything. To my surprise I found that the sum laid aside from the rent of that one room increased by compound interest was sufficient to swing the deal. The room in my hotel which paid for my Plan turned out to be more profitable than all the rest of the hotel put together."

Investors Syndicate Plans offer a simple, systematic method of accumulating money so that it is ready for opportunities. *You* can build up a reserve fund this way out of your present income.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

INVESTORS SYNDICATE

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Founded 1894

Offices in 51 principal cities . . . representatives throughout United States and Canada

AFFILIATED COMPANIES: INVESTORS SYNDICATE TITLE & GUARANTY COMPANY, NEW YORK, INVESTORS SYNDICATE, LTD., MONTREAL

Investors Syndicate Plans enable an individual or company to adopt a systematic plan for accumulating money over a period of years. The most common purposes of these plans are: Independence at 50, 55, or 60; Business expansion or reserve; Education of children; Acquiring a home; Means and leisure for travel.

For 39 years in good times and bad, Investors Syndicate has maintained a perfect record of prompt payment of all maturities, loans, cash surrenders, and all obligations.

Upon request (use coupon) Investors Syndicate will send complete information to any person interested in systematic thrift.

COUPON

Mail to Investors Syndicate, Dept. C310, Minneapolis, Minn., or consult phone book for address of office in your city.

I am interested in a plan whereby I may lay aside a small part of my income for a specific purpose.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____ *State*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Next Week

TAKE the soft coal region; they have their own way of doing things there. For instance, "Along Came Prosperity." And why? Well, because, in the first instance, Chick Weely had a mustache that would have served to stuff a buggy seat and two sets of boxing gloves. And The Miser didn't like it.

They called him The Miser because he had a head big enough for two brains and never used either one of them. He fell in love with Chick's daughter. And fought a six months' battle with Chick. And inadvertently put the town on its feet. And was elected mayor—or almost.

And if you think we are betraying secrets, you're mistaken. Because that's just a smattering of what happens in Grover Jones' brilliant short story.

FOR some years it has been an admitted fact that football is Big Business. The gate receipts prove it; and college faculties have, with more or less reluctance, recognized it. Football coaches, however, have clung to the pretense that their methods are the methods of sport and not of business. The game's the thing, they maintain, and the drawing power of a team is an accidental by-product.

Chick Meehan is more candid. Before the spectacular collapse of his enterprise at N. Y. U., he had built, starting from scratch, one of the most spectacularly successful of football businesses. Next week, in the first of two articles by Bill Cunningham, he tells you exactly how he did it.

THE last night aboard ship is a critical time—especially on a homeward-bound ship. It's exciting and dangerous. It makes you feel expansive and unwary and intoxicated. It makes you forget limitations. There was Martha, for instance, and young Louis Sanford Thorne and the auction. "Going, Going, Gone." Edward L. McKenna shows them to you as a warning. Or perhaps not as a warning.

IN A GAY song-and-dance number Stanley Paul introduces you to Chirp Dennis, whose heart was broken but who could play the guitar like a fool. There's nothing like a guitar to express heartbreak.

TALBERT JOSSELYN recounts the heroic action of a golfer afflicted with "Too Much Wife." Marie Beynon Ray gives you your "Fur Bearings." Winston Churchill, Teresa Hyde Phillips, W. B. Courtney, Freling Foster, Arthur Somers Roche and E. Phillips Oppenheim complete the brilliant cast. Don't miss the opening.

This Week

●

October 28, 1933

Cover by Frans Kirn

DAMON RUNYON
Broadway Complex. **The love story of an heiress amid very bright lights. Page 7**

FRANK CONDON
Fore and Farewell. **Romance between tournaments. Page 10**

OWEN P. WHITE
The Blue Eagle at Home. **Nests along Main Street—and talons to guard them. Page 12**

RICHARD CONNELL
I've Met You Before. **The portrait of a perfect man. No girl, you would say, could resist him. Page 14**

ARTHUR SOMERS ROCHE
Conspiracy, Part VI. **Phyllis gets her orders. Page 16**

E. PHILLIPS OPPENHEIM
The Man without Nerves, Part VIII. **Who used the gun? Page 18**

WILLIAM MacHARG
Help from Uncle Sam. **Another triumph; but do you think it made O'Malley cheerful? Page 20**

HENRY F. PRINGLE
A Mind of Her Own. **Lady with a destination: Katharine Hepburn. Page 21**

JOHN B. KENNEDY
So This is Harlem! **Comedies in black and tan. Page 22**

THE SHORT SHORT STORY
Show Business, **by Corey Ford. Page 24**

RAY TUCKER
Part-time Statesmen. **Gentlemen of the Press—and guardians of the Republic. Page 26**

FRELING FOSTER
Keep Up with the World. **Facts gone mad. Page 32**

EDITORIAL
Remove the Last Doubt. **Page 54**

●

Any Week

CATCHING somebody in these columns speaking of the objection some parents may have to the child labor laws, Mr. Milledge Murphey of Augusta, Georgia, is reminded of a disillusioned old-timer who, in indignant obedience to the compulsory school law, delivered his twelve-year-old son to the teacher, crying: "It's come to a pretty pass, ma'am, when a man's got to fetch his chillun to school. Why, it's gittin' so they ain't no money in raisin' chillun no more at all."

AND now that we, alert as always, catch somebody speaking of schools we hasten to tell you that Mrs. C. G. Orendorff of Minneapolis, Minnesota, utters lusty cheers for "Franklin Roosevelt and Collier's." Naturally we hasten to join in. Says she: "A Southern textile mill worker writes me that his reduced work schedule enables him to return to high school and the $2.25 increase in his weekly wage means more adequate school clothing. There's gold in them thar codes."

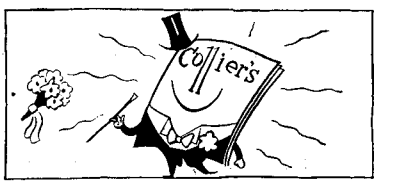
WISH we might go on happily like that. But Mr. G. A. Cunningham of Atlanta, Georgia, ruins everything with a question. A tight one. In E. Phillips Oppenheim's "The Man without Nerves" Mr. Cunningham catches a girl saying: "I'm rather a good sport, aren't I?" And Mr. Cunningham wants to know by what rule of grammar "aren't I" is permitted. So we ask Mr. Cunningham to disregard the old conventional rules of grammar and accept the term for what it is—a relatively new adoption born in England and enjoying a rapidly growing vogue there. It may tweak the sensitive ear at first but it is less clumsy than the stilted "am I not," a bit less offensive than the possible "Amn't I" and less vulgar than "Ain't I." Which is about the best we can do except to remind him that after all we have no control over the grammar of a character in a story we didn't write.

HAVING recovered our breath, we pass on to glad tidings from Mount Airy, North Carolina, relayed to us by Mr. Dan J. Gorman of High Point, N. C. He is "sorry you don't know Ed Banner, head waiter of the Blue Ridge Hotel in Mount Airy. Ed," continues Mr. Gorman, "became the father of a fine son recently and had him baptized Star Spangled."

JUST a minute, please, while we assure Mr. H. J. Fawcett of French Lick, Indiana, that he is quite right in assuming that we meant no offense when, directly after reference to French Lick in Marie Beynon Ray's "Water Cure," there came a paragraph mentioning baths in hot water "into which a half pound of sulphur had been thrown." Mr. Fawcett would like it understood that nobody throws any sulphur in his French Lick baths. Fancy!

FOR a moment we desert our desk to join Mr. I. S. Jones of St. Paul, Minnesota, in jeering at ourselves. Properly Mr. Jones reproaches us for adding the word "out" to the last line of Miss Vesta Victoria's deathless heartbreak song, "Waitin' at the Church," quoted in T. R. Ybarra's recent article of that title.

YOU remember, of course, that one Mr. O. Matchett recently in this column declared his doubt of the existence of anybody named Damon Runyon. To Mr. Runyon's defense springs Mr. Spencer Gibbons Steele of (at the moment) Oil City, Pennsylvania. "I knew Mister Runyon," gloats Mr. Steele, "when he was a buck private in the Colorado National Guard away back and I have a certified copy of the trial proceedings after which he was confined in the Las Animas county jail for cussing out his sergeant. In these documents he is Private Alfred D. Runyon. I knew him when his sponsor in literature was the great Oriental philosopher, Wong Gum Cheung. Wong knew him as the Pueblo Kid. I knew him when he was breezily known in the Colorado mountains as Al. And . . ."



"I CANNOT refrain," writes Mrs. Robert Courtney Griffin of Chicago, "from congratulating you on your magazine. The printing is so clear, the spacing of columns, the illustrations, the little touches of color and last but not least the quality and finish of the paper are all perfection. It is the best-looking magazine."

WE SHOULD have stopped reading Mrs. Griffin's letter right there. But we plunged on, our heart pounding and our eyes glistening with pride. However, we're one of those honest saps.

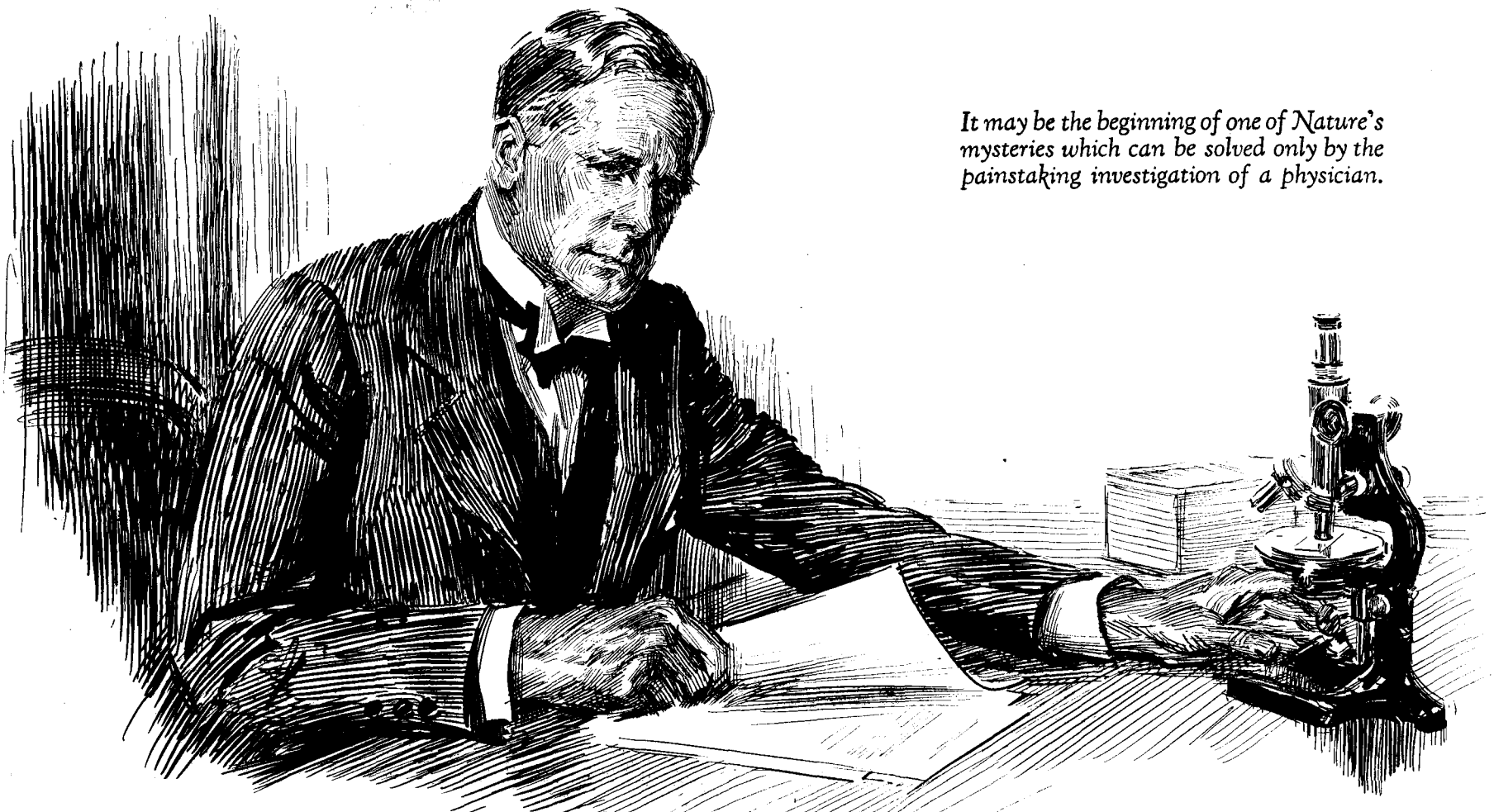
"THE reading matter is pretty good, too," it says.

Vol. 92, No. 18. Entered as second-class matter at Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada, by P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio. Copyright, 1933, P. F. Collier & Son Company, in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Executive and Editorial Offices: 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; 6 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London. Published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, U. S. A. Thomas H. Beck, President; William P. Larkin, Vice President; Albert E. Winger, Treasurer. Manuscripts submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and sufficient postage for their return. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts.

5 cents a copy in United States. $2.00 a year, $3.50 for two years, in the United States and Possessions, also in Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Canary Islands, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Mexico, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. For Canada add $2.50 per year for Canadian duty. Foreign subscriptions including postage: $4.50 a year to Newfoundland and Labrador. $5.50 a year to all other countries.
Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States Funds to Springfield, Ohio. To avoid mistakes in delivery, subscribers should notify us of change of address five weeks in advance. Give both old and new addresses.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Anemia Mystery



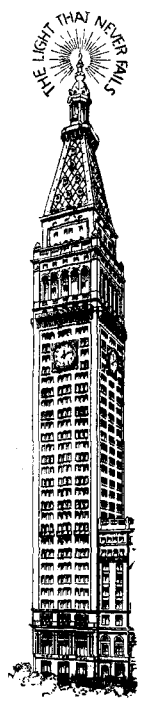
It may be the beginning of one of Nature's mysteries which can be solved only by the painstaking investigation of a physician.

WHEN, without apparent reason, someone you care for—young or old—complains of feeling tired or exhausted and begins to lose color, becoming paler and weaker as the days go by, you may have good cause to suspect some form of anemia.

The anemic person lacks good red blood.

Sometimes anemia is a symptom of a condition which is unknown or neglected by the sufferer and which may be either slight or serious. A frequent, though small, loss of blood, a wasting disease, or infections in the body may produce anemia. If, however, the cause is diligently searched for—and can be removed or corrected—the anemia will usually disappear under proper treatment.

Anemia may also be caused by a lack in the diet of certain food elements necessary for normal blood formation—especially when there are associated functional defects (often symptomless) of the stomach and intestines. A correct diet alone sometimes conquers such anemia. But proper treatment with an appropriate quantity and quality of iron is often of fundamental importance in producing a sufficient amount of blood coloring matter.



People may also become anemic because they are unable to utilize from an adequate diet the food material necessary to make red corpuscles. This may be dependent upon a deficiency in the function of the digestive organs. The most common type of such anemia is called by doctors Pernicious Anemia. Until recently it was always fatal. In 1926, however, an incredibly simple remedy was found—liver.

Pernicious Anemia can now be kept under control by the regular use of liver or an effective substitute PROVIDED A PROPER AMOUNT IS PRESCRIBED FROM TIME TO TIME FOR EACH INDIVIDUAL CASE. But—liver or potent substitutes are not a panacea for all forms of anemia. Although they save lives in cases of pernicious and allied anemia, they are frequently ineffective in treating the ordinary forms of the condition.

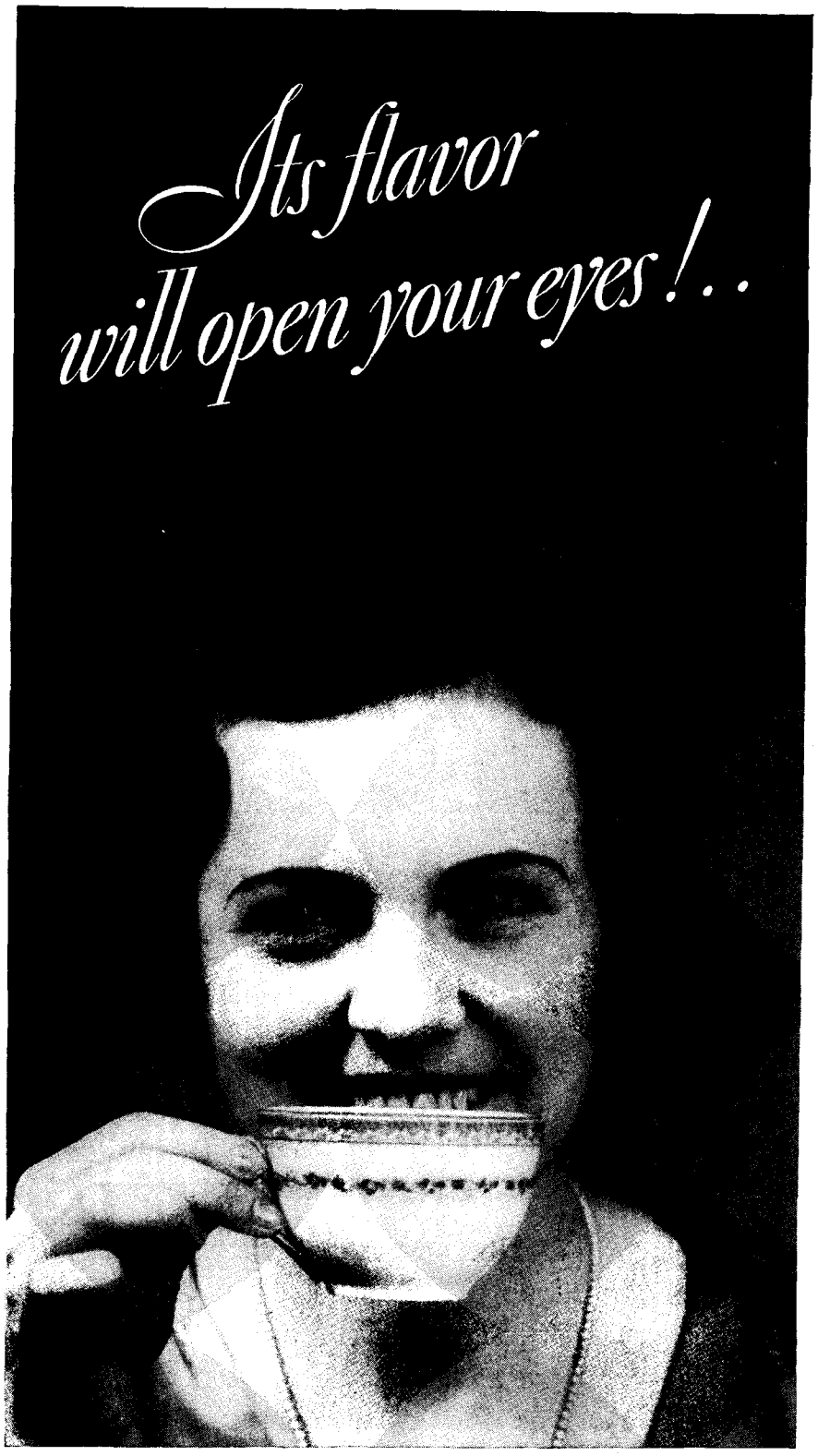
If there is an anemia mystery in your family, don't guess about it. Ask your doctor to find the solution.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT — ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

© 1933 M. L. I. CO.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



IF COFFEE at night keeps you awake, you should start drinking Sanka Coffee right now.

For Sanka Coffee is real coffee—fine coffee. Yet there's nothing in it that can make you lose even a second's sleep.

The rich, full coffee goodness is all there—but 97% of the caffein is removed. And it's the caffein in coffee that causes sleeplessness, frayed nerves and upset digestion.

Try Sanka Coffee to prove its lack of unhappy after-effects. Make the famous night-test. Drink your first cup at night. Drink it when the hands of the clock approach twelve, if you wish. Drink it—and sleep. And the next morning you'll know from actual experience that here's a considerate coffee—a coffee you can enjoy without regret!

Here's a tip to hostesses

Serve Sanka Coffee when you entertain. It will save your guests the embarrassing choice between coffee and a sleepless, restless night. It's the coffee *all* your guests can drink. And they'll thank you for your thoughtfulness!

Your grocer has Sanka Coffee in vacuum-sealed cans. Its *all-purpose* grind makes excellent coffee by any method, including drip. Sold with the guarantee of satisfaction or your money back. Sanka Coffee is a product of General Foods.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Sanka Coffee

REAL COFFEE—97% CAFFEIN-FREE · DRINK IT AND SLEEP!

General Foods, Battle Creek, Mich. COL.—10-33

Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps to cover the cost of mailing and packing, for which please send me a ¼-lb. sample can of Sanka Coffee.

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

This offer expires July 1, 1934—not good in Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A very strong romance indeed —but not too strong for a beautiful doll named Florentine and a gentleman at Mindy's with a

Broadway Complex

By Damon Runyon

He squeezes her to his bosom so tight that it looks as if he is about to squeeze her right out through the top of her gown, like squeezing tooth-paste out of a tube

Illustrated by Robert O. Reid

IT IS along toward four o'clock one morning, and I am sitting in Mindy's restaurant on Broadway with Ambrose Hammer, the newspaper scribe, enjoying a sturgeon sandwich, which is wonderful brain food, and listening to Ambrose tell me what is wrong with the world, and I am somewhat discouraged by what he tells me, for Ambrose is such a guy as is always very pessimistic about everything.

He is especially very pessimistic about the show business, as Ambrose is what is called a dramatic critic, and he has to go around nearly every night and look at the new plays that people are always putting in the theaters, and I judge from what Ambrose says that this is a very great hardship, and that he seldom gets much pleasure out of life.

Furthermore, I judge from what Ambrose tells me that there is no little danger in being a dramatic critic, because it seems that only a short time before this he goes to a play that is called Never-Never, and Ambrose says it is a very bad play, indeed, and he so states in his newspaper, and in fact Ambrose states in his newspaper that the play smells in nine different keys, and that so does the acting of the leading man, a guy by the name of Fergus Appleton.

Well, the next day Ambrose runs into this Fergus Appleton in front of the Hotel Astor, and what does Fergus Appleton do but haul off and belt Ambrose over the noggin with a cane, and ruin a nice new fall derby for Ambrose, and when Ambrose puts in an expense account to his newspaper for this kady they refuse to pay it, so Ambrose is out four bobs.

And anyway, Ambrose says, the the-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

atergoing public never appreciates what a dramatic critic does for it, because it seems that even though he tips the public off that Never-Never is strictly a turkey, it is a great success, and, moreover, Fergus Appleton is now going around with a doll who is nobody but Miss Florentine Fayette, the daughter of old Hannibal Fayette.

And anybody will tell you that old Hannibal Fayette is very, very, very rich, and has a piece of many different propositions, including the newspaper that Ambrose Hammer works for, although of course at the time Ambrose speaks of Fergus Appleton's acting, he has no idea Fergus is going to wind up going around with Miss Florentine Fayette.

So Ambrose says the chances are his newspaper will give him the heave-o as soon as Fergus Appleton gets the opportunity to drop the zing in on him, but Ambrose says he does not care a cuss as he is writing a play himself that will show the theater-going public what a real play is.

Well, Ambrose is writing this play ever since I know him, which is a matter of several years, and he tells me about it so often that I can play any part in it myself with a little practice, and he is just getting around to going over his first act with me again when in comes a guy by the name of Cecil Earl, who is what is called a master of ceremonies at the Golden Slipper night club.

Personally, I never see Cecil Earl but once or twice before in my life, and he always strikes me as a very quiet and modest young guy, for a master of ceremonies, and I am greatly surprised at the way he comes in, as he is acting very bold and aggressive toward one and all, and is speaking out loud in a harsh, disagreeable tone of voice, and in general is acting like a guy who is looking for trouble, which is certainly no way for a master of ceremonies to act.

But of course if a guy is looking for trouble on Broadway along toward four o'clock in the morning, anybody will tell you that the right address is nowhere else but Mindy's, because at such an hour many citizens are gathered there, and are commencing to get a little cross wondering where they are going to make a scratch for the morrow's operations, such as playing the horses.

IT IS a sure thing that any citizen who makes his scratch before four o'clock in the morning is at home getting his rest, so he will arise fully refreshed for whatever the day may bring forth, and also to avoid the bite he is apt to encounter in Mindy's from citizens who do not make a scratch.

However, the citizens who are present the morning I am speaking of do not pay much attention to Cecil Earl when he comes in, as he is nothing but a tall, skinny young guy, with slick black hair, such as you are apt to see anywhere along Broadway at any time, especially standing in front of theatrical booking offices. In fact, to look at Cecil you will bet he is maybe a saxophone player, as there is something about him that makes you think of a saxophone player right away and, to tell the truth, Cecil can tootle a pretty fair sax, at that, if the play happens to come up.

Well, Cecil sits down at a table where several influential citizens are sitting, including Nathan Detroit, who runs the crap game, and Big Nig, the crap shooter, and Regret, the horse player, and Upstate Red, who is one of the best faro bank players in the world whenever he can find a faro bank and something to play it with, and these citizens are discussing some very serious matters, when out of a clear sky Cecil ups and speaks to them as follows:

"Listen," Cecil says, "if youse guys do not stop making so much noise, I may cool you all off."

Well, naturally, this is most repulsive language to use to such influential citizens, and furthermore it is very illiterate to say youse, so without changing the subject Nathan Detroit reaches out and picks up an order of ham and eggs, Southern style, that Charley, the waiter, just puts in front of Upstate Red, and taps Cecil on the onion with same.

It is unfortunate for Cecil that Nathan Detroit does not remove the ham and eggs, Southern style, from the platter before tapping Cecil with the order, because it is a very hard platter, and Cecil is knocked as stiff as a plank, and maybe stiffer, and it becomes necessary to summon old Doctor Moggs to bring him back to life.

WELL, of course none of us know that Cecil is at the moment Jack Legs Diamond, or Mad Dog Coll, or some other very tough gorill, and in fact this does not come out until Ambrose Hammer later starts in investigating the strange actions of Cecil Earl, and then Nathan Detroit apologizes to Cecil, and also to the chef in Mindy's for treating an order of ham and eggs, Southern style, so disrespectfully.

It comes out that Cecil is subject to spells of being somebody else besides Cecil Earl, and Ambrose Hammer gives us a very long explanation of this situation, only Ambrose finally becomes so scientific that nobody can keep cases on him. But we gather in a general way from what Ambrose says that Cecil Earl is very susceptible to suggestion from anything he reads, or is told.

In fact, Ambrose says he is the most susceptible guy of this kind he ever meets up with in his life, and it seems that when he is going to Harvard Col-

Naturally, this is most repulsive language to use to such influential citizens, so Nathan Detroit picks up an order of ham and eggs and taps Cecil on the onion with same

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

lege, which is before he starts in being a dramatic critic, Ambrose makes quite a study of these matters.

Personally, I always claim that Cecil Earl is a little screwy, or if he is not screwy that he will do very well as a pinch-hitter until a screwy guy comes to bat, but Ambrose Hammer says no. Ambrose says it is true that Cecil may be bobbing a trifle, but that he is by no means entirely off his nut. Ambrose says that Cecil only has delusions of grandeur, and complexes, and I do not know what all else, but Ambrose says it is 9 to 10 and take your pick whether Cecil is a genius or a daffydill.

Ambrose says that Cecil is like an actor playing a different part every now and then, only Cecil tries to live every part he plays, and Ambrose claims that if we have actors with as much sense as Cecil in playing parts, the show business will be a lot better off. But of course Ambrose cares very little for actors since Fergus Appleton ruins his kady.

WELL, the next time I see Cecil he comes in Mindy's again, and this time it seems he is Jack Dempsey, and while ordinarily nobody will mind him being Jack Dempsey, or even Gene Tunney, although he is not the type for Gene Tunney, Cecil takes to throwing left hooks at citizens' chins, so finally Sam the Singer gets up and lets a right hand go inside a left hook, and once more Cecil folds up like an old accordion.

When I speak of this to Ambrose Hammer, he says that being Jack Dempsey is entirely a false complex for Cecil, brought on mainly by Cecil taking a few belts at the Golden Slipper liquor during the evening. In fact, Ambrose says this particular complex does not count. But I notice that after this Cecil is never anybody very brash when he is around Mindy's.

Sometimes he is somebody else besides Cecil Earl for as long as a week at a stretch, and in fact once he is Napoleon for two whole weeks, but Ambrose Hammer says this is nothing. Ambrose says he personally knows guys who are Napoleon all their lives. But of course Ambrose means that these guys are only Napoleon in their own minds. He says that the only difference between Cecil and them is that Cecil's complex breaks out on him in public, while the other guys are Napoleons only in their own bedrooms.

Personally, I think such guys are entitled to be locked up in spots with high walls around and about, but Ambrose seems to make nothing much of it, and anyway this Cecil Earl is as harmless as a bag of marshmallows, no matter who he is being.

One thing I must say for Cecil Earl, he is nearly always an interesting guy to talk to, because he nearly always has a different personality, and in fact the only time he is uninteresting is when he is being nobody but Cecil Earl. Then he is a very quiet guy with a sad face and he is so bashful and retiring that you will scarcely believe he is the same guy who goes around all one week being Mussolini in his own mind.

NOW I wish to say that Cecil Earl does not often go around making any public display of these spells of his, except when the character calls for a display, such as the time he is George Bernard Shaw, and in fact unless you know him personally you may sometimes figure him just a guy sitting back in a corner somewhere with nothing whatever on his mind, and you will never even suspect that you are in the presence of J. Pierpont Morgan studying out a way to make us all rich.

It gets so that nobody resents Cecil being anything he pleases, except once when he is Senator Huey Long, and once when he is Hitler, and makes the mistake of wandering down on the lower East Side and saying so. In fact, it gets so everybody along Broadway puts in with him and helps him be whoever he is, as much as possible, although I always claim he has a bad influence on some citizens, for instance Regret, the horse player.

It seems that Regret catches a complex off of Cecil Earl one day, and for twenty-four hours he is Pittsburgh Phil, the race track plunger, and goes overboard with every bookie down at Belmont Park and has to hide out for some time before he can get himself straightened out.

Now Cecil Earl is a good master of ceremonies in a night club, if you care for masters of ceremonies, a master of ceremonies in a night club being a guy who is supposed to make cute cracks, and to introduce any celebrities who happen to be sitting around the joint, such as actors and prominent merchants, so the other customers can give them a big hand, and this is by no means an easy job, as sometimes a master of ceremonies may overlook a celebrity, and the celebrity becomes terribly insulted.

But it seems that Cecil Earl is smart enough to introduce all the people in the Golden Slipper every night and call for a big hand for them, no matter who they are, so nobody can get insulted, although one night he introduces a new head waiter, thinking he is nothing but a customer, and the head waiter is somewhat insulted, at that, and threatens to quit, because he claims being introduced in a night club is no boost for him.

Anyway, Cecil gets a nice piece of money for being master of ceremonies at the Golden Slipper, and when he is working there his complexes do not seem to bother him very much, and he is never anybody more serious than Harry Richman or Mort Downey. And it is at the Golden Slipper that he meets this guy, Fergus Appleton, and Miss Florentine Fayette.

NOW Miss Florentine Fayette is a tall, slim, black-haired doll, and so beautiful she is practically untrue, but she has a kisser that never seems to relax, and furthermore she never seems much interested in anything whatever. In fact, if Miss Florentine Fayette's papa does not have so many cucumbers, I will say she is slightly dumb, but for all I know it may be against the law to say a doll whose papa has all these cucumbers is dumb. So I will only say that she does not strike me as right bright.

She is a great hand for going around night clubs and sitting there practically unconscious for hours at a time, and always this Fergus Appleton is with her, and before long it gets around that Fergus Appleton wishes to make Miss Florentine Fayette his ever-loving wife, and everybody admits that it will be a very nice score, indeed, for an actor.

Personally, I see nothing wrong with this situation because, to tell you the truth, I will just naturally love to make Miss Florentine Fayette my own ever-loving wife if her papa's cucumbers go with it, but of course Ambrose Hammer does not approve of the idea of her becoming Fergus Appleton's wife, because Ambrose can see how it may work out to his disadvantage.

This Fergus Appleton is a fine-looking guy of maybe forty, with iron-gray hair that makes him appear very romantic, and he is always well dressed in spats and one thing and another, and he smokes cigarettes in a holder nearly a foot long, and wears a watch on one wrist and a slave bracelet on the other, and a big ring on each hand, and sometimes a monocle in one eye, although Ambrose Hammer claims that this is strictly the old ackamarackuss.

There is no doubt that Fergus Appleton is a very chesty guy, and likes to pose around in public places, but I see maybe a million guys like him in my time on Broadway, and not all of them are actors, so I do not hate him for his posing, or for his slave bracelet, or the monocle either, although naturally I consider him out of line in busting my friend Ambrose Hammer's new derby, and I promise Ambrose that the first time Fergus Appleton shows up in a new derby, or even an old one, I will see that somebody busts it, if I have to do it myself.

THE only thing wrong I see about Fergus Appleton is that he is a smart-Alecky guy, and when he first finds out about Cecil Earl's complexes he starts working on them to amuse the guys and dolls who hang out around the Golden Slipper with him and Miss Florentine Fayette.

Moreover, it seems that somehow Cecil Earl is very susceptible, indeed, to Fergus Appleton's suggestions, and for a while Fergus Appleton makes quite a sucker of Cecil Earl.

Then all of a sudden Fergus Appleton stops making a sucker of Cecil, and the next thing anybody knows Fergus Appleton is becoming quite pally with Cecil, and I see them around Mindy's, and other late spots after the Golden Slipper closes, and sometimes Miss Florentine Fayette is with them, although Cecil Earl is such a guy as does not care much for the society of dolls, and in fact is very much embarrassed when they are around, which is most

(Continued on page 35)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fore and Farewell

By Frank Condon

The Allisons' idea of a honeymoon for their little sister was thirty-six holes of golf. But young Mr. Blessing didn't care for the game

UNTIL the middle of January, the corner of Mountain Avenue and Monterey Road was as quiet as a graveyard, and Henry Victor Blessing looked out of his windows on rural scenes and was content. On January the fifteenth the civic authorities elected to put in red and green traffic lights, thus transforming a quiet corner into a stop-and-go junction, and the neighbors were furious.

"Of all places," they said indignantly. "Nobody ever uses the cross-street. Must be just nothing but graft."

Among the residents, nobody swore as bitterly as Henry Victor Blessing, who hated towns and people and inventions. He had moved into the community a month before, leased a dwelling with a north light and large windows, and was happy on the corner, where he could look forth upon waving fields and tall trees. His studio was at the front of the house and when the stop-and-go machinery opened up it was the never-ceasing ding-dong bell that drove him frantic.

People called him Vic and regarded him as a queer duck because he painted burros and blue sunsets and mountains shadowed by pink clouds, and sold these art creations for three hundred each and sometimes four hundred. His mountains were strictly high grade and were displayed in the gold room of a downtown hotel and other refined places. Experts mentioned him, prophesying that some day Vic Blessing would be hailed in the cultured capitals of Europe. Meantime, he disliked girls and dancing and bridge parties and painted for hours every day.

When the bell began on the corner, he fumed for a week and then noticed a green roadster that came pelting down Monterey Road and slid to a violent stop, leaving tire marks on the pavement. At the wheel was a smart-looking young person in a tan outfit and no hat, and one could see she was surprised by the ding-dong on the corner. She seemed to be speaking emphatically to herself, and Vic noticed that her hair was a sort of yellow-white.

He could see, too, that she was enormously pretty, and that she had a small nose and a small mouth. She wriggled about fretfully until the green light flashed, then she was away like a rocket. The painter of mountains wasted no more thought on the vision until the following day at the same hour, when the same thing happened all over.

This time the young stranger wore a pink sweater, a bright blue dress and a snippy white béret and was driving an expensive white and silver contraption with very fat tires. The red light caught her again and she frowned, waited for the bell and sped away. . . . In a week, he felt he knew her and wondered where she got all the motor cars.

Girls he had always considered a great waste of time, but he began to look forward to five in the afternoon, which appeared to be the lady's hour. She had no regular days, but the hour was always five, and when she raced back, heading the other way, a man was on the seat beside her; sometimes a red-faced, stoutish oldster with a plume of white hair, sometimes a younger man. Vic worked this out to his own satisfaction.

"Old man is her father," he grunted. "Young man is her sweetheart. The heck with her."

He returned again and again to his drawing board, thrusting the young damsel from his mind, but she bounced back in again. He found himself staring at his watch in the late afternoon, and often he put down the paint brush and leaned out of his window. Of one thing he was sure: the disturber must belong to a solid family, for she seemed to have shoals of motor cars, all snappy.

"What I ought to do," he reflected, grinning at the whimsy, "is to walk out there next time she stops and ask her is she engaged to be married, or has she a husband."

THIS amused him until he began to think of a fresh possibility. What if the young woman stopped coming by in her fleet of green and yellow cars, and slipped out of his life as abruptly as she had come in? Who was she, anyhow, and why was he so steamed up over a stranger?

It was four in the afternoon when these reflections put a stop to art work for the day, and later he backed his station wagon from the garage and slid out into Monterey Road, coming to a stop halfway down the block.

The station wagon was a vehicle of his own design and he was proud of it. He used it to hunt up wild mountain vistas, often being gone for weeks, prowling in remote canyons, avoiding citizens, cooking his meals and sleeping in the bed he had invented. The car contained a gasoline stove, pans and pots, four water tanks and special compartments for his paints and canvas.

Luck was on his side, for at five o'clock the yellow-haired siren whizzed into view and was delayed momentarily by the signal. When she started on again, he drifted along behind. This day she was in a blue sedan and sped rapidly eastward for three miles, turning into a tree-lined drive. Vic followed and signs along the lane informed him they were on the grounds of the Blue Hills Country Club, an organization known far and wide.

The unsuspecting lady halted beneath a spreading tree and remained motionless. Members of the club rambled into sight, carrying bags to their machines, the day's combat being over, and several nodded to the girl. Vic shut off his motor and soon the gray-haired one appeared, coming from the clubhouse, walked to the waiting machine and climbed in, whereupon the sedan circled about and rolled off down the drive.

"Golfers," Vic murmured. "The lady's papa is a ball-knocker."

He remained for some time buried in thought and wondering what was the matter with him. At no time in his past life could he recall driving about the streets after young girls, or thinking of how their hair blew so entrancingly in the wind. Presently he left his car and approached a lone sportsman, who was stuffing a red sweater into a bag.

"Good afternoon, sir," Vic began.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Young Mr. Blessing began throwing his implements into the sea, one by one

"Did you notice the girl and old gentleman that just left in the sedan?"

"Yes," was the reply. "That's John Murray Allison and his daughter."

"Married or single?"

"Single," said the man, grinning. "Her name is Leona."

"Nice name. I see her now and then with a young fellow."

"Probably George Allison. Sometimes rides home with her. She has two brothers. Other one is Henry and both are sweet golfers. I suppose you're interested in golf?"

"Certainly am."

"Then you must know about the Allisons?"

"No."

"John Murray was state champion four years in a row, and is still a star. The boys are good, but nothing like their dad was. Pat Allison, who is John's brother, is another top-notcher, and you might say the Allison family made this club what it is today."

"What is it today?"

The man looked surprised.

"It's the finest outfit in America. We have six young lads coming, any one of whom may win the National Open, and not only that, but here is one club that can pay its bills."

"Thank you very much," said Vic. "Nice afternoon for the game."

He returned to his sleek station wagon, climbed in, but did not immediately start the engine. It seemed to him that if a young man desired to crash into a Blue Hills golfing family the smart thing would be to approach as a Blue Hills enthusiast. It was further evident that some weird change had occurred within him and that he was acting oddly, all because of a girl who drove about the streets with her yellow hair in a cloud.

Next day he hunted up an old friend, Mr. Nat Jones, a sporting figure in the community.

"I would like to join the Blue Hills Country Club," Vic announced. "Will you see what you can do?"

"I can probably get you in," Jones replied. "It's supposed to be snooty. What's the idea?"

"I am crazy about golf," Vic declared, "and when you're crazy about that game you're plenty crazy."

WITHIN the week, he had his leather bag in the Blue Hills caddy-house, had his new keys and a locker near the showers and was in the capable hands of the club pro, who saw nothing remarkable about him but his strength. Vic weighed a hundred and eighty and had thick wrists, long arms and broad shoulders, and sometimes a pro can take such material and build a golfer.

The new man went at his lessons earnestly and did as the pro commanded, whaling away at the little ball and putting until his back ached and his eyes watered. Among the first to be interested in him was George Allison, who happened to be captain of the Blue Hills champions, an outfit of two-men teams that hadn't lost a series in five years. George kept an eye on newcomers.

"Name is Blessing," the pro informed him, "and he might turn into a golfer. He's stronger than a bull."

"I could use him," George remarked, and Vic was introduced to him, and later to Henry and finally to the old war horse, John Murray Allison. They asked him friendly questions and gave him sound advice, looked at his new irons, urged him to buy a special brand of wooden clubs and spoke of the need for constant practice. Vic was at the club daily and the station wagon no longer roamed in the desert. Burros and sunsets were forgotten and the colors dried beside the easel.

George Allison chatted with the duffer one evening and said, "Come on out to our place and look at some motion pictures of Dad. We have him in the slow movies and you can learn heaps just watching how he does it."

"Certainly would help me," Vic agreed, and he arrived in his station wagon at eight the same evening. A few minutes later he was introduced to the daughter of the family, who wore a gray dress and was lovelier than Vic had thought. She smiled in friendly fashion.

"Are you the Blessing that paints mountains?" she asked.

"That's me," he admitted.

"I've seen them. And I think they're perfectly wonderful."

"Oh, I'm just beginning," he said. "Some day maybe I'll do something worth while. And speaking of days, this happens to be the biggest one in my life."

"Why?"

"I'll tell you later. It's a trifle early yet, but I'll let you know."

HE LOOKED with polite interest at the movies of John Murray, sat through an hour of advice and reminiscence, and prepared to leave—but lingered on the Allison veranda. It was a warm evening and Leona was leaning against a pillar, looking like an angel.

"Why the station wagon?" she asked.

"Sleep in it, eat in it, work in it," he explained. "Built most of it myself. I can roam on the desert and keep away from hotels and tourists for months. . . . You have the nicest yellow hair in the world, especially when it's blowing about."

"It needs to be cut," said Leona. "You are very fond of the desert, aren't you?"

"If I never saw another city, I'd get along fine."

"Seems strange a man of your type should be interested in golf."

"Not at all strange. Keeps you out in the open air, grand exercise and teaches one concentration."

He noticed several queer things about Leona. When a person came really close to her, there was an odd quality in her eyes that upset a man's calm. Her voice was lovely and low and it had a husky note peculiarly pleasing. . . . As she continued to display interest in the station wagon, he led her forth and showed her where, all unsuspected, you could open a drawer and haul forth a table, two chairs and a stove. She looked about the vehicle.

"Perfectly amazing," she said.

"The wagon?"

"No—that you should be so interested in golf. Doesn't it keep you from your painting? How can you practice with the pro and do your mountains too?"

"I can't. Temporarily, I have given up art. Your brother says I might make one of the teams if I stick to it, and at the moment golf is more important in my life than all the mountains in America."

"Why is it?"

"You want me to tell you?"

"Certainly."

"You won't be alarmed or fall in a faint?"

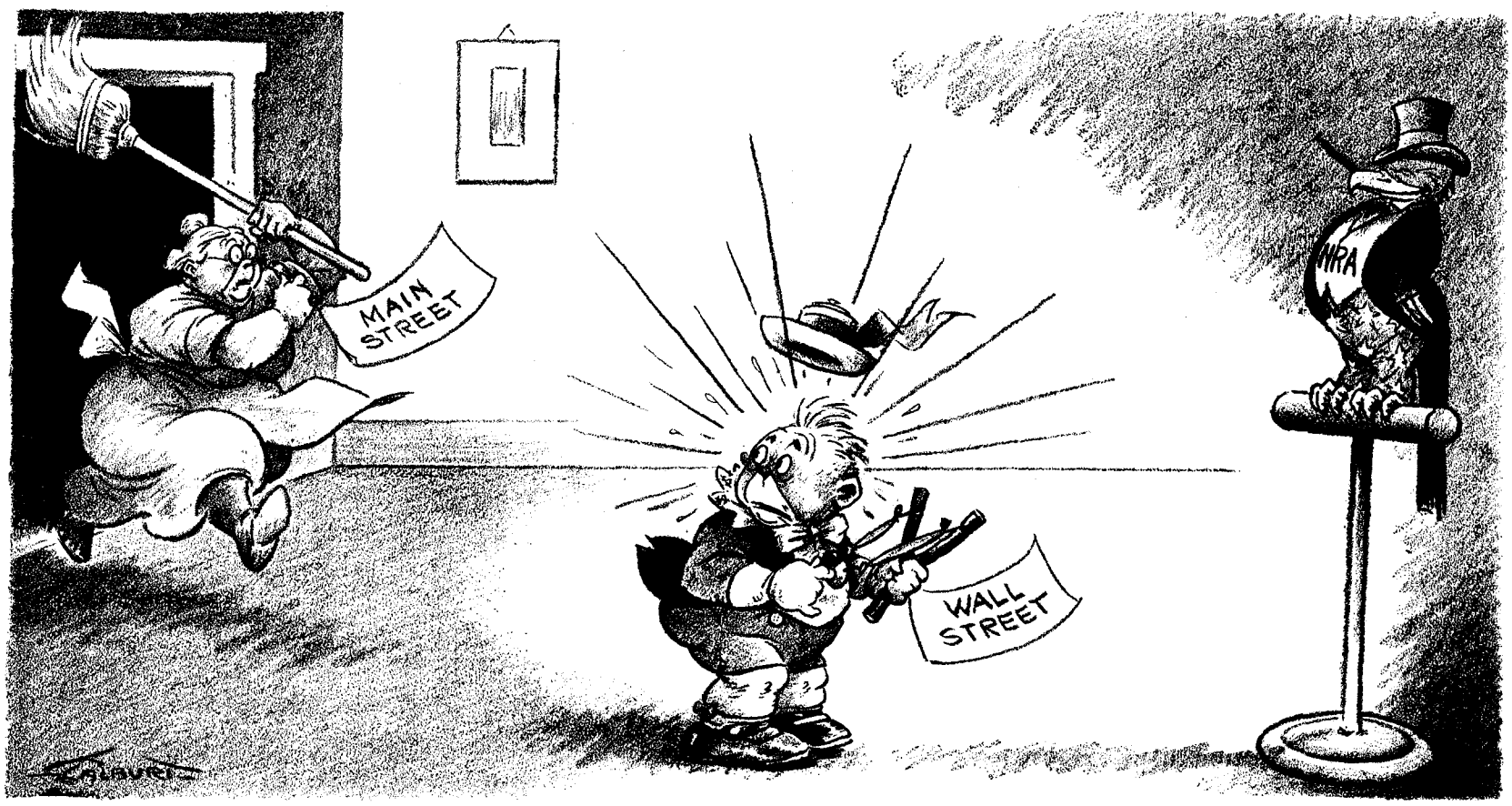
LEONA ALLISON, standing by the station wagon, smiled and promised to bear up under any shock.

"All right then. Here goes. I am in love with you. I have been head over heels in love with you for two weeks and two days, and I cannot explain it because it is all new to me. The funny part is that I was in love with you before I even met you, and now that I have met you I'm more so. First, I tried to put you out of my mind, and couldn't; and now I don't want to. That's my story. Are you shocked and angry?"

"I'm not shocked," said Leona. "But I'm astonished, and who wouldn't be? Somebody said you were a strange young man, and you are."

(Continued on page 47)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The small communities are too enthusiastic about the NRA to permit interference by antagonistic interests

The Blue Eagle at Home

By Owen P. White

There's a rustling of wings over the land—so loud that even the most practical politicians have heard it. For the moment they are all in line behind the Blue Eagle of the NRA. Even so stout an upholder of states' rights as Alfalfa Bill Murray is there. And for a good reason, too. Collier's sent Mr. White on a four-thousand-mile trip through the South and West to find out what people thought of the NRA. Here's what they think: it's an inspiring picture of national unity

WALL STREET, short and narrow as it is and harassed by the possession of its own great wealth, to say nothing of the burden that it bears because of its virtual control of a large part of the wealth of the rest of the country, is today somewhat perplexed.

Main Street, on the other hand, as I have just discovered by traversing thousands of miles of it in villages and towns throughout this country, is wide, long and filled with hope and cheerfulness.

For this interesting and entirely novel state of affairs—that is, for the fact that the pathway of the plutocrats is darkened with doubt, while the highway of the humble is swimming in sunshine—there is, as was pointed out to me by a couple of workmen who were putting a drainpipe under a road in Pennsylvania, a very good reason.

"You see, Mister," said one of these men, "it's like this. Ever since I can remember this government has been run for the benefit of the rich, and all that we poor fellows ever got out of it was what they chose to let us have. But now it's different. According to the way we've got President Roosevelt and this Blue Eagle idea of his sized up, what he believes is that paying wages to workers is more important than paying dividends to stockholders, and so—"

"Yes," interrupted the other man, "and so now we're getting ours. You bet we are, and it's coming to us, too, from the people who can afford to let go of it."

The above quoted remarks, although brief, are highly significant. They are not, of course, wholly true, and neither do they by any means cover all of the activities of the Blue Eagle, but they do almost perfectly express the new sentiment that is now animating the energies of a very large and very important percentage of the people.

And how different that sentiment is from the sentiment that pervaded the souls of these very same people no longer ago than last October! I know, because at that time I made a four-thousand-mile automobile trip over the same route that I have just now again traveled and, as concisely as possible, here are the two pictures.

During the gloomy days of last fall, no matter where I went nobody was discussing work. There wasn't any; there was no immediate prospect of any, and so why discuss it? About all that anybody I met on that trip wanted to do was to join something. It didn't make much difference what they joined—a hunger march, a bonus army, a farmers' holiday movement, a milk strike, the Communist party—any old thing would do just as long as its ritual made it permissible for its members to begin each new day with the then universal invocation of "To Hell with the Government."

Today no such feeling as that exists. On the contrary, change but one letter in the last phrase of the above paragraph. Make it read, "To Help with the Government," and we have before us the new slogan that Main Street, decorated from one end to the other with Blue Eagles, has now adopted as expressive of its duty towards its President.

This is an entirely new attitude for independent American voters to take. Heretofore the accepted practice, so far as I have ever observed it, has been for the sovereign public of this great country to send its selected victim to the White House amid great acclaim, and then keep him there amid a perpetual hailstorm of abuse and criticism.

An Important Change of Front

At this time, though, in no locality that I visited, either East, West or South, did I hear even so much as one word of really sharp criticism launched at President Roosevelt. Such a change in the temper and disposition of the American public meant something. It's epochal. Down in Arkansas I discussed this phenomenon with a very able gentleman who edits a paper in a small town, and he said: "Being in the very middle of a most momentous event, we probably do not fully realize that what we are now witnessing is one of the most striking demonstrations of national unity that either this or any other nation has ever made. Just think of what has actually happened. The rank and file of the American people have bet everything they own, from their jackknives to their homes, their farms, their businesses and their bank rolls, on the wisdom and judgment of one lone man, Franklin D. Roosevelt; and, in spite of his frank warning that he is not guaranteeing the success of any of his experiments, they are shooting the works with him in their effort to do everything he suggests."

"Yes," I replied, "I can agree with probably ninety-five per cent of that statement of yours but not with all of it. The American people are not all pure and unselfish, and what about the chiselers, as General Johnson calls them? What about that class of citizens—and they must exist here in the deep South as well as in the city of St. Louis, which has turned up a lot of them—who, having secured the Blue Eagle and hung it up, have changed the slogan, "We Do Our Part," to "We Double Our Profits"?

To this question this particular pundit of the Arkansas Bad Lands made no definite reply. His eyes merely glittered with a steely light and, figuratively speaking, he reached for a brick. Just a few days later when I propounded the same query, first in Little Rock and again in Memphis, to two other men who were actively engaged in forwarding the NRA movement, they both shook their heads and admitted that in their neck of the woods not only the cheating chiseler, but in some instances even the honest employer who, for some valid reason, perhaps, was unable to sign the President's agreement, and hence could not fly the bird, was very likely to become the recipient of a whole lot of unpleasant attention from an enthusiastic public.

"But suppose they do," remarked the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

man in Little Rock, who is an outstanding figure in the State Chamber of Commerce. "Suppose our preachers, who have lost out on rum as a subject for evangelistic discourse and have taken up the Recovery Act as their text instead, do stir their congregations up to a stone-heaving, bottle-casting point, what of it? Some men who don't deserve it, of course, may have their plate-glass caved in or their shop machinery wrecked, and that would be too bad, but on the whole it seems to me that after so many years of dull depression a little violent expression of public opinion now and then won't do any of us any real or lasting harm. Especially when, as is now the case, the course of that public opinion is being shaped for us by our federal government along lines which we all believe are beneficial to the public welfare."

Nor are the Southern preachers the only ones in that section of the country who are expected to start something. The ladies also, bless them, are likewise on the job. While I was in Memphis, for instance, I was informed by a man who carefully warned me not to use his name that the business of organizing the consumers of Arkansas, Tennessee and Mississippi under the NRA banner had been turned over to the womenfolks.

They Can't Fool the Women

"You just watch their smoke," he said, "and you'll learn something. They're not going to let anybody, if they can help it, trifle with his agreement with the President. If Smith, the grocer, for example, charges a few cents more for a can of coffee than they think he ought to under his code of fair dealing, or if the merchant across the way works his employees a little longer than they feel he should, why, then, in that event these worthy women are going to take action. It'll be effective action, too.

"General Johnson, of course, has said that he doesn't approve of boycotting or anything like that, but what difference is that attitude of the General's going to make to the thousands of women's committees which are at work in the thousands of small towns in this Southern country? Not one bit on earth. Just let the women in any medium-sized community in this part of the United States get together and in open meeting declare that this garage, or that millinery store, or Jones' Pharmacy, or Middledink's Meat Market, is not being run to suit them and right away the unfortunate man who owns the designated establishment might just as well pull in his sign and move out."

And that men in all lines of business in all the small towns that I visited between New York and New Mexico are carefully watching their step to avoid transgressing the stipulations of their codes was, to me, plainly evident: I can illustrate it by citing one incident. It was Sunday afternoon; I had just driven into the pretty little town of Lawton, Oklahoma, and right there in the middle of Main Street my engine gave one expiring gasp and went dead on me. But why worry about that? I thought. Not a hundred feet ahead of me the wide doors of a life-saving garage stood open, and so all that I did was step cheerfully to the street and walk over to the establishment in search of help.

But could I get any? Not one bit of it. The man who was on duty in the place merely, as he stated, for the convenience of regular customers who had cars stored with him, was very polite about it but also very positive. "No, Mister," he said, "I'm sorry but I can't do anything for you. I'd like to but it's impossible. I've already worked as many hours this week as my code permits me to, and if I do any more these folks around here are just about likely to slap me in jail."

He meant what he said. I argued and pleaded with him, but he wouldn't agree to help me, and didn't do so until after I had one of the leading citizens of the town come to the garage to be a witness to the fact that what the mechanic was doing was working in an emergency.

A Law That's Taken Seriously

And even at that, as the man pulled on his overalls to start in, he said: "All right, sir. If I can get you fixed up in one hour I'll do it, because the code does say that we can do that much overtime in an emergency, but if I can't you'll have to stay over until tomorrow when we start in on a new week."

Fortunately that didn't happen. Within less than an hour I was again on the road and as I rolled along over the wide, open highway to Oklahoma City I had plenty of time to speculate as to why it is that not only such men as this particular mechanic, but also hundreds of other wage earners with whom I had recently talked, from pretty blond biscuit shooters to grimy ditch diggers, are all so loyal in their support of an avowedly unguaranteed experiment. The answer is easily given: Under the entire NRA scheme, as I had noted its operations everywhere, real fertilizer in the form of hard cash is actually being spread out at the very roots of our national life, and thousands of men who have been without work for a long time are actually being given employment.

That such is the case is obvious to anyone who will drive across the country with his eyes open. I didn't enter a single state that I didn't lose my temper because of the detours that I had to make to avoid highway construction; again in probably half a dozen places I had to give the road to trucks loaded with Roosevelt saplings and reforestation workers. Moreover, in addition to the activity created by these government-fostered projects, it was very apparent to me that in many communities privately conducted industries which last fall were about to peter out on their diet of pretty promises are today steaming ahead rapidly under the peremptory push of the NRA.

Lean days are ahead for those who selfishly attempt to benefit from the NRA at the expense of public welfare

It is in their understanding, then, of that difference—the difference between the pretty promise and the peremptory push—that we have the explanation of not only the wage earners' but also the farmers' enthusiastic support of the entire recovery program. They are getting something directly out of it. Industry is being made to come across and they are deriving a benefit.

To illustrate: Last October when I drove through the rich lead and zinc area which takes in that section where the four states, Missouri, Oklahoma, Kansas and Arkansas, come together, it was exactly as if I were riding through a whole series of Goldsmith's Deserted Villages. Not a single mine in the entire area was doing any underground work at all; the smelters in the district, which covers several thousand square miles, were every one either entirely shut down or else had only enough fire in them to keep their furnaces from "freezing," while within the little towns there was nothing to be seen except empty sidewalks, boarded-up store fronts and a lone man on duty at the filling station. In that particular section that picture has been wiped out, and Main Street is alive again. What did it?

The Workmen Come First

As I gathered from talking to some gentlemen in Joplin it was the peremptory push of the NRA that turned the trick. It was like this: When general business began to pick up slightly so did zinc and lead, and right at that point the mine owners and operators began to get ready to enjoy an unalloyed prosperity, because, having large stocks of ore already mined and aboveground, they would, as they figured it, merely sell that stored ore to the smelters and go to Europe on the proceeds. But "Nay, nay, nay," said the NRA. "You can't do that because it isn't in accord with our ideas of recovery. If the zinc and lead business is being revived by this administration it is being done primarily to restore buying power. Consequently, although it isn't yet written specifically into the code, but probably soon will be in order to prevent unfair competition, if you owners want to sell ore to the smelters most of it will have to come from underground, where you'll have to hire men to dig it, and only a small portion from the stock you have on the surface."

The same condition, with a very interesting variation, prevails in the huge lumber industry scattered throughout all the Southern states, and which, when it runs, provides hundreds of thousands of men with employment in the mills and the forests. As recently as the first of last May, though, that industry was practically defunct. Then, suddenly, something happened to it that caused literally hundreds of mills that hadn't had fires under their boilers in three years to steam up and go vigorously to work. In this instance, to repeat a query, what was it that was responsible for such quick stimulation? Was it patriotism and a desire to join the President in helping the country that caused the sawmill proprietors to begin to spend their money and rehire their men? Not a bit of it. What they were trying to do when they started in to operate so feverishly was to beat the NRA and the Blue Eagle to it.

They could see a code, calling for higher wages and shorter hours, looming up ahead of them, and so, being astute business men first and altruistic citizens later, what was more natural

(Continued on page 42)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

I've met you before

By Richard Connell

Enter the perfect man. Exit the humble lover—to the cow barn, where we presently leave him, sweetly confused but by no means heartbroken

He was not surprised to discover that the captain was the kind of man whose evening clothes fitted him faultlessly

NOW that, at last, he was alone with her, it came to young Lumsden Lambert, disconcertingly, that a cow barn, modern and model though it may be, is not the ideal spot to propose to the most radiant and wonderful girl in the world. True, there was about the cowery at Willowmere Farm an aura of domesticity and a certain cozy privacy; but it lacked, somehow, the romantic overtones of the orchid conservatory or the willow-fringed lotus-pond. He saw that now, too late. How dumb, he thought, and yet how like him to choose such a setting for the big scene of his life.

Still, there they were, together, and the imperious moment had struck when he must tell Constance Holt in a few simple but burning phrases that his emotional state in regard to her had reached the boiling point. That for some years he had been simmering, surely she must be aware; for she was accustomed to men; indeed, since her début four years before, she had compiled the best batting average in the Junior League.

A bulge of optimism made him take it as a favorable omen that Connie had let him maneuver her away from her other house-party guests, and had let him steer her toward the dairy. She could hardly ascribe his wish to go there to a sudden passion for cows; and she knew that already that day he had been escorted on a tour of the cowery, sheepery, piggery, duckery and stables by that ardent gentleman farmer, her father. Shyly he stole a look at her, and he thought he saw something in her eyes, something benign and beckoning.

He decided on a gradual approach.

"Nice cow, nice cow," he murmured, patting a ruby snout.

"Look out!" cried Connie. "That's Prester John."

Lumsden backed away gingerly.

"A bull, I presume," he said.

"He's won tons of blue ribbons," said Connie, "but he's a vicious old rascal."

From a safe distance Lumsden said, "Nice bull, nice bull," to show her he was fond of animals.

"He's a Jersey," said Connie. "Those beige babies are his wives. In the next room live the Guernseys—"

Lumsden did not relish the zoölogical turn the conversation was taking. He felt an exigent desire to get down to the business in hand, and he drew in his breath and gathered himself like a diver about to do a one-and-a-half from the highest springboard. Prester John gave a bovine grunt and Lumsden read contempt in his eyes. An abrupt, frigid wave of unworthiness numbed Lumsden's tongue.

Even as a drowning man is supposed to see a lightning panorama of his life, there shot, with horrid clarity, through Lumsden Lambert's mind a five-reel film in which he was hardly the hero. Light is swift, but it is a snail compared to thought. In the time it took the aristocratic kine to munch thrice on their cuds, he had beheld himself groping and stumbling through twenty-six years of unadventurous existence: a weedy, gawky sort of bird, liberally eared, meagerly chinned, a duffer at sports, earning an honest if not pretty penny as a very small executive in a very large bank; of decent enough family and fairish prospects, and not a bad fish, really; but not good enough, not nearly good enough, for the most marvelous girl who ever stood beside a fellow in a model cow barn.

HE LOOKED at her, and saw an angel, and his impulse was to grasp her and kiss her with such vigorous sincerity that no words would be necessary to convey to her the idea that their next step would involve orange blossoms and rings; but he was checked by the thought that nowadays a kiss leads nowhere. Time was when a well-placed, well-executed kiss meant an engagement. In these less formal times, he knew, it meant merely a fresh coat of lipstick. He frowned, again filled his chest with the warm, redolent air, and tensed what muscles he had.

"Why, Lummy," exclaimed Connie, "how wild and red you look!"

Her voice deflated him.

"Sorry," he gulped. "I—that is—I always look wild and red in cow barns."

"Shall we buzz back to the house and sink a drink?" she asked.

"Oh, no. Absolutely not," he said, hastily. "I don't mind looking wild and red; that is, if you don't mind."

"I don't mind, Lummy."

"Thanks. That is, thanks."

"But I suppose I should go to the house and play the genial hostess," Connie said. "Some more guests are due from New York any minute now."

"Please don't go," said Lummy, huskily.

"I didn't know you cared for cows," she said.

"I don't," he said, earnestly. "I don't mind cows, but care for them, no! Connie, frankly, I don't want to stay here to be near the cows—"

He looked at her with eyes full of yearning and desperation. She smiled back at him and said, softly, "Then why do you want to stay here, Lummy?"

"Something I want to talk to you about," he said.

"What?"

"You," he said, paused, and finished, "and me, too, in a sense."

Why he added "in a sense" he did not know. He was in a state where any words might happen.

"What about me?" Connie asked. "And you, too—in a sense?"

Her eyes were kind enough.

"Here's the story," he began, in brisk, businesslike tones. The inspiration had come to him that he could now use his talent for selling bonds; but he caught the eye of Prester John and saw there mockery and scorn, and his selling technic got out of control and boomeranged. He found his brakeless tongue blurting:

"Oh, Connie, I'm such a boob. I'm not what I want to be at all. Sometimes, when I'm dreaming, I see the man I'd like to be. He's tall, dark, handsome, romantic, a fine athlete, a sportsman, a man who has done thrilling things—in fact, he's just about everything I'm not. I've dreamed about this imaginary me so much he's almost real. But I seem to stay the same—floppy ears, duck-fuzz for hair, comic legs, plodding along in a stuffy sort of way, just a human rabbit. I hate what I am. Even my name—Lummy—is foolish—"

"But, Lummy," said Connie, "I know all about you."

He glowered at the bull.

"Then there's no hope for me, I guess," he said.

"Hope for what?"

"Oh, Connie," he burst out, miserably, "you know."

"Tell me."

AT THIS point he knew he should have thundered, "I love you," and gone into a huddle, but he hesitated, and was lost. Someone was opening the barn door. It was Slater, the butler.

"Beg pardon, Miss Constance," Slater said, "but a gentleman just arrived by motor from New York and asked me to take him to you immediately."

"What's his name?" asked Connie.

Another figure loomed in the doorway. The butler struck a professional pose.

"Captain Stephen Warrington," he announced.

An exceptionally tall, wide and elegantly attired man swooped down on Connie, took her in his arms and kissed her soundly.

"Darling," he breathed.

"Oh, Stephen darling, I'm so glad you've come," said Connie.

Everybody kisses everybody else nowadays, Lummy knew, and everybody calls everybody else "Darling;" but, even so, a chill of dismay iced his blood. There was something about the way the

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

captain kissed that was so sure and so loud.

"Stephen," said Connie, "I want you to meet Lummy Lambert."

Warrington turned. Handsome he undoubtedly was, with a strong, outdoor face, blue-black hair, and clear, penetrating eyes. He gripped Lummy's fingers with a brown concrete hand at the end of a steel arm.

"How do you do, Lumber?" he said.

Lummy stared at him. To the Lambert features came a puzzled, almost bewildered look.

"My name is Lambert," he said, "and I think I've met you before."

"No," said Warrington. "I think not. I never forget a face."

"But, but—I feel sure," faltered Lummy, "though I can't just now think where."

"Perhaps in Singapore?"

"No. I never was in Singapore."

"Rio? Madrid? Cairo? Paris?"

"No."

"While you're playing Twenty Questions," put in Connie, "I'll pop up to the house and see how the drinks are flowing. Show Stephen around the ranch, will you, Lummy?"

She hurried away.

"This," started Lummy, "is the cow barn."

"Oh, really?" said Warrington.

"Yes. That big brute in the corner is a prize bull. Hey—don't go near him. He's dangerous."

But Warrington sauntered close to Prester John, bent on him a masterful look, and cuffed him familiarly on the nose. The bull quailed.

"Interesting job you have here, I dare say," remarked Warrington.

Lummy became acutely conscious of the grimy flannels in which he had been playing tennis.

"Oh, but I don't work here," he said. "I'm—well, the fact of the matter is, I'm a banker."

Why he should have said this in a low voice, as if making a shameful confession, he did not know. There was something about Warrington that hypnotized him.

"Oh, really?" Warrington said.

"What do you do?" asked Lummy.

Warrington smiled.

"You might call me an explorer," he said.

"Oh, you explore?"

"Among other things."

"Where do you explore?" queried Lummy.

"Oh, the upper Amazon, the lower Zambesi, the interior of Borneo, spots like that."

"And next," said Lummy, "you go to the Gobi Desert?"

"Why, yes," said Warrington, showing surprise. "But how did you know that? I haven't announced my plans."

Lummy reddened.

"I didn't exactly know," he said. "But I've always thought that if I were an explorer, that's where I'd explore."

"Oh, really?"

"SHALL we go and take a peek at the pigs now?" suggested Lummy.

"Delighted," said Warrington. "Ever do any pig-sticking, Lambert?"

"I've read about it," said Lummy. "But we couldn't stick these pigs. They're pets."

"I meant wild boars," said Warrington. "One pinks them with long lances from horseback. Keen sport. I've done quite a bit of it in India. Of course, it isn't tiger-shooting."

"No, of course not," agreed Lummy.

"Done any?"

"No. Always wanted to, though. Lions, too. Of course, you've shot lions."

"A goodish few."

Lummy sighed.

They attained the piggery and surveyed the Holt Collection of obese Berkshires. Warrington made a few terse, pointed criticisms. It transpired that he had an encyclopedic knowledge of live stock, flowers and bees.

"Over there," said Lummy, "are the stables."

"Any polo ponies?"

"A couple of elderly ones, I believe."

"Too bad," said Warrington. "Should have brought some of mine. Do you play?"

"Polo? Me? No," said Lummy. "I imagine you do."

"That," said Warrington, dryly, "is why I keep a string of ponies. Of course, for the past two years I've been too busy exploring to play much. My game has fallen off shamefully. My handicap has been cut from eight goals to six."

"Tough luck," said Lummy.

"Let's go in the house now."

"Whatever you say, sir," said Lummy. He had not meant to say "sir."

They strolled toward the great Colonial house. Thought crinkled Lummy's brow. His sense of recognition had grown as Warrington talked, but had not yet borne fruit. He could not remember where they had met. It was rather maddening.

"Charming girl, Connie," observed Warrington.

"What? Oh, yes, yes. Charming."

"I don't mind telling you, Lambert," Warrington said, "that I'm devilish keen on her."

"Is that a fact?" said Lummy, his heart rattling around his ankles. "Have you known her long?"

"We've played around for a couple of months," said Warrington. "Ever since I got home from the Zambesi."

"I see."

"We met," said Warrington, "under rather romantic circumstances."

"Of course," said Lummy.

Warrington shot at him an interrogative stare. "I beg your pardon, Lambert?" he said.

"I mean," said Lummy, flustered, "that Connie's romantic and when a girl is romantic—well, I mean she is apt to meet people in a romantic way; see what I mean?"

"Yes," said Warrington, but doubtfully. "Well, last winter her father's yacht put in at Sandakan—"

"Borneo?"

"Right. I happened to be there, potting orang-utans. Connie insisted on swimming in the harbor, although—"

"It was infested with sharks or crocodiles."

"Did Connie tell you?"

"No. Never mentioned it. I sort of surmised there would be sharks or crocodiles," Lummy said.

"Sharks," said Warrington. "And a big fellow nearly had her. I happened along and managed to get a grip on him in time."

"Hurt?"

"Sharks are not pollywogs, you know," said Warrington stiffly. "I was cut and bruised a bit. Luckily I remembered an old jiu-jitsu hold—"

Lummy nodded.

"Splendid exercise, jiu-jitsu," Warrington said. "Ever do any?"

"I never even owned a kimono," said Lummy.

ON THE broad veranda they found other guests and an array of drinks. Promptly Warrington took possession of Connie, convoyed her to a love-seat in a corner, sat her down, and engaged her in what Lummy divined, with tortured eyes, was an intimate and fascinating conversation. Lummy moped away to a porch-swing as remote as possible from the odious sight, and hunched down in brooding silence. He felt as unwanted as a bumblebee on a paper rose. He felt baffled, too, baffled in a most curious, almost eerie way. Where had he known Warrington? Known him he certainly had, sometime, somewhere, somehow; but when, where, how?

His ransacking of the pigeonholes of his mind was interrupted by a girl who lowered herself into the swing beside him. He saw that it was Dotty Maxwell, who was cast in a generous mold, and was a bit cumbersome, but had the high merit in Lummy's eyes of being Connie's closest friend.

"Woodchucks nibbling at your soul, Lummy?" Miss Maxwell inquired.

"I'm thinking," said Lummy. "Always look gloomy when I think."

"What are you thinking about?"

"That fellow Warrington."

FROM Miss Maxwell seeped a sigh.

"What a man!" she said.

"Tell me something," said Lummy. "Who is he? Or is he something out of a book?"

"He's one of the genuine, tall-hat, Back Bay Warringtons," said Miss Maxwell.

"Rich, of course."

"Dripping with wampum."

"Has he really shot lions and tigers?"

"Also buffaloes, grizzlies, gnus, gorillas—"

"Don't go on," said Lummy. "What does he do when he isn't bagging gnus, peering up the Zambesi and wrestling sharks?"

"Has fun. Plays polo, flies hither and thither in his plane, climbs mountains, goes to parties—"

"Bit of a roué, perhaps?"

"Not Stephen. My Uncle Claude, who

(Continued on page 30)

Illustrated by Floyd Davis

Lummy ran after her, but he was soon passed by the fleet and graceful figure of Warrington

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Conspiracy

By Arthur Somers Roche

The Story Thus Far:

BIG MIKE PELLETIERE, a notorious racketeer, is knifed to death while dining with a girl at Paul Lanson's restaurant in Paris. Doyle Evans, of the American Embassy, witnesses the killing. Two years later, in New York, he meets a gloriously beautiful girl—Phyllis Benedict, who, having disappeared when a child, has just been found by her father, working as "Minnie Ganston" for Johnson Fay, an importer. He recognizes her instantly. She is the girl who had been with Big Mike at Lanson's!

That night a girl—whom he has never seen before—calls on Evans, informs him that it was she he had seen at Lanson's. She leaves. A man joins her. Johnson Fay. "He swallowed it," she says. "Benedict's eighty million dollars are in the bag."

But Evans knows the girl has lied. He knows, also, that he loves Phyllis Benedict. . . . Paul Lanson comes to New York, opens a speakeasy—and sees Phyllis Benedict. Recognizing her as Big Mike's girl, he writes to a famous French detective, Degas, and tells him of his suspicions. Degas, whom Evans has known for years, hurries to New York. But before he can take action, Lanson is murdered, bombed to death.

With Degas, Evans goes to a play—and sees Phyllis Benedict (who had told him she was to be out of town) with a man: Johnson Fay. He speaks to her, then goes to a restaurant for supper. Degas seems worried. He points to a near-by table. "My friend," he whispers, "you are in peril. A girl came in with those fellows. She pointed you out and left. Go out. Have a look at her. She is, I believe, the girl who called on you."

Evans leaves the room. He cannot find the girl; but he obtains a description of her. The Frenchman hears his report. Then: "Follow me—*quickly!*" He rises, strides to a window, leaps out. Evans follows him. Together they jump in a taxicab, drive away. Later—after Degas has outlined a plan to make it appear that he has left America—Evans phones his apartment. Derrick, his man, answers, informs him that a "Miss Benedict" is there waiting for him. When he arrives, the girl he loves greets him, tries to explain why she is not out of town. Evans listens to her story; then: "Will you marry me, Phyllis?" The girl laughs happily. "Of course I'll marry you," she replies. The hour is late. She leaves. Near her home she meets Johnson Fay. "They got away from us," says Fay. "Degas is onto us." The girl smiles. "Evans asked me to marry him. I said yes. Okay?" Fay grins. "Yep," he replies. "It's okay by me."

VI

DEGAS, over the telephone, was discreet at first.

"Your business is—er—concluded?" he asked.

Evans felt himself blush.

"It is concluded," he said.

"There," said Degas, "speaks the Anglo-Saxon. A Frenchman knows that such business is never concluded. Intervals—yes. They happen. But why disturb your peace of mind? You are coming back to me at my hotel?"

Evans hesitated. There was so much to think about. . . .

"You think it best?" he asked.

"Perhaps not," said Degas. "You have left me. To return might be to arouse suspicions that perhaps may be sleeping. Though that I doubt. But still—have you looked out your window? Or does your window front the street?"

"There's no one there—wasn't a minute ago," said Evans.

"When you put the—er—business—in a cab, eh? You did not escort her home, perhaps? Ungallant—but wise. You are secure, you feel?"

"God knows," said Evans. "I feel—maybe we've been silly."

"There again speaks the Anglo-Saxon," said Degas. "Melodrama cannot exist. But one minute after you hang up, look out the window."

"What do you mean?" asked Evans.

"I mean that Degas does not become embarrassed at melodrama. Degas knows that life is a melodrama, conforming to no artistic canons. So Degas feels no shame at playing a melodramatic part. As you hang up, I will call a number. Oh, I have kept my word with you. No police to pry into identities. But two private agents, from a bureau with which I have had relations—these are at a drug store one block from your apartment. They will be on guard in front of your apartment the rest of the night."

"You think it necessary?" said Evans.

"Perhaps," said Degas, "you thought it a pleasure to crawl from our table to the window of the Ambassador. Perhaps you thought *I* enjoyed the merriment at our actions enjoyed by the people who observed us. Perhaps, again, you think that Paul died as part of a gigantic jest?"

"I'm sorry," said Evans.

"All right," said the Frenchman. "And let us discuss the matter no longer. You, whom murder will not completely convince, may not believe that telephone conversations can be listened to. I have been indiscreet. No more. Tomorrow noon I sail. You will call upon me? You will see me off?"

"Of course," said Evans.

Whereupon Degas bade him good night.

DERRICK appeared in the doorway of the living-room.

"Anything else tonight, sir?" he asked.

"Nothing, thank you, Derrick," said Evans. He felt embarrassment. Derrick must be thinking all sorts of thoughts about Phyllis Benedict's late visit. Evans wrestled with an inclination to explain to his valet that the girl's unconventionality was justified. Then he smiled at himself. His nerves must be in a bad way when he almost found it necessary to offer explanations to one not at all entitled to them.

Who could think evil of Phyllis Benedict, anyway? His smile became grim. He himself had been able to think all sorts of evil of her. He had tied her up with imposture, with murder. . . . He rose restlessly and looked out the window. Across the street, only half concealed by the shadows, lounged two men. Had it not been for Degas' words to him, he would have thought them emissaries—of whom?

He sat down and lighted a cigarette.

Phyllis Benedict was no impostor. The girl who had rested in his arms, whose kisses had been as fervent as his own, could be no impostor. But why not? he asked himself. He rose and paced up and down the living-room. Nerves, something akin to terror, assailed him.

Because a woman kissed him, because a woman said she loved him, because a woman promised to marry him, he had, for a brief while, thrust aside thought of matters that made her kisses, her protestations, part of a ghastly comedy. Of *course*, if she thought he suspected her, she'd kiss him, vow she loved him, do anything to divert these suspicions. Eighty million dollars were well worth an embrace to that kind of woman.

That kind of woman! What did he mean by this? He shook his head angrily, as though tossing away incredible thoughts. But the thoughts were not to be got rid of so lightly.

Grant that her kisses had been real, that her protestations of love were sincere. What of them? The wickedest woman in the world might well fall in love, or into some emotion which passed for love with her.

THE fact that a woman cared for a man didn't put a halo of purity about her head. Let him, for God's sake, forget the memory of her lips, her arms, her murmured endearments, and think of other matters. Let him think of Paul, of the woman who had called last night, of the three men in the Ambassador Café, of Degas' alarms. Degas was no coward, no fool. Degas, for all his ready acceptance of life as a melodrama, was not given to baseless terror. Degas knew that menace hovered over himself and Evans.

And Evans knew infinitely more than Degas. Degas, by mental processes that compelled Evans' admiration, had come to the conclusion that Evans would

"I thought you had sense enough to know that pretending to be the Benedict daughter had a certain amount of danger in it," he said

Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

shortly see—and perhaps recognize—the woman of Lanson's. A visitor had been sent to Evans to anticipate—and nullify—his prospective identification of that woman. That identification, Degas had said, might be to prevent embarrassment to the woman. But Degas had instantly perceived that embarrassment would not cover her emotions; she was connected with a crime that Paul had described as monstrous. And Evans knew how monstrous it really was, and how much more monstrous it had become.

He forced himself to sit down, to light, deliberately, a cigarette, to smoke it leisurely, with what calm he could assemble. For the moment, for the sake of mental debate, let him look at the situation rationally; let him forget that the loveliest woman in the world had given him her arms, her mouth.

Suppose that this same loveliest woman in the world were the vicious impostor he had thought her to be? Suppose she feared that disclosure of her imposture was imminent? Would she, companion of the late Pelletiere, hesitate at pretending love for the man who might unmask her? Eighty millions of dollars, a great position, were at stake. Jail loomed ahead of her. Was it reasonable to assume that, having deceived the Benedicts, she would hesitate at deceiving Doyle Evans? She had given daughterly kisses to her alleged parents; why couldn't she give a lover's kisses to the man who might prove that the filial kisses were pretended?

The facts were against her. Last night's visitor, with her clumsy attempt to impose upon Evans; Paul's murder; tonight's espionage with its threat of something worse: these combined, with his own semi-recognition of her as Pelletiere's companion, to make her guilt seem certain.

AND against these facts and suspicions he had to offer that she kissed him, that she professed love for him. He rubbed his lips unconsciously, as though to erase from them those false kisses.

Back to his mind came those dreadful thoughts of the earlier evening. Eighty millions of dollars was to be her inheritance. But if she were the spear point of an assault upon these millions, there was the shaft of the spear to consider, the hand that aimed and guided it, the hand that had made the spear. Was it Johnson Fay's? But the identity of that shaft, or the hand that held it, was unimportant at the moment. The important thing was that not merely the lovely impostor was involved in the plot, but that desperate men were also involved.

These men had done murder today. Would they wait for the girl to inherit her fortune, or would they see to it that the Benedicts were removed that the girl might come the quicker into her inheritance? Obviously, they would follow the latter course.

He rose and picked up the telephone. It was his duty to call Degas and tell him his suspicions. Through the evening he had been on the verge, a dozen times, of telling Degas everything, and had refrained. But he could not, in decency, refrain any longer.

But he put the instrument down. She had kissed him; she had told him that she loved him. Liar that she unquestionably was, he could not tell Degas—yet. But when?

Degas' life was threatened. Because a girl had kissed him, because he loved her madly, had he the right to let Degas die? Suppose that Phyllis had beguiled him merely to keep him quiet for a while? Suppose that at the end of this "while" her co-conspirators intended his death? Well, it was all very well for him, through mingled emotions of love and chivalry, to risk his own life; but had he any shadow of right to let Degas continue to walk in peril?

There could be no answer to this question. Honor, the veriest common decency, compelled that he hesitate no longer in informing Degas of the things he knew.

Again he reached for the telephone, but again he dropped it. Nothing could happen tonight. Degas, locked in his room at the Splendid, was safe for the night. He himself, guarded by Degas' two men, was secure. Unquestionably, if Degas engaged men to guard Evans, he was not neglectful of his own safety.

HE LOOKED out the window; the two loungers were still faintly visible in the gloom. He was secure from attack, yes. Unless the attackers came en masse. But they wouldn't; they wouldn't come at all. Not Degas' watchmen, but Phyllis' visit had made him secure against assault. She had, by her avowals, her kisses, lulled what doubts he might have into slumber. So she would reason, and so would reason those behind her. Yes, he was safe.

But what about Degas, whom no one had kissed, about whose neck no arms had been twined? Degas was in present, active danger, not a danger quelled by kisses. Two guardians, ten guardians, would not protect Degas from a bomb, such as had destroyed Paul this afternoon. No, Degas must be told everything and told it at once.

This time he did not even reach for the telephone. What he had to disclose was too grave to be discussed that way. He went to a closet, selected a hat to replace the one still reposing in the checkroom at the Ambassador, and then glanced down at his patent-leather shoes, noticed the reflection of his white shirt in a mirror.

It would take only five minutes to change into a business suit, apparel that would be less conspicuous in the morning, when he and Degas left the Splendid to go—where? But Degas could answer that question better than Evans. Degas was a detective; Degas, equipped with the information which Evans would give him, would know, as Evans could not, the first steps to be taken.

Derrick—sometimes Evans wondered if his valet ever slept—appeared in the living-room as his employer had his hand on the doorknob.

"Going out, sir?"

Evans nodded curtly. Phyllis Benedict had called on him late tonight; now, his dinner suit changed, he was going

(Continued on page 44)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man without Nerves

By E. Phillips Oppenheim

The Story Thus Far:

THE shooting of Sam Jesson of Sandywayes, Sussex, amazes his friends; as does the statement of his banker, James Huitt, that the man, generally regarded as wealthy, had died almost penniless. A coroner's jury declares that Jesson had committed suicide.

Unlike Jesson's friends—Huitt, Lord Milhaven, Andrew Cresset, Timothy Sarson, Roland Martin and others—"Mr. Tyssen," a young stranger in the village, does not accept the verdict of suicide. Assuming the rôle of amateur sleuth, he endeavors to prove that Sam Jesson was murdered. . . . Lord Milhaven gives a dinner in honor of Sir Julian Bott, noted financier. Huitt, a revolver in his pocket, is present. That same evening, Anthony Sarson, Timothy Sarson's son, and Andrew Cresset's daughter, Sybil, return from a dance together. Near the bungalow of Madame de Sayal, a beautiful recluse, they encounter a motorist, who, drawing a revolver, orders them to move on.

Half an hour later, Anthony returns to the bungalow, warns its occupant that she may be in peril. He leaves (taking with him a revolver which the woman has given him). A few hours later, he finds himself again in the bungalow and discovers that he has been mysteriously unconscious. He leaves, after promising Madame de Sayal to say nothing of his adventure. The village, he soon learns, is in a turmoil. Sir Julian Bott has been murdered! And Inspector Penny of Scotland Yard suspects Anthony; for the young man accounts for his all-night absence by saying he had fallen, struck his head, and lain unconscious at a spot which, to his horror, happens to be near the spot where Sir Julian had met his death! . . .

In his London office, James Huitt has a caller: Timothy Sarson. His friend is greatly agitated. Having asked for the amount of his balance (he should have an unusually large one) he has been informed that it is very small. Huitt excuses himself, leaves the room. Sarson sees a photograph—face down. He turns it over. It is a photograph of—Madame de Sayal, *whom Huitt is not supposed to know!*

Huitt returns. "My apologies, Sarson," he says. "Our error. Your balance is well over 29,000 pounds." . . . That evening Huitt, in his Sandywayes home, has another caller—Tyssen. The young man asks *numerous questions relative to Jesson and* Sir Julian. After which, Huitt insists on turning on the radio. A weather report is broadcast. Huitt, listening intently, seems strangely perturbed. And presently Tyssen takes his leave, strides out into the darkness.

VIII

HALFWAY across the Common Tyssen quickened his pace. When he vaulted the white palings into the road on the further side his movements had become altogether more brisk. Arrived at his temporary abode, he made his way at once into the post office, opened the door of the telephone booth and spoke for a few minutes with the operator. When he emerged, Mrs. Foulds was busy closing the shop.

"Will you be long with the telephone, sir?" she inquired. "I'm just closing up."

"I've put a call through to London," Tyssen replied. "It shouldn't be more than five minutes."

"Then you won't mind," she asked, "if I shut up the shop? You can come out through the kitchen to your room."

"Quite all right," he agreed.

"That telephone's been a rare curse today," Mrs. Foulds went on, as she drew the bolt of the shop door. "The instrument in the police station has gone wrong, and Inspector Penny, he's been using mine ever since seven o'clock."

"No fresh calamities, I hope?" Tyssen asked.

"Takes me all my time to look after my own business," Mrs. Foulds replied. "I never listen to what goes on around me."

"Quite right, Mrs. Foulds," her lodger approved. "We should probably all do our own jobs better if we never meddled with other people's. Inspector in his usual good temper?"

"Fussy, sir. Very fussy," Mrs. Foulds confided. "I did hear him say that he'd a car coming and he'd be up in town tonight. There's your call, sir."

Tyssen stepped into the obscurity of the box.

"Seven-two-one-nine, Embankment," a voice greeted him.

"Tyssen speaking," the young man announced. "I have a job for you. I want the name, address and dossier of the announcer from the British Broadcasting Company, London Regional, Number Seven. Ring me up at ten."

"O. K."

Tyssen closed the door and lounged into the kitchen.

"I'm going into 'The Haven,' Mrs. Foulds," he told her. "I'm expecting a telephone call at ten o'clock. If it comes before I get back, please send for me."

"Will you be wanting anything more tonight, Mr. Tyssen?"

"Nothing at all, thank you," he replied. "Don't lock the door into the shop in case you've gone to bed when I come for my call."

"Very good, sir."

PAULINE was seated in her accustomed chair under the cedar tree. She motioned to Tyssen to take the chair by her side.

"Where's your brother?" he asked.

"Strolling about with Sybil somewhere," she replied. "They may be in the billiard room. Do you want him?"

Tyssen shook his head.

"I'd rather talk to you," he confided.

"How is the novel getting on?"

"Not well," he answered gloomily.

"Plot gone wrong?"

"No, the plot's all right. I shall never change the plot. It's the people who are all behaving in such a queer fashion."

She laughed softly.

"I love to hear you talk about your characters as though they were all living people," she remarked.

"Mine are," he told her a little grimly. "Sometimes I think I'm hard at work fashioning a Frankenstein and one day I shall wake up and find myself devoured!"

"You're terribly in earnest tonight."

"I'm not sure," he told her, "that my story isn't growing too big for me. The story was to be a study of one man's villainy—a man hidden in a quiet place like this where no one would think of looking for him. Then by degrees—the story grew."

"Tell me the plot," she begged.

"You shall hear the whole story very soon," he promised her. "It seems to be getting towards the crisis."

"You're worrying too much about your work," she said. "Why didn't you do like Anthony—go up to the Club and take out one of the pros for an hour? They have put you on the list of members, you know."

"Very kind of them," he admitted. "Practice never helped me, though, even when I used to play now and then. If ever I did make a good round it was at the beginning of the season. Don't expect too much of me, Miss Sarson, will you?"

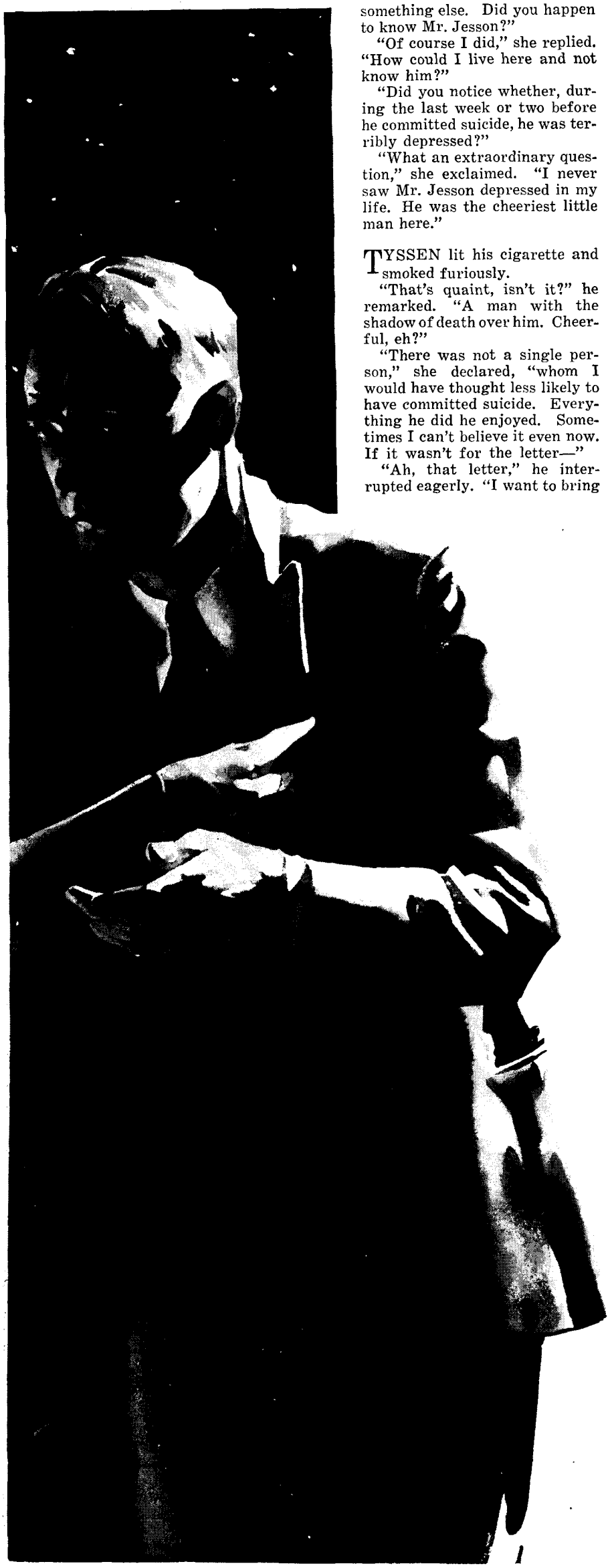
"Anthony does," she assured him, smiling. "He's terribly curious about you."

"Nothing to be curious about," Tyssen declared. "I'm one of the most ordinary people in the world. I lived for a few years in a queer sort of place where there wasn't much to do except play rough golf. Let's talk about

Illustrated by George Howe

She was momentarily aghast. "You don't think—you don't believe that he had used it?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



something else. Did you happen to know Mr. Jesson?"

"Of course I did," she replied. "How could I live here and not know him?"

"Did you notice whether, during the last week or two before he committed suicide, he was terribly depressed?"

"What an extraordinary question," she exclaimed. "I never saw Mr. Jesson depressed in my life. He was the cheeriest little man here."

TYSSEN lit his cigarette and smoked furiously.

"That's quaint, isn't it?" he remarked. "A man with the shadow of death over him. Cheerful, eh?"

"There was not a single person," she declared, "whom I would have thought less likely to have committed suicide. Everything he did he enjoyed. Sometimes I can't believe it even now. If it wasn't for the letter—"

"Ah, that letter," he interrupted eagerly. "I want to bring that letter into my story. Didn't I hear something about the envelope being lost?"

"The envelope wasn't of any particular consequence, I suppose," she replied, "but the sergeant got into a lot of trouble about it. It was mislaid somewhere in the police station. I don't see what use that is for your story, though."

"It was just an idea I had," he remarked.

"I wish you'd leave the story alone for a time and try and think of some way of helping Anthony," she complained.

He leaned over and touched her hand with a clumsy gesture of sympathy.

"Miss Sarson," he begged, "don't you worry too much about Anthony. They can't do anything without more evidence than they've got. They think something will turn up. It won't. I have made sure of that."

"What do you mean?" she asked.

They were alone in the garden, but he dropped his voice.

"Anthony was never meant for any of this secret business," he said. "I mean that he has no gift for concealment. I was one of the first to see him after he had come down the hill that terrible morning, and I saw something in his pocket which it was a good thing Inspector Penny never saw!"

"How did you come to see it?"

"My prying habits, I suppose," he confided. "Anyhow, I knew at once that if it was found upon him he was in for a great deal of trouble at least, and I actually burgled your house not long afterwards and took the prize away with me."

"What was the prize?"

He looked around once more. There was no doubt whatever that they were alone.

"A revolver with one barrel fired," he answered gravely.

She was momentarily aghast.

"You don't think—you don't believe that he had used it?"

"If I had thought that, although he is your brother, Miss Pauline, I should have left him to his fate."

It seemed to her that there was something new about her companion's tone, a larger measure of confidence. He had risen to his feet, however, before she could ask him the questions which thronged into her brain.

"Say good night to your brother for me," he enjoined. "I have a telephone message to attend to."

She looked up at him earnestly.

"Mr. Tyssen—" she began.

He made no reply. Standing waiting for her further speech he seemed to have lost something of his ungainliness. He was almost an imposing figure in the semi-darkness.

"Will you tell me all about yourself some day?" she asked.

"There is very little to tell, but I will," he promised.

THE telephone bell was ringing as he made his way by the side door into the shop. He took off the receiver.

"Tyssen," he announced briefly.

"Seven-two-one-nine Embankment speaking. The announcer tonight from London Regional, Number Seven, was Patrick Fanshaw, known at the B. B. C. as Major Flower."

"Dossier?" Tyssen demanded.

"Cashiered from the British Army two years after the war for embezzlement. Was on the stage for four years, during which period nothing was known against him. Obtained his position with the B. B. C. through the influence of an old friend, the Earl of Milhaven. Nothing known against him at present, but he has been seen with undesirable associates."

"That all?" Tyssen asked.

"Everything. Good night."

"Good night."

Dr. Anderson descended from his car soon after eight o'clock the following morning, pushed open the door of the post office and general store, and greeted Mrs. Foulds cheerily. The latter was already behind the counter, engaged in her usual morning task of—as she expressed it—setting things out proper.

"Glad to see that you're not the invalid, Mrs. Foulds," the doctor remarked.

"No, it ain't me," Mrs. Foulds admitted, dropping her voice a little. "Truth to tell, Doctor, it's my lodger. I'm beginning to think he's a bit queer in the head."

"What's wrong with him?"

"Maybe it's all this writing that he does," she went on, "and him not being able to sleep at nights may have something to do with it."

"How do you know he doesn't sleep at nights?" the doctor inquired curiously.

MRS. FOULDS nodded in mysterious fashion. She took a step or two sideways and closed the door leading into the private premises.

"I know," she confided, as she came back, "because sometimes his bed looks as though it hadn't been slept in at all. Admits it himself, he does. Why, one night last month—and there wasn't no moon—it was pretty well pitch dark—I seen him on the palings there, sitting and smoking those queer cigarettes of his for the best part of two hours. What do you think of that?"

"Not particularly healthy," the doctor admitted. "Was it about him you telephoned?"

"That's right, sir," the postmistress assented. "At seven o'clock this morning Carrie Foulds—which is my sister-in-law's child—came over from the village as usual to light the fire and do a few odd jobs—me not being quite so young as I used to be. I heard Mr. Tyssen's voice talking to her, and Carrie came and said as soon as I was up would I put my head in his room. That I did as soon as I had my gown on, and I could see at once that there was something the matter with him. He'd got a basin of water by the side of the bed covered up with a towel, and his face was a funny sort of color. 'Mrs. Foulds,' he said, 'I ain't feeling quite the thing this morning and I'd like you to telephone for Dr. Anderson.'"

"DID he say what was the matter with him?" the doctor asked.

"Not one word. Afterwards I did step up to see if he'd like a cup of tea. He didn't seem to want me in the room at all, so out I came. He's a queer body, Doctor, he is. He gives no trouble and he pays regular and liberal, but he's queer in his habits. It's perhaps all that writing. Enough to turn anyone's brain, I should think. I know days that I make out the few accounts that I've got in my ledger I generally have a headache for hours afterwards."

"I had better step up and see the young man," the doctor suggested.

"It's not upstairs, sir. It's this way," Mrs. Foulds explained, opening the door which led to the back premises. "He's changed his bedroom for the downstairs room. It makes no difference to me, and if he wants to go messing about at night he can slip out of the house without disturbing anyone."

She threw open the door of the room leading from her parlor, closed it again after her visitor had entered, and returned to the shop. The doctor looked curiously at his prospective patient as he crossed to the bedside.

"What's the trouble, Mr. Tyssen?" he asked with professional cheerfulness.

"We'll go into that directly," the young man answered, trying to brush back the untidy mat of fair hair from

(Continued on page 39)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustrated by Harry L. Timmins

"You know anything about this Enbrook, Miss Paden?" O'Malley asked the girl

Help from Uncle Sam

By William MacHarg

What's this! O'Malley outside the law? Well, now, we don't like to see this, but O'Malley always acts for the best. Always

THIS case," said O'Malley, "is a jeweler got pushed over. We won't solve it. Paden & Company the firm is called. Well, this Mr. Paden opened up the store this morning and some holdups came in and knocked him off."

"Just how was it done?" I asked.

"A guy come in as if he was a customer. Then two more guys come in. So Paden saw it was a holdup and he tried to shut the safe, and then they shot him. These were experienced holdups and worked by the clock, so we won't catch them. The precinct cops pinched a guy named Enbrook."

"What's the evidence?"

"He had been hanging round the store. Experienced guys don't work unless they know what they are going to get by it and they think he sized the place up for 'em."

We stopped at the station-house to see the man who had been pinched. He was about twenty-four years old and wasn't bad-looking. He wouldn't tell anything about himself.

"You deny you was in with this bunch that knocked the jeweler off?" O'Malley demanded of him.

"Certainly I deny it."

"Then what were you hanging round the store for?"

"I've got a right to go anywhere I want."

"We won't get nothing out of this guy," O'Malley decided. "Probably we won't learn anything at the store, but we got to look at it. We'll see the shot guy first."

We went and looked at Paden. He was a little man, round-shouldered and white-haired, about sixty years old. I was surprised that he had resisted the robbers. Afterward we went to the store. It was a small shop, in the north end of Manhattan. There were a lot of cops there and a clerk and one of the prettiest red-headed girls I ever saw, who proved to be Miss Paden. She had been crying.

"Got anything on this?" O'Malley asked the officers.

"We got a hat."

They showed it to us. "It ain't Paden's hat because his is hanging in the closet, so maybe it belonged to one of the holdups."

"What did they get?" O'Malley asked.

"About $40,000." The cops had a list furnished by the insurance company.

"You know anything about this Enbrook, Miss Paden?" O'Malley asked the girl.

"Yes; I met him at the beach. Afterward he came to the store sometimes. I thought he came here to see me, but now the police think that he was finding out things for the robbers."

"Your dad always open up the store?"

"No; Mr. Malling usually opened it."

"Who's he?"

"Father's partner. Father wasn't very active in the business. Mr. Malling was hit by a taxicab last night and is in the hospital. Father went over to see him last night but Mr. Malling was unconscious."

"WELL," O'Malley decided, "I guess there are enough cops here to find out about that hat. We might go see Malling."

We went to the hospital. They let us see him. Malling was a big man about thirty-five years old and very handsome.

"How come," O'Malley asked him, "you got hit?"

"I don't know a thing about it. I was crossing the street and the next I knew I was in the hospital. It doesn't matter about me. This is terrible, gentlemen, about Gerald Paden. He gave me my start in life."

"What time this accident happen?"

"It must have been about one o'clock this morning. I had been to an after-theater supper with some friends."

"What restaurant?"

"O'Connel's."

"You know anything about Enbrook, Mr. Malling?"

"Only that he came to the store several times."

"We'll see the bird that hit this guy," O'Malley said after we had left the hospital.

The police had the taxi driver's name and address and the number of his cab. We found him presently. He was a tough young fellow.

"How was that accident?" O'Malley asked him.

"I can't tell you a thing. I never seen him till he stepped in front of the cab."

"This seems to be getting pretty plain, O'Malley," I volunteered.

"Yeah? How so?"

"It's too much coincidence for one partner to be hit by a taxi and the other one murdered the next morning, unless there was some connection. Malling usually opened the store, but when he didn't Paden opened it. Malling's a big, courageous man and they preferred not to tackle him. The taxi driver got Malling out of the way for them. Enbrook may have been the tip-off man; I don't know. The way to solve this is to find out who the taxi man associates with."

"You always got ideas. I'm going to make out my report and go and see a picture."

"What are you going to report?"

"Report I found out nothing."

(Continued on page 53)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Mind of Her Own

By Henry F. Pringle

Stubbornness—she called it faith in herself—checkered her Broadway career. She deliberately beat Hollywood at its own game of being goofy. And now at twenty-five Katharine Hepburn has arrived, by her zigzag way, at fame. Just ask the general public, the critics—or Katie herself

KATHARINE HEPBURN'S star rose on Broadway, in the so-called legitimate theater, with a series of jerks and starts and frequent swoopings back to earth. She had a reputation, partly justified, as a stubborn and self-willed young woman. She was fired from several important parts because she refused to obey the instructions of stage directors. She had, so it seemed, a self-confidence which definitely exceeded her talents as an actress. This last part of the general indictment was, however, untrue.

Time, in combination with Miss Hepburn's willingness to take orders—after a fashion—gave her a chance to play the lead in a show called the Warrior's Husband, which was a hit of the 1932 season. This resulted in glittering offers from Hollywood. A girl of unusual sapience, she was not dazzled by the customary promises that she would earn vast sums if, when and as she made good. She proposed to make good very promptly and she demanded, from the start, the terms that she wanted. What was far more important, however, was that she left for California with an essential scrap of information tucked under her red hair. This was the knowledge that eminence on Broadway means very little to the millions who attend the movies.

The studio which first hired Helen Hayes had been forced to conduct a newspaper campaign to inform motion picture audiences of the identity of this talented actress. Lynn Fontanne was almost a failure on the screen because the fans—who knew every fact in the lives of Clara Bow and Gary Cooper—had never heard of her. So Katharine Hepburn decided to make herself talked about in Hollywood and she succeeded, if anything, too well. She breezed off the train at Los Angeles and announced that she was an heiress with a magnificent home in New York. She said that she had been surrounded by servants, governesses and tutors since childhood.

"I always drive a Hispano-Suiza," she remarked airily when asked for her preference in motors.

She owned no Hispano, of course, but she hurriedly rented one and drove in splendor to the studio. When Katie found that these preliminary exaggerations were solemnly published she hastened to add other fascinating, equally imaginary details. One time she would say that she was married to a fabulously wealthy banker. The next time she denied that she was married at all.

"Is it true that you have three children?" asked one interviewer.

"I think it's six," she answered.

Hollywood, long accustomed to goofy people, found that here was a girl who could be even crazier. She beat the town at its own game.

One day, for example, she was invited to play golf and her eyes were deeply innocent when she took the club at the first tee and held it awkwardly.

"Show me how," she begged.

Anything for Publicity

She was carefully instructed. Then she drove and sent the ball spinning two hundred yards down the fairway; she had played tournament golf back home in Hartford, Connecticut.

There were similar, carefully staged antics at the RKO studio when her first picture got under way. An office boy brought her a batch of fan letters. She took them to one of the main streets on the lot and sat down in the center of it to read her mail while traffic passed around her. A few days later she conspired with the electricians and wired one of the studio chairs so that anyone who sat down received a shock. She bought a monkey and walked around with it on her shoulder.

Katie achieved her objective. She was talked about, interviewed and photographed long before her first picture was released.

Miss Hepburn's program would have been merely ridiculous, her grotesqueries would have been futile in the end except for the fact that she is almost as good an actress as she believes herself to be. Her first picture, A Bill of Divorcement, was a personal triumph. After the showing of Morning Glory, a story which partially paralleled her own career, Miss Hepburn was hailed by solemn New York critics as the most important screen discovery since the Great Garbo. This judgment is, perhaps, premature. Nearly every new Hollywood sensation is thus acclaimed. But that Katie is a fresh and arresting personality there is no possible doubt.

The secret of her success if there is one, probably lies in the fact that she is different from most of the pretties of the

(Continued on page 28)

Scenes in the career of Katharine Hepburn. Left, the first obstacle: Miss Hepburn as Pandora in the May Day play at Bryn Mawr. Pose on arrival in Los Angeles, ready to take Hollywood. Beating movieland at its own game. And, right, starring in Little Women

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

So this is Harlem!

By John B. Kennedy

Two square miles—150,000 human beings! That's Harlem, the largest Negro settlement in the world. Our intrepid explorer finds policy players, hotcha and religion, poverty and confidence games and other bewildering elements of the South's ancient race problem recently dropped on New York's doorstep

THE messiah strides down Lenox Avenue. It is late afternoon and sultry. Heat in the heart of Harlem tries the temper even of a messiah. His countenance shines black and holy in an aura of white wool—messianic hair, messianic beard. About him flows a robe, technically white. His feet are bare and large—so large, indeed, that their size explains the robe. Any trousers that could be negotiated over those feet would be as roomy as a robe.

Fragments of a broken gin bottle lie in his path. The messiah trods on, the rind of his feet impervious to cuts. He pauses once to admonish a string of giggling youths outside a pool parlor:

"Prepare for the coming of the Lawd," he bawls. "For he cometh like a thief in the night."

The lads seem to discern some personal allusion. They melt indoors. A bus parks beside the messiah's feet. He exhorts its human contents to make peace with the Lord before nightfall, for "none knoweth when thy soul will be required of thee."

The bus eventually passes the messiah's feet and he moves into the next block, where music rolls from a radio shop, next door to which a screened window bears a sign—Notary Public and Bond Bails. In here the messiah's stately tread brings action from a rear room. A huge, cross-eyed Negro stands challengingly on the threshold.

"You come yere to make trouble again?" he blurts.

"This is an evil place," says the messiah. "A gambling hell. I come to warn you-all that the Lawd . . ."

A precautionary glance down the hall, then the cross-eyed gentleman places on the messiah's shoulders hands that match the messiah's feet. The messiah gets the bum's rush. A frieze of startled black faces appear as backdrop to this irreverent act. They are policy salesmen meeting at regional headquarters, which the messiah has discovered and denounced.

The Way of a Prophet

A door slams as he spraddles on the sidewalk. He lifts his voice angrily and a colored police officer approaches through a gathering throng. The messiah complains that this place is a gambling hell. The cop knows this, perhaps even better than the messiah. He also knows that by the time he could get into the place the boys and the evidence would have vanished. So he promises the messiah that the police will do their duty.

The messiah moves on. He pauses to pat on the head two little pickaninnies, one of whom sticks out a phenomenally long tongue at the messianic back. Then the messiah comes upon a garishly canopied place out of which the hiccoughs of hot, brassy jazz blister the smoky air. He raises an arm fuzzy with white fur.

"Yeah," he cries, as a brace of cabs decant two laughing quartets of white folks, who dive adventurously under the canopy into Connie's Inn. "Yeah," cries the messiah. "Sodom and Gomorrah defied the Lawd—and they are dust."

"Move on, messiah," says a quiet, level voice. It's a white man, a plain-clothes detective for some reason on spot watch outside a night club frequented by under and upper worlds in equal numbers.

The messiah mumbles in his beard and moves. He comes, in time, to a dance hall opening for the night's hilarity. A high-yellow gal leans out of an upper window gay with bunting and plum-colored paper lanterns.

"Hello, pop!" she cries at the messiah.

He lifts his head and wags his fist.

"Repent of your sins, sister," he shouts. But a band blares in mockery. Angered, the messiah sweeps to the doorway. Lascivious advertisements of hostesses—seventy-five under twenty-five (inaccurate on both counts)—spur him.

Young and middle-aged men of varying colors, including white somewhat in need of soap, stroll self-consciously upstairs to the dance floor. There are Puerto Ricans, Filipinos, Italians and nondescript racial blends. This vagueness applies to the hostesses also. Dancing has begun—and in dimly lighted nooks are sounds of tinkling glasses and hard laughter. The messiah thrusts himself up the stairs and stands before the ticket booth.

"The wages of sin is death!" he roars, a bit out of breath from his climb.

Wild giggles greet this. Couples on the dance floor are first startled, then stampeded into laughter, joining those weaving about the messiah. A huge-stomached mulatto comes upon the messiah.

"You is in the wrong church, brother," he says and steers the messiah down the stairs, giving him a half-friendly push.

Puzzled, with jeers ringing from the dance floor windows, the messiah wanders through darkening streets. Voluptuous young women loll and laugh on brownstone stoops. To the messiah's fading gaze these and the boys they josh with wear a fresco of white grins and flashing eyes. Girls and boys slap one another cordially—so cordially that one girl goes staggering down the stoop, bumping into the messiah.

"I am a warning from the Lawd," barks the messiah.

A Bear for Punishment

Again, rich mockery. The messiah walks on and away, shaking his head over the wickedness of this, his world, until he turns into a little chapel—a frame chapel that looks bad outside and smells very bad inside, as if the windows had been sealed for years—as indeed they have been.

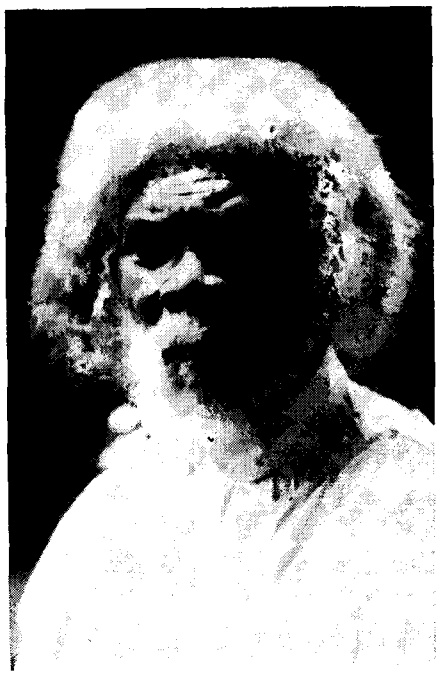
A harmonium with missing reeds plays mournfully. Voices, deep and melodious, croon hymns. The messiah strides through the gloom of the whitewashed chapel. He looks over his people—white-headed men and sag-breasted women—and a few piping youngsters.

"Verily," he bellows, "the Lawd's hand will be stayed because his chosen people is righteous."

Into the night he preaches and the faithful chant between fervent shouts of "Allelujah," and "Brother, I'm saved," varied with "Bishop, you tell the Lawd we love Him."

That is the messiah's day and night—his self-appointed mission as the savior of souls in Harlem. Offhand, I'd say the messiah doesn't save many souls. But he's a bear for punishment. Every day, every night—he dogs the

(Continued on page 50)



There is nothing halfway in the efforts of Harlem's dancers. Cora LeRed, one of its outstanding steppers, tap-dances to fame at the Cotton Club

Jeered and mocked by the people he has come to save, "the messiah" continues his daily rounds of the shadier resorts

Photographs by Ifor Thomas, Collier's Staff Photographer

Night clubs, with their wail of Harlem's own particular brand of jazz, provide diversion for sight-seers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It's Health that makes him a Hero!

We cheer it loud
With lusty whoop,
For Campbell's is
Our favorite soup!

And back of health is Food—good, wholesome food which the ravenous young appetite really enjoys. How instantly children respond to delicious flavors! How they long for the things that taste good! Take advantage of this natural and healthy craving. Attract your children to healthful foods. See that the home meals are so alluring that there is less incentive for the youngsters to consume the more gaudy but less wholesome eatables that tempt them elsewhere.

Campbell's Vegetable Soup is your real friend and helper! You can always count upon it to disappear from the children's plates like magic. Its hearty, substantial food is a match for youthful appetites. And every spoonful of it is Health—all the goodness of fine garden vegetables, cooked in rich beef broth to retain their full benefit in the soup.

And to satisfy your natural anxiety about the quality of the food you serve your children, you have only to remember that Campbell's Vegetable Soup is made by celebrated soup-chefs in the finest soup-kitchens in the world!

EAT SOUP AND KEEP WELL

21 kinds to choose from . . .

Asparagus	Mulligatawny
Bean	Mutton
Beef	Ox Tail
Bouillon	Pea
Celery	Pepper Pot
Chicken	Printanier
Chicken-Gumbo	Tomato
Clam Chowder	Tomato-Okra
Consommé	Vegetable
Julienne	Vegetable-Beef
Mock Turtle	Vermicelli-Tomato

10 cents a can

LOOK FOR THE RED-AND-WHITE LABEL

NRA
WE DO OUR PART

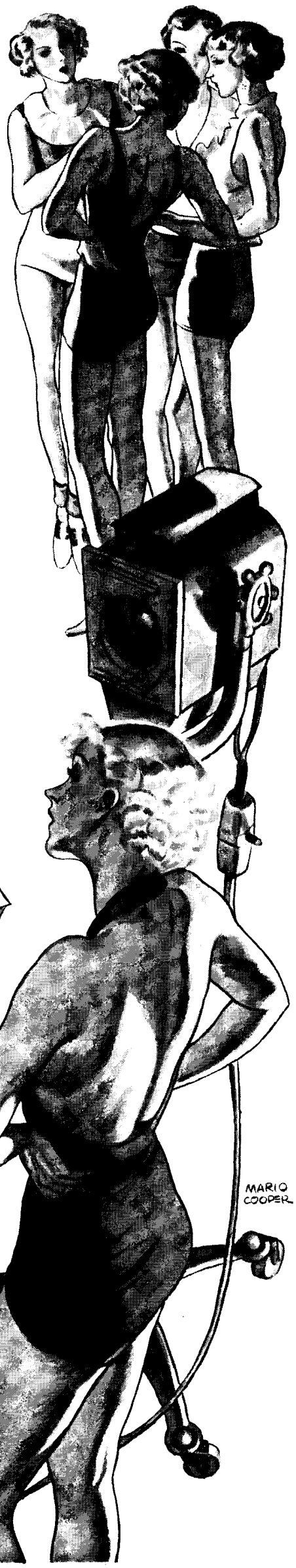
Campbell's Vegetable Soup

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Show Business

A Short Short Story complete on this page

By Corey Ford



"Do you know what they call him? The Beast of Broadway. That's the kind of reputation he's got"

Illustrated by Mario Cooper

THE bare stage of the theater was almost deserted. She made her way a little timidly past the dangling ropes and electric cables, past the painted flat pieces from the last Brauman's Scanties leaning carelessly against the back wall, toward the battered piano on the opposite side of the stage. Several girls in rehearsal clothes were already loitering around the piano. Their faces were dull and unreal in the flat, white glare of the single light overhead.

An older girl left the group around the piano and sauntered toward her. "You haven't got the time, by any chance?"

"It's . . ." She glanced at her wristwatch. "Quarter to eleven."

"Huh! I'm not only on time for a chorus call—I'm even early! Well," the older girl shrugged, "there goes a record of eight years' standing." She glanced at the other girl curiously. "Aren't you this new kid Mary Barnes?"

"Yes." She had drawn back her head with a swift, frightened gesture. "Why?"

"Nothing. I just heard somebody mention your name last night, that's all. I'm Peg Ellis. This your first chorus job?"

"How did you know?"

The older girl looked at her with a slow smile. "You're wearing bloomers, ain't you? How long you been in New York, Mary?"

"Three—no, four weeks. What were they saying about me last night?"

"Nothing, kid. Whereabouts you from?"

"Burlington. Vermont, that's in."

"Never played it. How come you left? Trouble?"

"No . . ." Mary hesitated. "You see, I always had an idea—"

"Don't tell me," Peg Ellis interrupted. "You had an idea you wanted to go on the stage. You were cut out to be a great actress. Right? So you left home and came to the big city. Right? And got a job in the Brauman chorus."

"I'M GOING to make good in it, too," said Mary determinedly. "I got to. You see, Bob—he's a fellow I know back home—he said I couldn't. Get a job in a show, I mean. He said I couldn't take care of myself. So I want to prove to him that I can before we—before he and I—"

"What's he like? This Bob?"

"Well, he's—he's tall, he's awful nice—I don't know. I've always known him, I guess. He owns a big farm near where I live."

"And you pass up a guy with a farm for *this!*" Peg shook her head. "Honey, you're screwy. Why don't you beat it back home before somebody else grabs him off?"

"Oh, but I couldn't do that," Mary said. "Not till I've made good on this job first."

"You mean," incredulously, "even if you got fired, you wouldn't go back?"

"Oh, no," said Mary with quiet conviction. "That would be all the more reason for me to stay, if I got fired. Besides, I still got seven or eight dollars left. I could make out."

"Oh." The older girl studied her thoughtfully for a long moment. Her eyes narrowed. When she spoke again, her voice was very casual: "Well, honey, you don't need to worry about another job. You're doing all right."

"I hope so."

"Sure, you're sticking with this show—as long as you do what Dalton says, of course," she added idly.

"What do you mean?"

"What do you think I mean?" Peg said. "He's the dance director, isn't he? What he wants—he usually gets."

"I don't understand."

"No? Grow up, honey. Why do you suppose Johnny Dalton hired you for this chorus in the first place? Because you could dance?"

Mary had backed away a step. She was staring at the older girl with widening eyes.

"Otherwise you didn't suppose you could just walk in and get a job in a Brauman show without any experience, did you?" Peg persisted. "Listen, kid. Do you know this Dalton's reputation? Do you know what he's really like?"

"Why, he's—he's been nice to me—"

"Nice!" Peg chuckled bitterly. "I'll bet he's been nice. He put you in the front line yesterday. Do you suppose he did *that* just to be nice? Don't you suppose he expects *you* to be—to be nice, too?"

Mary shook her head slowly.

"Do you know what they call Johnny Dalton?" Peg lowered her voice. "The Beast of Broadway. That's the kind of reputation he's got. He eats little girls like you for breakfast. Why, kid, right now the whole troupe is watching you. They're even laying bets how long it will take."

SEVERAL more girls strolled across the stage past them, staring at Mary curiously. She drew a little closer to Peg. "But I can take care of myself."

"Oh, sure, sure. You're different. Nothing can hurt *you*. You don't drink. No. Well, maybe one little drink. Well, yes, maybe just *one* more, Johnny. A *tiny* one, that's all—and then you're cockeyed. And then!"

Mary's voice trembled uncertainly: "I don't believe you."

"O. K., then," impatiently. "Who do you suppose it was I heard mention your name last night? 'That little blond kid Mary Barnes,' Johnny Dalton was saying. 'Tonight I'm going to—' Hey, ixnay on the tears! Where you going?"

"I'm going back," Mary sobbed wildly. "I'm going home."

"Wait a minute." The older girl took a ten-dollar bill from the pocket of her blouse and pressed it into Mary's hand. "You'll need this to make up your railroad fare to Burlington. No, don't thank me. It's a wedding present, see?" Peg glanced quickly over her shoulder. "Look out, Dalton's coming in now. You can get away before he sees you." She shouted after Mary: "And good luck to you and Bob."

Peg watched the frightened figure scuttle toward the dressing-room. Her face broke slowly into a smile, and she shook her head. At the piano someone played a few tentative bars. She was still smiling to herself as Johnny Dalton paused beside her.

"Did you break the news to her, Peg?" he asked in a low voice.

She nodded. "Yeh, I spoke to her. She just left."

"Thanks. Poor kid." Dalton shook his head. "I couldn't have fired her myself. I wouldn't have had the nerve to tell her. She's a sweet kid—but she's a bum hoofer. After all, Brauman isn't running a training-school. Why can't these country youngsters ever learn—?" He sighed. "Did you give her that twenty bucks for her car fare?"

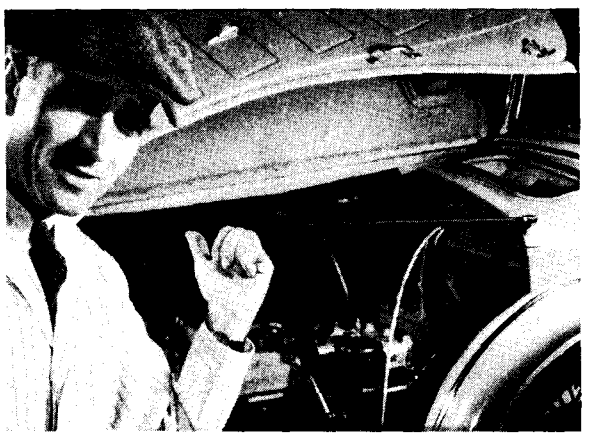
Peg took a second ten-dollar bill from her pocket and handed it back to Dalton. "No, you sap. I *told* you ten bucks was plenty. Johnny, you're too sentimental." They strolled across the stage toward the piano. "You'll go broke some day doing things like that. *Then* where will you find anyone to look out for you? This is a hard-boiled business—this show business."

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

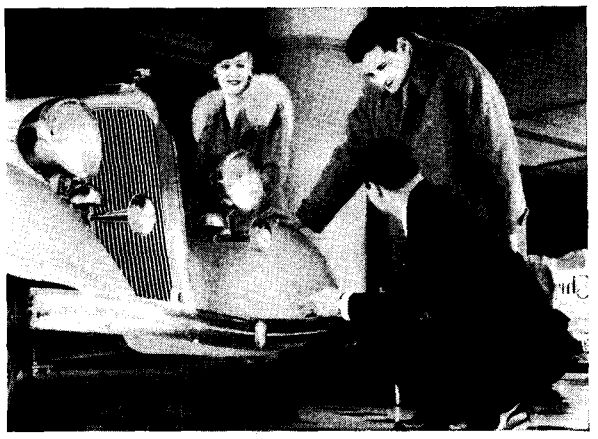
"These CHRYSLERS practically service themselves!"

(REPRODUCTION OF AN ACTUAL UNRETOUCHED PHOTOGRAPH)

"I REALLY relax in this car." Driving a Chrysler is refreshing and fatigue-free because patented Floating Power engine mountings completely banish vibration. That also means less strain on the car . . . less need for tightening up and adjustment . . . longer life.



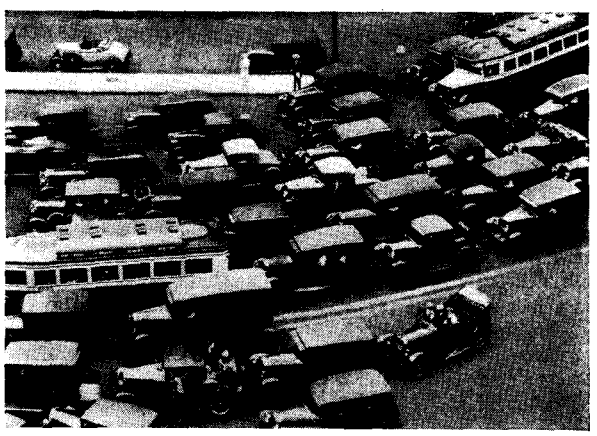
"YOU WON'T have to grind these valves for 30,000 miles!" Just figure for yourself how much that saves in servicing costs. Chrysler spends a lot extra for alloy steel valve inserts so that you will get every ounce of power out of your engine without frequent costly valve-grinding.



"OILITE springs . . . you never have to oil them." Yes, they literally oil themselves, these springs! Oilite disks do the job for you automatically for the entire life of the car. The Silent-U shackles also hold an oil supply of their own. Worth a lot to you? Certainly!

"FULL-UP! Yes, a Chrysler is a miser on oil." What's the reason? Better design, greater precision in manufacture. An oil filter which cleans the oil constantly . . . a crankcase ventilator which removes destructive vapors and prevents dilution . . . the use of T-slot pistons and a greater number of piston rings.

"NO NEED to touch the clutch." The Chrysler Automatic Clutch combined with Free Wheeling actually seems to think for you. It even suits its rate of engagement to the speed of the car, and its smooth action greatly reduces wear and strain.



"SAFE! Chrysler hydraulics are always self-equalized." The law of hydraulics is as unchanging as the law of gravity. Chrysler takes advantage of it to give you brakes that are always automatically equalized. And actual tests show that brake linings wear ten times longer with Chrysler Centrifuse brake drums.

CHRYSLER

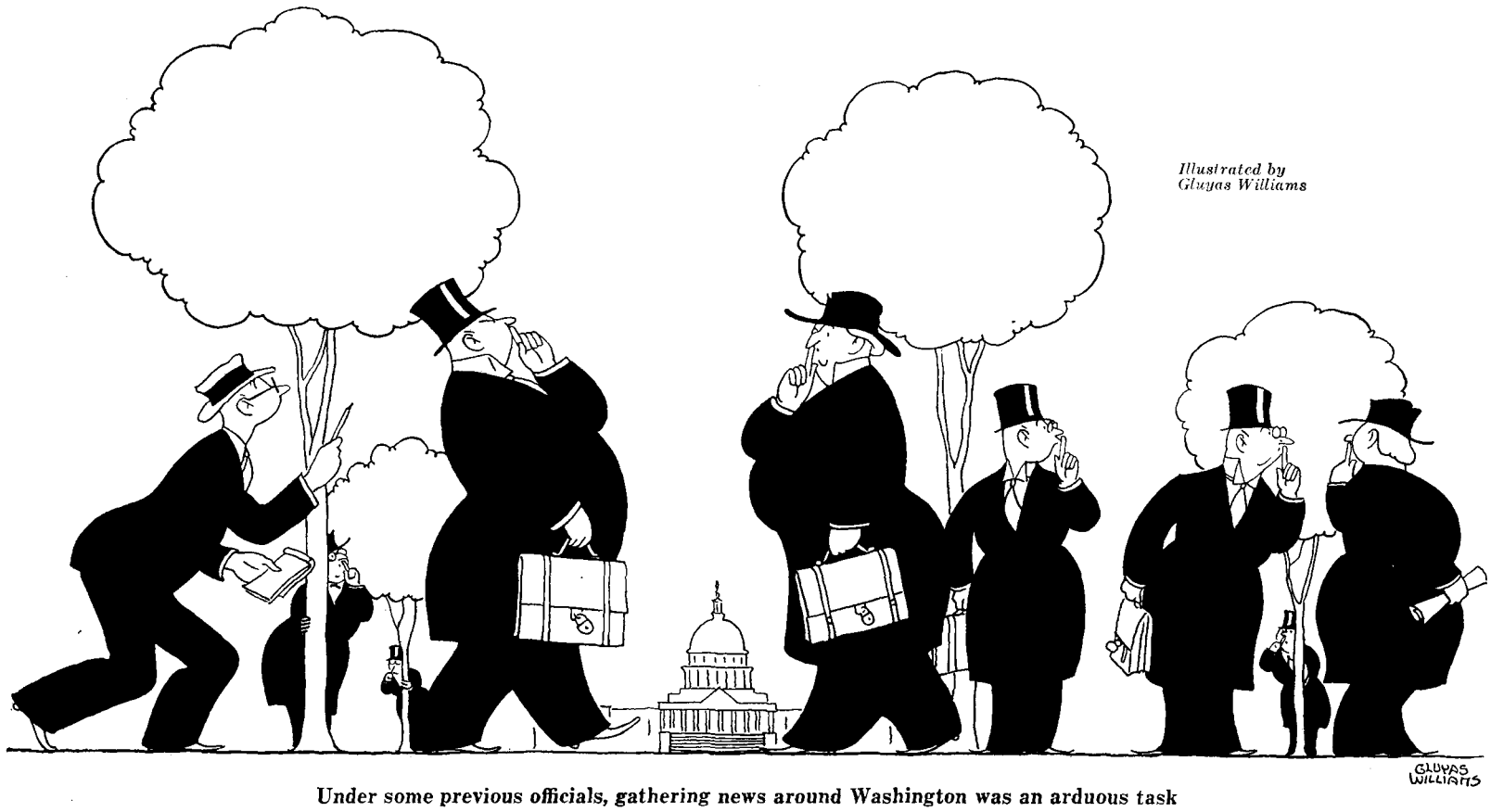
CHRYSLER SIX SEDAN . . . $785
83 horsepower, 117-inch wheelbase, six body types from $745 to $945.

ROYAL EIGHT SEDAN . . . $925
90 horsepower, 120-inch wheelbase, six body types from $895 to $1125.

IMPERIAL SEDAN . . $1295
108 horsepower, 126-inch wheelbase, five body types from $1275 to $1495.

All prices f. o. b. factory, Detroit. (Special equipment extra).

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Illustrated by Gluyas Williams

Under some previous officials, gathering news around Washington was an arduous task

Part-time Statesmen

By Ray Tucker

Unwearied by their day's work, the journalists of Washington spend their evenings in making history and, sometimes, in unmaking Presidents

WHILE Washington resounded to the sounds of carnival which Democrats were making over their first presidential inauguration in sixteen years, one band of congenital merrymakers had to stand aside to watch the fun go by. The bright lights and hilarious squeals which betokened that the Rooseveltians had taken over the clubs, hotels and speakeasies as well as the White House meant only more work and waiting for them, for it was their job to report on more serious phases of the new-born New Deal.

As the city on the Potomac celebrated in spite of closing banks and "No checks cashed" notices in hotel lobbies, more than two hundred members of the Washington press corps shuffled about the White House portico to await the break-up of the President's first conference with his Cabinet and congressional leaders.

There was grumbling on the presidential doorstep and mean looks were cast at the statesmanlike shadows passing inside upstairs windows. Socially inclined members of the corps, known colloquially as "trained seals," were clad in dinner jackets and other inaugural garlands, still hopeful that they could finish up early enough to keep their dinner engagements. As midnight passed, complaints also came from untamed, untuxedoed reporters who feared that they might not make first editions with their stories.

The Roosevelt administration seemed to be getting off to a bad start with those influential gentlemen known as "the press." It was offending both the "When do we dine?" and the "When do we write?" groups. The new President was still a question mark, personally and politically, to most of the impatient men parked in his front yard, and they were waiting to take his measure. It was a more critical moment for him than any except a few friends realized—a few friends who knew from experience the power of the reporters who "cover" the capital.

The crowd pressed forward as a lean, gray-haired figure emerged from the gleaming expanse of the wide, lower hallway. But to all inquiries about the prospect of an official announcement Secretary Marvin H. McIntyre replied: "Boys, how about a few bars of the President's favorite song, My Home on the Range?"

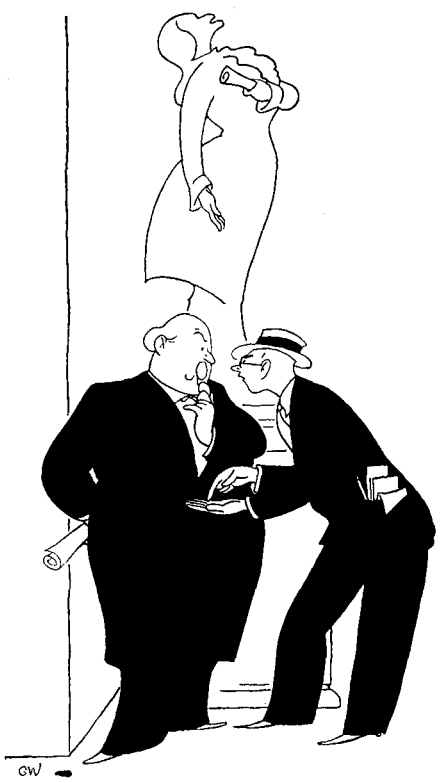
Soon, to the astonishment of all who had haunted a hushed White House for more than a decade, he was leading a chorus in the song which ends with the now prophetic words—"Where seldom is heard a discouraging word, and the skies are not cloudy all day." The refrain drifted in the windows of the conference room, and several senatorial heads were poked out to ask for an encore.

A Newspaper Man's Administration

There was a stir among the newspaper men. Such a spirit of jollity and camaraderie inside and outside the Executive Mansion was an event and a swell story. Within a few minutes there were still more surprises. Instead of slipping off with fingers on their lips under presidential censorship, senators and Cabinet members spilled details of the discussion and decisions. In a quick, dramatic announcement of his own the President ended speculation by ordering a national bank holiday and calling a special session of Congress to enact emergency legislation.

The press barely restrained its whoopees. Its collective disappointment at missing revelry and early editions was forgotten as the reporters ran or taxied to typewriters and telegraph wires. Here was news—action—decision—drama! Here was a new attitude toward the press—open covenants openly arrived at and openly announced!

As the weeks rolled by, and the President's daring program was unfolded amidst stirring scenes and staccato statements, and picturesque personalities were brought to Washington to serve in the drive on depression, the wires carried dispatches out of which the writers could not keep their response and enthusiasm for an administration which sang and smiled through black days and nights. The front pages of almost every newspaper, including friendly and potentially hostile journals, still reflect a reportorial affection and admiration for the President that is unprecedented.



Correspondents have browbeaten senators with the fury of lobbyists

He has definitely captivated an unusually cynical battalion of correspondents whose influence in shaping public opinion and affecting great events has been demonstrated again and again. Of all his conquests it may be one of the most important.

It's a newspaper man's administration. The President's secretariat consists of three former correspondents who know and meet the needs of men to whom the elements of time and accuracy are vital. Never before was it so easy to obtain news around the White House. The President has also filled the various departments with "writin' fellers," as Calvin Coolidge used to call them.

More than forty correspondents have been employed as publicity agents and advisers. Behind almost every door sits somebody who meets his brothers with the city-room grip and the lodge greeting of "I used to be a newspaper man myself once."

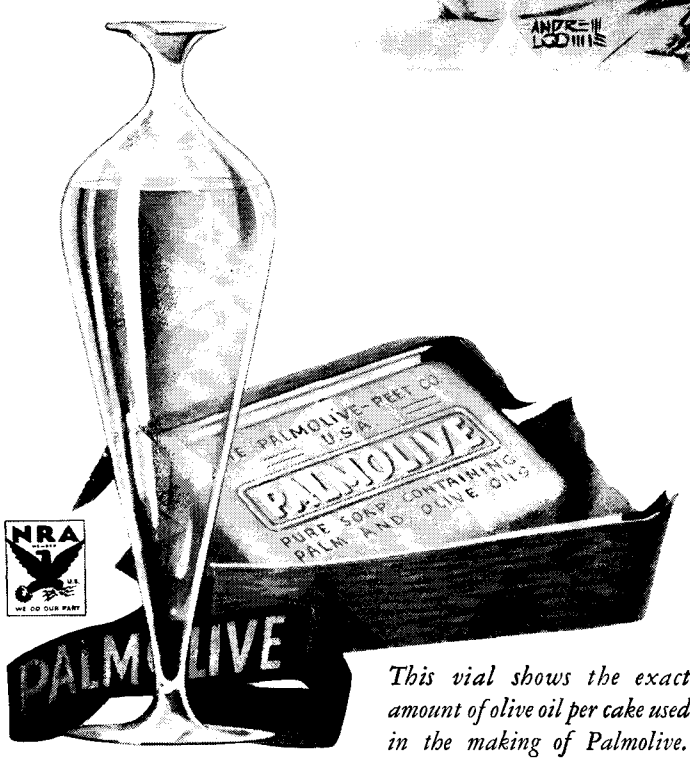
Being human, the correspondents naturally entertain kindly feelings toward those who make it soft and pleasant to earn a livelihood and write thrilling stuff. Newspaper men are extraordinarily emotional and responsive, whether they "cover" the firehouse of a little town or the White House. In fact, the Washington reporter is peculiarly susceptible to official companionship and conversation, for even the most hard-boiled veterans swell with pride at the thought that they are confidants of Presidents and Cabinet members. They like to think that they make and break administrations, that they are Warwicks of the front page, that they write history on the wing.

(Continued on page 38)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Now I'm schoolgirl complexion all over"

Wise Mother... she uses her own mild Palmolive for baby, too



This vial shows the exact amount of olive oil per cake used in the making of Palmolive.

BABY'S skin is so unbelievably soft and fine. You wouldn't dare let any but the mildest, gentlest soap touch it. So, when doctor says: "Olive oil in soap is best," you choose your own precious Palmolive, with its secret blend of olive and palm oils.

It is these gentle oils that make Palmolive soothing, kind. Yet it cleanses thoroughly. It is pure. It is safe. There's no artificial coloring, no strong perfume, no harsh alkali in this natural, wholesome beauty soap. Palmolive's mild lather *penetrates* the pores, freeing them of accumulations easily . . . leaving skin soft, smooth, gloriously clear and fresh. Truly, Palmolive is *the soap of youth.*

Buy three cakes, today. Tonight, start this 2-minute treatment for baby and yourself, both. Massage a rich lather of Palmolive and warm water into those tiny pores. Rinse with warm water, then with cold. Why, really, there can be *two* schoolgirl complexions in your home . . . both kept clear and radiant by this soap, with its secret blend of gentle olive and palm oils.

PALMOLIVE... the soap of Youth

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STOP THOSE
HIGH
JUMPS
IN SHOE BILLS

IT'S GREAT to be young and full of life. But it makes shoe bills jump—unless you know how to protect shoes from wear.

So here's what thousands of parents are doing. They're making sure the shoes on scampering, scuffling young feet have Goodyear Wingfoot Soles.

You can't find a sole that can beat them for wear—and that means they add extra weeks and sometimes extra months to the life of a pair of shoes.

Boys like them. Girls like them. They're sure-footed, tough, waterproof. And they cost no more. Why don't you try a pair—ask for them by name on new shoes or at the repair shop.

GOODYEAR
Wingfoot
SOLES and HEELS
Quality products of The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Inc., Akron, Ohio

A Mind of Her Own

Continued from page 21

screen. She is not very pretty. Her face is bony. Her voice is rather harsh. But there is a warmth to her which shines out.

If an early beginning means anything, Miss Hepburn ought to be a good actress. She has, research discloses, been acting from the time she was three or four years old. As a small girl she had one talent which aroused envious despair in the hearts of her playmates: she could shed real tears at a moment's notice and without being in the least unhappy. The youthful Katie made full use of this gift. She would make some unreasonable request of her father and at his first refusal would begin to weep. Instead of being spanked she got what she wanted.

A Lady of Determination

Few of the biographical facts, as supplied by Miss Hepburn when she burst upon Hollywood, are closely related to the truth. She is not an heiress. She has only one husband and no children at all. There is nothing mysterious about her story. Neither, on the other hand, did she travel the traditional path from ginghams to satins.

Katharine Hepburn is her real name. She was born in 1907 at Hartford, Connecticut, and is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Thomas N. Hepburn, who still reside in that city and who view the rise of their remarkable daughter with mingled amusement and astonishment.

Katharine Hepburn had stage ambitions from the start and she was in no way discouraged because she fell far short in all conventional standards of beauty. She was thin, gangly and freckled. She handled herself badly. She was something of a tomboy. Even now, at twenty-five, Miss Hepburn is, as I have suggested, far from being a standardized beauty.

Katie's parents did not take her stage yearnings very seriously. She received a schooling which would qualify her for college. But she demanded that her father build a miniature theater and succeeded, by allowing a tear or two to appear in her eyes, in making him do it. There she put on plays with the neighborhood children.

All this caused no parental apprehension. Dr. and Mrs. Hepburn knew that nearly all small girls dream about becoming actresses. Katharine was an obedient child and did well in her studies. She was interested in swimming and was better than an average golfer when she reached her teens. She even took part in Hartford's social life and joined the local Junior League, to which she was eligible. Then she enrolled in the Class of 1928 at Bryn Mawr. The drama courses and college theatricals furnished confirmation for Katharine's belief that she had talent. She was the best actress on the campus. She quietly decided that she would go on the stage after graduation.

She found, however, that her father and mother could be as stubborn as she was herself. They refused to coöperate and hinted that she would be a flop.

She hung around Hartford for several weeks and then departed quietly for Baltimore where, she had heard, Edwin Knopf was organizing a new stock company. Knopf saw something in the girl. He took her on and she played small parts. She was told that her acting was not too bad but that her voice was awful. It was rough and harsh. She jumbled her words together. So she went to New York, where she studied under Frances Robinson-Duff, a lady of such outstanding ability as a teacher that nearly all well-known actresses have been her pupils at one time or another. Katie learned how to breathe, how to speak, how to walk—all the groundwork of being an actress.

By now her parents had forgiven their erring daughter; they had never been really angry. With their aid she supplemented study with a trip to Europe. She also got bits to do in summer stock. Meanwhile, for no very good reason, her already ample self-confidence was increasing. Theatrical agents, whose offices she haunted, said that she was not pretty enough. She answered haughtily that they were stupid and began to call on producers themselves. It was while she was thus making the rounds that a British playwright arrived in New York to supervise the casting of his forthcoming production. He found that the star, an eminent although temperamental lady, was satisfactory. So was the leading man. But a young girl tentatively chosen for a minor although important rôle seemed quite impossible. He ordered that a call be sent out for other candidates.

Katharine, her ear always tuned to such calls, came abruptly into his office and announced brusquely that she would consent to take the part. The British dramatist was somewhat amused; this girl was so tall, bony and freckled that her air of assurance was a little absurd. He was, however, having trouble finding the right girl. Most of the applicants were so lovely to look upon that the lady star, fearing competition, flatly rejected them. This girl was homely enough, he pondered, and when she read the lines with unusual feeling he gave her a trial. The star enthusiastically endorsed her and rehearsals began. A good deal of sympathy was wasted on Katie during the first few days; surely she would fail. But the critics at the first night made notes on their program that an unknown young woman, Katharine Hepburn, had assets more important than mere beauty. She had a curious blend of charm and intelligence. She could also act.

Faith—Not Stubbornness

This incident, in which the unknown young girl makes good, is probably the only conventional one in Miss Hepburn's career. Katie or Kate or Heppie, as she is variously called, did not bother to be grateful for the opportunity given her. She had—still has—a hard, factual, realistic little mind. Katie knew best, she was sure, how Katie's advancement to stardom was best achieved and no longer did stage directors, dramatists or fellow actors feel sorry for her. Instead, they cursed her and decided that she was one of the most troublesome women in the business. She was chosen to play the leading feminine part in a play called The Big Pond but had a fight with the director and was fired. Then she was offered a rôle in Death Takes a Holiday. She quit because the producer insisted that she play one scene in a manner which she believed faulty. Even the chance to be opposite Leslie Howard in The Animal Kingdom did not impress Miss Hepburn. She was engaged for the part, disagreed with the interpretation and again was fired.

"It was not stubbornness," she has since said. "It was faith in myself."

Then preparations were made for The Warrior's Husband, that amusing and ribald drama about lady soldiers and their too, too gentle husbands. Katharine Hepburn was considered but rejected on the theory that she had no reputation and therefore would not fill the theater. But after various actresses had been tested she was engaged. She had precisely the right dash and arrogance for the part. After the first night Katharine Hepburn was a new Broadway luminary and the movie barons began to make offers. Katie viewed them coldly out of her blue-green eyes. But she signed with RKO-Radio Pictures when she was promised the part of Sidney in A Bill of Divorcement. John Barrymore would be the star. Billie Burke was to be in the cast.

Katie proceeded to steal the picture from Mr. Barrymore and Miss Burke. The heads of RKO, after viewing the first rushes, tore up the contract they had signed with Miss Hepburn. She was given a new one with a gaudy salary and was officially proclaimed a star.

A Legend of Holy Terror

Katie Hepburn, after A Bill of Divorcement, was in a dangerous spot. It was going to be difficult to find another story with half the appeal. So it proved. Her second picture, Christopher Strong, was mediocre. At this critical point her stubborn self-confidence came to her aid. She insisted on playing the rôle of the young actress in Morning Glory in her own way. She demonstrated her versatility. She offers further proof of it in the production of Little Women in which she gives a moving performance as Jo March.

Katie has grown a little more sober in recent months. Her pranks are less obvious.

Miss Hepburn gives fewer absurd interviews, too. She no longer makes a mystery out of the fact that she is married to Ludlow Smith, a New York business man. In Hollywood, however, first impressions last. Press agents and studio officials are very much in awe of Katie. The fact is that she is gracious enough and friendly enough. But the theory persists that she is a holy terror, recalcitrant and excitable.

This, even though untrue, is an almost unprecedented triumph for so young an actress. Katharine Hepburn has surrounded herself with an aura of invincibility and it is a very valuable asset during the inevitable disagreements and arguments which accompany the making of motion pictures. Hollywood always exaggerates everything and now it is said of Katie that no one can get the best of her. It has been done, however, and the victor was, as it happens, an insurance agent. He kept calling her home to urge that she take a policy. *His* was the best of all policies, he insisted. *He* was the star salesman of California. After ten or fifteen of these telephonic importunities Miss Hepburn decided to retaliate. She could not sleep one night. At three o'clock in the morning she picked up her telephone and routed the agent out of bed.

"I want you to see my new picture," she said. "It's amazing, magnificent, astounding. You owe it to yourself and your family. It opens tomorrow at ten o'clock."

Then, laughing to herself, she went to sleep. But at noon she was called to the telephone and the insurance man greeted her cheerfully.

"When can we close the deal?"

"What deal?"

"Why, I've just seen your picture, as you suggested, and now you ought to take one of my policies. That's fair, isn't it?"

Katie surrendered. She told him to call.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"With the first money we save we're buying a good radio"

...and that means a new and modern RCA VICTOR!

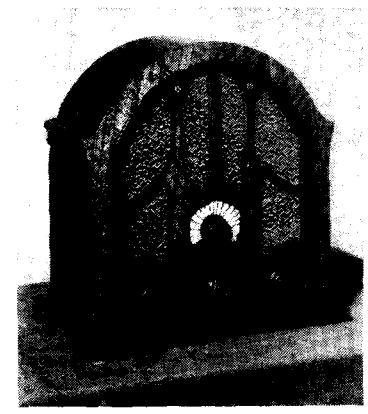
NRA WE DO OUR PART

MASTER OF THE AIR!—A 12-tube "Bi-Acoustic" Superheterodyne with famous, exclusive RCA VICTOR Tonalite Control, "B" Amplification, maximum achievement in tone performance. Automatic volume control, noise suppressor, automatic tone compensator and high or low tone control. Every engineering improvement from "Radio Headquarters" including Police Call reception. We won't boast about it, but *you* will. Model 280, complete with RCA Radiotrons, $149.50. Other models from $27.95 to $179.

BOTH are here now...a good radio and your ability to have it. The waiting is over, so let's make home life more attractive than ever. A new radio does it, with a dozen daily broadcast features that interest everyone. A radio does it *doubly* well, if it's an RCA VICTOR.

RCA VICTOR engineers have produced radios for the times, for extra performance, for the correct price. There are sets which the marvel of radio engineering has squeezed down to tiny size, yet with giant performance. There are in-between radios...with thrilling performance. There are auto radios. There are larger radios...the masters of the air. Don't go through this winter with an old set. With good times coming back, there's a smile...and all you need to complete everything is a really *good* radio—an RCA VICTOR! RCA VICTOR Company, Inc., Camden, N. J. "Radio Headquarters."

All prices subject to change without notice.
Prices slightly higher in the West.



POPULAR FAVORITE!—It's a table model with real *tone!* It's an RCA VICTOR Superheterodyne, of course. Novel illuminated tuning dial, convenient tone control, police call switch. Ask to hear the new Model 100—you couldn't buy better performance anywhere at $27.95 complete with RCA Radiotrons.

ANOTHER HIT!—You'll delight in Model 110...featuring regular and police call broadcast bands. New-type delicate tuning control, continuously variable tone control. Fine, full Superheterodyne performance...with quality volume at a whisper or shout!...table model cabinet. Model 110 at $32.95 complete with RCA Radiotrons.

GET THIS GIFT!—*RCA VICTOR has a pair of VICTOR Dog salt-and-pepper shakers for you or the children. Modeled in fine Lenox ware after the world's most famous trademark, they are in two colors, carefully made, worth twenty-five cents. Write for them, enclosing ten cents to cover half of cost and mailing.*

RCA VICTOR Co., Inc., Dept. 67
Camden, N. J.

I'd like those VICTOR Dog shakers. Here's my dime.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ *State* _____

RCA VICTOR

RADIOS • PHONOGRAPH COMBINATIONS • VICTOR RECORDS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

don't watch your step

...you can't hurt the MUDHOUND

● There's no caterpillar-tractor attachment to this Walk-Over. And its triple, oiled soles, though water-proof, won't float you across a river. Outside of that the MUDHOUND is all set to take you anywhere and no questions asked. Mud, mileage, hard knocks, you can't kick the style out of its meaty Scotch grain hide. Fully lined with polished calf for a frictionless fit. At your Walk-Over dealer today. Geo. E. Keith Company, Campello, Brockton, Massachusetts.

● MUDHOUND — meaty brown Scotch grain. Fully lined with polished calf. Triple soles, oil-treated for longer wear and to keep out weather. Fairway last. . . $7.50.

● GUARDSMAN—for smart town wear. Black Thistle Grain. Single stout oil-treated sole. Belmont last. . $6.

WALK-OVER

I've met you before

Continued from page 15

knows all the dirt up and down Park Avenue, has never pinned a scandal on Stephen."

"Ah, a prig."

"No. He's regular. Great favorite at Newport and Southampton."

"Just a butterfly, eh?"

"He enjoys life, but he has his serious side," said Miss Maxwell.

"Rather a lightweight, mentally, though, isn't he?"

"On the contrary. He's brilliant. Led his class at Yale. Speaks four or five languages. He writes books, too. Haven't you read A White Man Alone on Bnung-Bnung?"

Lummy spoke like one on the verge of a trance.

"I seem to have," he said, "and yet I haven't."

"What on earth are you gibbering about, Lummy?" demanded Miss Maxwell. "Are you tight?"

"Maybe I'm dizzy-beaned with the heat," said Lummy, "but when I look at him and talk to him I feel I'm looking at and talking to a ghost."

"A pretty solid, flesh-and-blood ghost, if you ask me," said Miss Maxwell. "Why don't you pinch him and find out? Here's your chance. He seems to be heading this way."

LUMMY gazed hard at the approaching Warrington. A look, at first incredulous, then sure, then astounded, darted to Lummy's face. He started up as if he had sat on an electric eel.

"Tell me, Dotty," he whispered, with hoarse urgency, "was he a captain in the Foreign Legion?"

"Yes."

"I've got it now," cried Lummy.

"Got what?"

"Never mind."

Arm in arm with Connie, Warrington came to them.

"Connie and I feel like a spot of tennis," he said. "I know you play, Dotty. Do you, Lambert?"

"I'm rotten," said Lummy.

"But good enough for mixed doubles, I dare say," smiled Warrington.

"Do give us a game, Lummy," said Connie. "All the others are too tired or too fried. Be useful, like a good boy."

The hope he had clung to had dwindled to a hardly perceptible shadow. However, he said, with synthetic enthusiasm, "I'd love to play. Come on, Dotty."

"Splendid," beamed the captain. "I'll be with you in a minute, soon as I change."

Lummy went down to the grass court and rallied with Dotty. Actually he did not play a bad game, at least not a very bad game. His shots were soft, and he did sometimes get his feet tangled up with his racket, but he was reasonably steady, moderately accurate, and tossed up a fairly deft lob. Miss Maxwell was the power-house type of player, stationary but strong. Such balls as came near her she either killed or knocked far over the backstop into the blue waters of Long Island Sound. As Lummy wafted practice shots to her backhand, he said, "They'll lick us."

"No, indeed," retorted Miss Maxwell. "I'm on my game. Connie is way off hers. We can beat them."

"They will lick us," repeated Lummy, "and the scores will be 6-2, 6-0."

"Have you seen Stephen play?"

"Yes and no."

"What do you mean—yes and no?"

"I never have seen him play, in the flesh, so to speak," said Lummy, slowly, "and yet I know exactly how he will play."

His manner became trance-like.

"Warrington," said Lummy, "will have a serve which will crash in with the speed of a bullet and the twist of a wounded snake. His forehand will boom across the court, and flick the corners like a rawhide whip. His back hand will flash down the side line like a frightened gazelle. His smashes will whizz—"

"Look here, Lummy, have you gone loopy?" asked Miss Maxwell, anxiously. "You talk like a cock-eyed radio announcer or something. If you've never seen Steve play, how can you tell about his game? He may not be so hot."

"He will be molten," said Lummy, solemnly. "I know it."

Warrington came striding to the court, Connie with him. He was a superb figure in spotless doeskins, and he carried four rackets under one muscular arm.

"Be patient with me," he said. "I haven't played for years. Way off my game, I dare say."

If he was way off his game, Lummy wondered what he'd be like on it. Lummy and Dotty did capture the first two games by virtue of a couple of double-faults by Connie, a few fortuitous smacks by Dolly, and a pair of lucky lobs by Lummy; but once Warrington struck his stride and began to reel off whistling aces and untouchable sizzlers down the alleys, the team of Lambert and Maxwell had no more chance than sparrows have with eagles. By a fluke, Lummy and Dotty snatched a game in the second set, but the final scores were 6-2, 6-1.

Miss Maxwell looked at Lummy, and she was patently awed.

"You missed it by a single game," she said. "Are you clairvoyant?"

"Maybe. That, or something," he said.

"LET'S go for a swim," called out Connie. "Last one to the bathhouse is a spotted hyena."

She raced across the lawn with twinkling legs. Lummy ran after her; but he was soon passed and distanced by the fleet and graceful figure of Warrington.

He was even more impressive than usual when he emerged, clad in brief red trunks. His huge body had the bronze tint of a Comanche brave, and was studded with assorted muscles of all shapes and sizes. With his every movement a new batch of sinews leaped to the gaze of Lummy. On the captain's massive chest was a pronounced but not unsightly scar. He saw Lummy staring at it.

"Shark," said Warrington.

"Scarred in her service," said Lummy, almost inaudibly.

"I beg your pardon?"

Lummy evaded an explanation by diving from the float. He landed flat, with a resounding, inglorious splash. He came up in time to see Warrington launch himself from the apex of the diving platform and cleave the water with barely a ripple. With sturdy and efficient crawl strokes Warrington ripped through the waves in the general direction of Ireland. Lummy paddled back to the float.

In the highly modernistic bar, the Holt guests assembled for cocktails. Lummy neglected his. Even those pulse-quickening side cars would not help him now, he felt. He watched Warrington, sitting on a high metal stool at the bar, talking with Connie. Lummy was not surprised to discover that the captain was the sort of man whose evening

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

clothes fitted flawlessly, whose stiff collar did not wilt, whose shirt-bosom did not bulge, and whose tie retained its shape and virginal whiteness.

Nor was he surprised that at the dinner table Warrington entertained Connie and her guests with well-told tales of the doings, droll and often indecorous, of the cannibals on the far-away isle of Bnung-Bnung.

Excellent though the dinner was, from caviar to coffee, to Lummy it tasted, when he touched it at all, like so much burlap and burdocks. He addressed Miss Maxwell, who sat on his right.

"After dinner," he said, "we will all go into the music room and Warrington will sit down at the piano, strike a few chords, and sing a rollicking song in a fine baritone. Then he will dash off some classical stuff, and wind up with jazz."

"How do you know he plays?" asked Miss Maxwell.

"Something tells me he does," said Lummy, cryptically.

THEY had not been in the music-room five minutes when Warrington's voice rang out in that rousing ballad, Give a Man a Horse He Can Ride. Then he glided into a Chopin waltz, and a polonaise, and ultimately reached the Rhapsody in Blue.

"I'm getting scared of you, Lummy," whispered Dotty Maxwell. "You're bewitched. Or have you gypsy blood? Or did Stephen tell you what he was going to do?"

"He didn't need to tell me," said Lummy. "I knew."

"It sounds like a gag," said Miss Maxwell, suspiciously, "but I'll fall. What is he going to do next?"

"Dance," said Lummy. "He'll do the latest rhumba, and he'll rhumba well, mark my words."

Even as he spoke, from the drawing-room came the squeal of horns, the plinking of guitars and the rhythmic swish of Cuban gourds, and past the open door spun the figure of Warrington, with Connie in his arms. Dotty Maxwell cried "Wizard!" and scurried away from Lummy.

For a moment he watched the dancers, then stole from the house and wandered in the moonlight down to the water. On the dock he sat, contemplating the restless, silvered water. Some thought of mingling with it entered his head; but, no, he decided he would finish out his life, a crusty bachelor, a hater of womankind.

He sat there till the tide turned. At last he started for the house, and as he crossed the spacious grounds he had to pass the lotus-pond. He had an inner intimation that he should avoid it, but he felt himself drawn there, nevertheless.

Under the willows he heard voices, a masculine rumble, the light tones of a girl's voice, and he saw on a bench Connie, in her shimmering white frock, and the darker but unmistakable contour of Captain Stephen Warrington. He would have crept away but a sentry-like challenge from Warrington stopped him:

"Who's there?"

"Lummy Lambert."

"Why, Lummy, where have you been all evening?" said Connie.

"Oh, here and there, amusing myself in my own quiet way," he said, and tried to say it carelessly. No need to intrude his woe on her happiness.

"Where are you going now?" asked Connie.

"Thought I'd drift down to the barn and say good night to the cows," he said. "Well, see you in the morning. Good night, Captain Warrington. Good night, Connie."

He knew he could not sleep. He knew he could not bear company. He fled the hilarity in the bar, and sought the seclusion of the cowery. Moonlight streamed through the windows and played on the lumps that were heifers and the mound that was Prester John. Lummy stood where he had stood that day with Connie, where he had stood so close to the bright gates of happiness only to have them shut in his face, and suddenly his fortitude snapped and crumpled, and he threw himself full-length on the straw and began to sob.

HE STOPPED at a sound. Someone else had entered the barn.

"Lummy! Lummy! Are you here?"

It was Connie Holt's voice.

He sat up and blinked.

"Yes. I'm here," he said.

"What in the world are you doing?"

"Thinking." He remembered that he was a dour bachelor and added crossly, "If you're afraid I'll annoy the cattle, I'll go elsewhere."

She came closer to him.

"Are you angry with me, Lummy?" she said.

"No."

"Do you want me to go away?"

"It's your barn."

"Then I'll stay."

"Suit yourself."

She sat down on the straw beside him.

"Seems to me," she said, "we didn't finish our talk in here today."

"He finished it for us."

(Continued on page 32)

"I'll come over in a minute, Horace, but I'm not through laughin' at this one yet!" *Frank Owen*

Don't let the 7 stains *spoil the beauty of your teeth!*

WHO would think that such a simple thing as an apple could put stains on teeth! Yet apples do. And so do all the other foods we eat. All told, our daily diet leaves 7 different kinds of stains on teeth.

Some you can see, right after eating. Others show up only over a course of time—result in a gradual dulling, darkening of teeth.

Many toothpastes fail to remove all 7 stains—because they have only one kind of cleansing action. And ALL stains simply will not yield to any ONE action!

Colgate's cleans teeth beautifully, brilliantly, *completely*—because Colgate's has two cleansing actions.

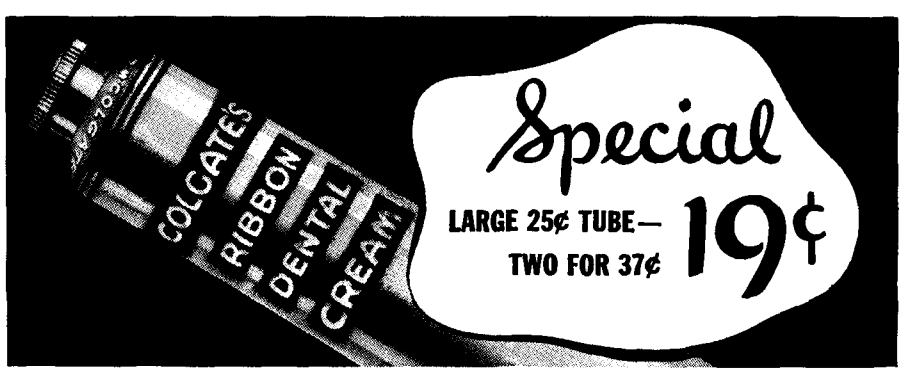
First, an *emulsive* action, that loosens, washes away many of the stains.

Second, a safe, gentle *polishing* action, that promptly rubs away whatever stains are left.

What a difference those two cleansing actions can make. See this difference reflected in your own mirror.

For a limited time, you can get the large 25-cent tube of Colgate's for only 19 cents. Buy it—today!

For beautiful, stain-free teeth—use Colgate's after every meal. See your dentist regularly.



The 7 causes of stains that discolor teeth { 1. Meats and other proteins—2. Cereals and other starchy foods—3. Vegetables—4. Sweets—5. Fruits 6. Beverages—7. Tobacco smoke

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

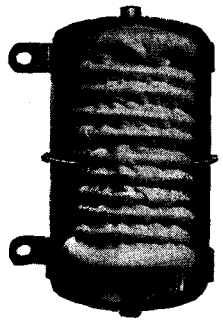
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"LISTEN!
I read the newspapers
Put on a REAL
PUROLATOR
CARTRIDGE"

That's the way experienced motorists feel about the servicing of their oil filters. They know what the Purolator has meant to their motors, in the past. They know the courts have held that Purolator's large area filter principle can no longer be infringed. And they are not disposed to take a chance on "another type of filter that is just as good."

Purolator's ingenious and effective filter principle, shown in the cross section below, has stood the test of time. It has saved literally millions of dollars in repairs and replacements. Has kept the oil stream clean and pure . . . free from crankcase settlings . . . road dust and metal chips and hard carbon that break down bearings and score cylinder walls . . . and put motors on the junk heap before their time.

If you want *real* Purolator protection insist on a real Purolator cartridge replacement, after each 8,000 miles of driving. Motor Improvements, Inc., Newark, New Jersey.



PUROLATOR
THE OIL FILTER ON YOUR MOTORCAR
LICENSED UNDER SWEETLAND PATENTS

(Continued from page 31)

"Steve?"

"Yes. And I'm glad, Connie."

"Glad?"

"On your account," said Lummy. "Stephen Warrington comes as near to being good enough for you as any man could. I know you'll be happy; and that's what I want you to be, Connie."

"I expect to be happy."

He tried to be offhand, as he said, "Announcing your engagement tomorrow, I suppose."

"Perhaps. I'm not sure."

"But he was proposing to you there by the lotus-pond, wasn't he?"

"Oh, yes. I'm often proposed to there," said Connie.

"You don't take love very seriously, seems to me," said Lummy.

"Love, yes. Proposals? Well, that depends," Connie said. "I must admit that Steve's was by far the best I've had to date. Eloquent, poetic, quite devastating, in fact."

"I DON'T see how you can sit there and kid about it," said Lummy.

"Why not?"

"Real love is too important."

"Of course it is."

"And Stephen is a prince."

"He is," said Connie. "Why did you tell Dotty he was a ghost?"

"He's a ghost, too."

"Why do you say that, Lummy?"

"I might as well tell you," said Lummy. "Sounds crazy, I know; but I assure you I'm as sane as"—he sought a simile—"as a church mouse. Remember when I met him I said I'd met him before?"

"Yes."

"But I couldn't think where."

"Yes."

"Well, he talked. I listened. He did things. I watched. Everything about him seemed familiar to me in a foggy, fantastic sort of way. Where, I kept asking myself, had I met this man who was handsome, big, strong, who did everything from tennis to music well, who had led an exciting life, playing polo, flying, exploring, hunting big game, soldiering in the Foreign Legion—and saving you from sharks? I wondered, and wondered, and then the answer hit me right between the eyes—"

"What was it?" asked Connie. "Where had you met him?"

"In my dreams," said Lummy. "Connie, today in the presence of these very cows and that very bull, I told you I had an ideal, an exact mental picture of the man I'd like to be if I did not have the misfortune to be myself. Well, that imaginary me came to life today—Warrington. Don't laugh. Why do you think I could foretell what he was going to do?"

"DOTTY said you could. Why could you?"

"Because," said Lummy, "I'd seen him do everything he did before. I mean I did all those things myself when I was imagining I was a man like Warrington, and not the mishap I am. Now you can laugh, Connie."

"I'm not laughing," she said. Then, "Lummy, do you know why I refused Stephen?"

"Refused him?" Lummy cried. "But you couldn't. He's got just about everything—"

"Except one thing," said Connie.

"What?"

"I'm not in love with him."

"You're not? Why aren't you?"

"I'm in love with another man."

"But how can you be?" said Lummy. "Why, Stephen Warrington is just about perfect."

"Lummy, you're a fool."

"I know that."

"And you don't know the first thing about women."

"I know that, too."

"I'm going to tell you some of the facts of life."

"I wish you would, Connie."

"One is," she said, "that girls fall in love because they fall in love. What do I care if Steve has the face and figure of a Greek God. What do I care if he can bang a tennis ball or twiddle on the piano. What do I care if he can strangle a shark with one hand and swing a tiger by the tail with the other. His parlor tricks leave me cold. Oh, he's a swell egg and a darling—but he's not my kind of darling. A girl—I mean like me—loves a man perhaps because he has funny ears, perhaps because he's sweet and simple and imaginative, perhaps because his eyes shine when he looks at her, and most of all because she feels a warm, glad feeling when she's near him. Perhaps Steve is nearly perfect. What of it? Perfection would bore me. I'm not perfect myself—"

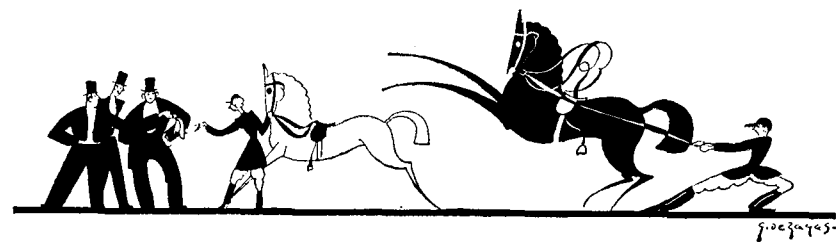
"Oh, yes you are, Connie," cried Lummy.

"Then why don't you ask me to marry you?"

"What chance would a dub like me have?"

"Try it and see."

He tried it and saw.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

The exhibiting of show horses still is an extensive American hobby. At about 185 shows held each year, 600 owners display 30,000 show horses, whose total value approximates $50,000,000.—*By Helen K. Fay, Parkersburg, West Virginia.*

Americans generally do not seem to be extremely enthusiastic about having their names in the "Social Register." Between 1925 and 1927, 21 cities had editions, but nine were dropped due to lack of interest in them. Today the 12 remaining editions, combined, have a circulation of 33,000 copies.

The richest collection of blasphemous and obscene names and curses ever published was contained in a book called the Treasury of Exorcisms, which appeared in Cologne in 1626. Exorcists used its great variety of vile imprecations to insult and frighten away the devils that frequently inhabited human beings.

Healthy babies have been born to mothers as young as seven years of age and as old as sixty-two years.—*By A. P. Hirose, West Englewood, New Jersey.*

Under Hindu law, a deity can bring an action in a court of law. Not long ago in the High Court of Calcutta, a goddess, through her worldly representative, brought a suit against a famous writer for a statement which she claimed had slandered and degraded her.

Man has evidently misplaced and forgotten every material thing from a collar-button to a warship. Not long ago French naval workers were draining a disused dock and found an old submarine of which there was no recollection or record.—*By J. W. Keys, New York City.*

About 1850 in Algiers, Mohammedan holy men performed numerous "miracles" to arouse fanaticism against the French. Instead of punishing them, France sent a famous conjurer who soon exposed their tricks. Every time they would perform a "miracle," he would do it twice—and then show the bewildered Arabs how it was done.

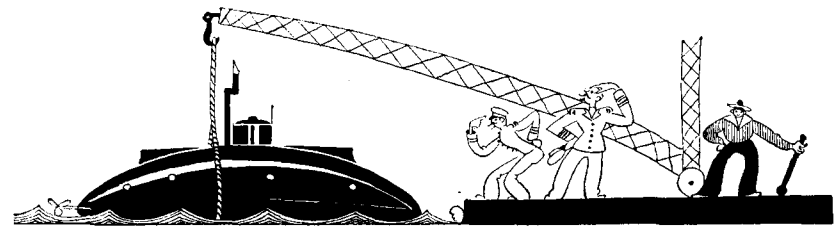
A Mid-Western state recently set the minimum salary for its public school-teachers at $9.33 a week, while the minimum wage paid to unskilled laborers in many of its industries is $15 a week, or 61 per cent more.

Miryachit, a nervous disease of Oriental peoples, is one of the most peculiar afflictions of mankind. Its chief characteristic is to make its victims involuntarily mimic the words and actions of those about them.—*By Marian Fruin, Coldwater, Michigan.*

In 215 B. C., Shih Huang Ti, builder of the Great Wall of China, made one of the most novel uses of magnetic metal ever recorded. Fearful of being murdered, he had the gates of his palace made of lodestone on the theory that concealed weapons would protrude from the clothing of his enemies as they entered the grounds.

One of the best financial assets of any college today is a first-class football team. In numerous cases, a good team is not only the institution's chief claim to fame, but also its monetary backbone. Its earnings, which usually pay for all other college sports, sometimes total $500,000 during a single season.

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOUR BEST INSURANCE

AGAINST BATTERY TROUBLE IS AN EXIDE

PLAY SAFE . . . IT COSTS NO MORE

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

THE INSURANCE you get with an Exide is the assurance of dependable, trouble-free service. Furthermore, you pay no premium to assure your car starting day in and day out in all kinds of weather. Look for the blue sign that marks an Exide dealer. He'll give you honest service and the best battery money can buy—Exide.

THE ELECTRIC STORAGE BATTERY CO.
Philadelphia

The World's Largest Manufacturers of Storage Batteries for Every Purpose

Exide Batteries of Canada, Limited, Toronto

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's, *The National Weekly*

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS CONTINUE PHENOMENAL GAIN IN PUBLIC FAVOR

as shown by R. L. POLK & CO.

latest official registration figures

IN 1931, one in every *fifteen* new trucks registered in the United States was an International. In 1932, it was one in every *eleven*. Now, in the first six months of 1933, according to official registration figures, the demand for International Trucks has increased to one in every NINE—this with fifty-three truck manufacturers competing for the market.

What is the reason behind so rapid and so consistent a rise in popularity? International has never made a bid for leadership through price. The reason is deeper and more practical than low first cost. It is in fact twofold—*International QUALITY* in the trucks, and *International SERVICE* back of them. With these two vital factors International Harvester is in position to reduce hauling costs to lowest possible terms, as tens of thousands of veteran International owners have learned.

* * *

Ask an International branch or dealer to help you choose an International from the wide range of models and sizes in the International line, make full inquiry into its *extra QUALITY*, and put it confidently to work on your hardest hauling. International *SERVICE*, the second great factor in International popularity, will be on the job to keep your trucks profitably at work in the years to come. Keep in mind that International Harvester maintains the *largest Company-owned truck service organization in the world.*

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY OF AMERICA (INCORPORATED)
606 S. Michigan Ave. Chicago, Ill.

INTERNATIONAL

Note these chassis prices, f. o. b. factory:

½-ton Model D-1	$ 360
1½-ton Model A-2	615
1½-ton Model B-3	695
2-ton Model B-4	1045

Other Models 2 to 7½-ton

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Broadway Complex

Continued from page 9

surprising conduct for a master of ceremonies in a night club, as such characters are usually pretty fresh with dolls.

But of course even the freshest master of ceremonies is apt to be a little bashful when such a doll as Miss Florentine Fayette is around, on account of her papa having so many cucumbers, and when she is present Cecil Earl seldom opens his trap, but just sits looking at her and letting Fergus Appleton do all the gabbing, which suits Fergus Appleton fine, as he does not mind hearing himself gab, and in fact loves it.

Sometimes I run into just Cecil Earl and Fergus Appleton, and generally they have their heads close together, and are talking low and serious, like two business guys with a large deal coming up between them.

Furthermore, I can see that Cecil Earl is looking very mysterious and solemn himself, so I figure that maybe they are doping out a new play together and that Cecil is acting one of the parts, and whatever it is they are doing I consider it quite big-hearted of Fergus Appleton to take such a friendly interest in Cecil.

But somehow Ambrose Hammer does not like it. In fact, Ambrose Hammer speaks of the matter at some length to me, and says to me like this:

"It is unnatural," he says. "It is unnatural for a guy like Fergus Appleton, who is such a guy as never has a thought in the world for anybody but himself, to be playing the warm for a guy like Cecil Earl. There is something wrong in this business, and," Ambrose says, "I am going to find out what it is."

Well, personally I do not see where it is any of Ambrose Hammer's put-in even if there is something wrong, but Ambrose is always poking his beezer into other people's business, and he starts watching Cecil and Fergus Appleton with great interest whenever he happens to run into them.

FINALLY it comes an early Sunday morning, and Ambrose Hammer and I are in Mindy's as usual, when in comes Cecil Earl all alone, with a book under one arm. He sits down at a table in a corner booth all by himself and orders a western sandwich and starts in to read his book, and nothing will do Ambrose Hammer but for us to go over and talk to Cecil.

When he sees us coming, he closes his book and drops it in his lap and gives us a very weak hello. It is the first time we see him alone in quite a spell, and finally Ambrose Hammer asks where is Fergus Appleton, although Ambrose really does not care where he is, unless it happens to turn out that he is in a pesthouse suffering from smallpox.

Cecil says Fergus Appleton has to go over to Philadelphia on business over the week-end, and then Ambrose asks Cecil where Miss Florentin Fayette is, and Cecil says he does not know but supposes she is home.

"Well," Ambrose Hammer says, "Miss Florentine Fayette is certainly a beautiful doll, even if she does look a little bit colder than I like them, but," he says, "what she sees in such a pishtush as Fergus Appleton I do not know."

Now at this Cecil Earl busts right out crying, and naturally Ambrose Hammer and I are greatly astonished at such an exhibition, because we do not see any occasion for tears, and personally I am figuring on taking it on the Dan O'Leary away from there before somebody gets to thinking we do Cecil some great wrong, when Cecil speaks as follows:

"I love her," Cecil says. "I love her with all my heart and soul. But she belongs to my best friend. For two cents I will take this dagger that Fergus gives me and end it all, because life is not worth living without Miss Florentine Fayette."

And with this Cecil Earl outs with a big long stabber, which is a spectacle that is most disquieting to me as I know such articles are against the law in this man's town. So I make Cecil put it right back in his pocket and while I am doing this Ambrose Hammer reaches down beside Cecil and grabs the book Cecil is reading, and while Cecil is still sobbing Ambrose looks this volume over.

IT TURNS out to be a book called The Hundred-Per-Cent-Perfect Crime, but what interests Ambrose Hammer more than anything else is a lead-pencil drawing on one of the blank pages in the front part of the book. Afterwards Ambrose sketches this drawing out for me as near as he can remember it on the back of one of Mindy's menu cards, and it looks to me like the drawing of the ground floor of a small house, with a line on one side on which is written the word Menahan, and Ambrose says he figures this means a street.

But in the meantime Ambrose tries to soothe Cecil Earl and to get him to stop crying, and when Cecil finally does dry up he sees Ambrose has his book, and he makes a grab for it and creates quite a scene until he gets it back.

Personally, I cannot make head or tail of the sketch that Ambrose draws for me, and I cannot see that there is anything to it anyway, but Ambrose seems to regard it as of some importance.

Well, I do not see Ambrose Hammer for several days, but I am hearing strange stories of him being seen with Cecil Earl in the afternoons when Fergus Appleton is playing matinees in Never-Never, and early in the evenings when Fergus Appleton is doing his night performances, and I also hear that Ambrose always seems to be talking very earnestly to Cecil Earl, and sometimes throwing his arms about in a most excited manner.

Then one morning Ambrose Hammer looks me up again in Mindy's, and he is smiling a very large smile, as if he is greatly pleased with something, which is quite surprising as Ambrose Hammer is seldom pleased with anything. Finally he says to me like this:

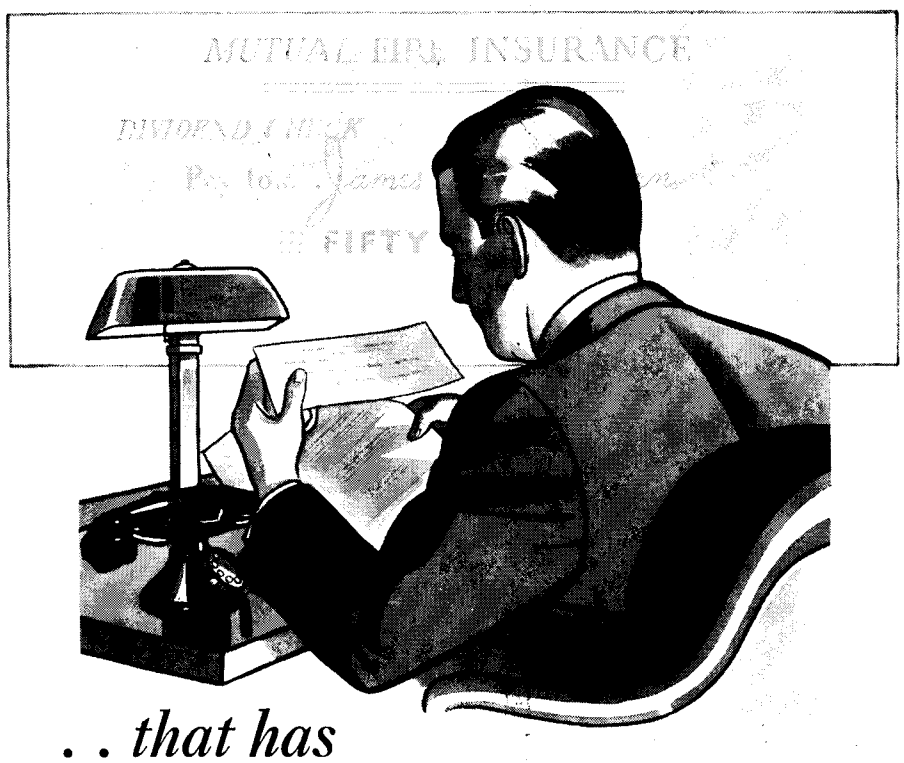
"Well," Ambrose says, "I learn the meaning of the drawing in Cecil Earl's book. It is the plan of a house on Menahan street, away over in Brooklyn. And the way I learn this is very, very clever, indeed," Ambrose says. "I stake a chambermaid to let me into Fergus Appleton's joint in the Dazzy apartments, and what do I find there just as I expect but a letter from a certain number on this street?"

"Why," I say to Ambrose Hammer, "I am greatly horrified by your statement. You are nothing but a burglar, and if Fergus Appleton finds this out he will turn you over to the officers of the law, and you will lose your job and everything else."

"No," Ambrose says, "I will not lose my job, because old Hannibal Fayette is around the office yesterday raising an awful row about his daughter wishing to marry an actor, and saying he will give he does not know what if anybody can bust this romance up. The chances are," Ambrose says, "he will make me

(Continued on page 36)

It is not a SAVING in Cost *alone* . .



. . *that has converted so many property owners to* mutual *fire insurance*

IT'S a matter of record that mutual fire insurance companies have returned millions of dollars yearly to policyholders in dividends.

These dividend savings are naturally welcomed by the property owner, but many thoughtful buyers of fire insurance have been influenced to join the mutual ranks chiefly by the reasons back of the ability of *mutual* companies to pay dividends.

To charge standard rates and to save and return a sizeable part of the premium demands something out of the ordinary. It demands a rather definite vocational attitude on the part of mutual management — a strict adherence to economy in operation. It requires a selective process in the accepting of risks and a zeal to make good risks better by doing everything to reduce the fire hazard.

These aims and ideals are the essence of mutual insurance at its best. They characterize the legal reserve *mutual* companies which have been accepted for membership in the Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies. A practical proof of this is the fact that the 74 Federation companies have an average corporate age of 50 years; have returned over $125,000,000 of dividends to their policyholders in the ten years since 1922.

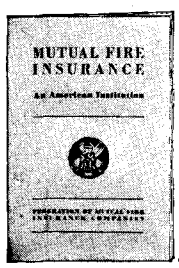
This Seal identifies a member company of The Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies and the American Mutual Alliance.

Any owner of property, large or small, in the difficulties of these times, will benefit by learning the facts about this kind of *mutual* protection.

Write today for a list of Federation companies and an outline of the advantages offered by these leading organizations.

MUTUAL FIRE INSURANCE

An American Institution



WRITE FOR THIS BOOKLET----------

CO-2

Federation of Mutual Fire Insurance Companies,
230 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: Kindly send me a list of Federation companies—also a full explanation of the operation and benefits of *mutual* fire insurance.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

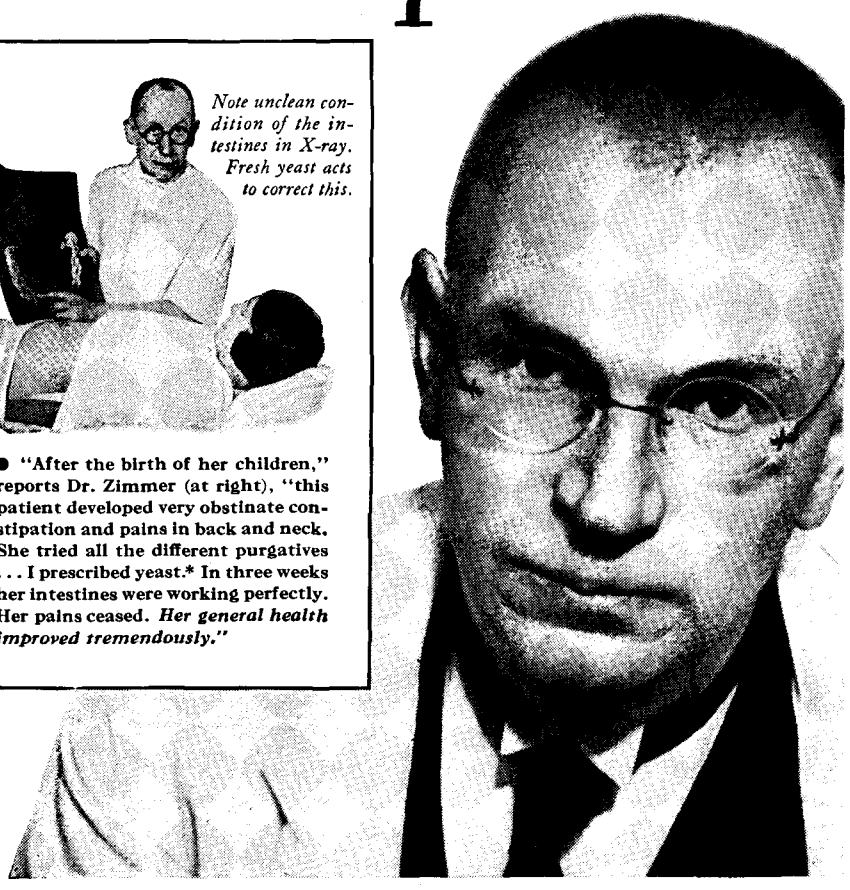
THE MUTUAL PLAN HAS OPERATED SUCCESSFULLY FOR 180 YEARS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"She was 47 years old —had Chronic Constipation"

Note unclean condition of the intestines in X-ray. Fresh yeast acts to correct this.

● **"After the birth of her children," reports Dr. Zimmer (at right), "this patient developed very obstinate constipation and pains in back and neck. She tried all the different purgatives . . . I prescribed yeast.* In three weeks her intestines were working perfectly. Her pains ceased. *Her general health improved tremendously.*"**



—*reports* DR. ZIMMER, *of Berlin*

DR. ARNOLD ZIMMER is head of the Division for Metabolism at the Hubertus Hospital in Berlin-Schlachtensee. He is one of the most outstanding medical authorities in Germany.

"Nothing undermines health so quickly," states Dr. Zimmer, "as chronic constipation. Warnings of this trouble are headaches, coated tongue, irritability, skin troubles . . .

"I oppose harsh laxatives. Fresh yeast—a corrective food—helps the intestines to *help themselves* . . . restores normal peristalsis (bowel action), softens intestinal residues . . . makes elimination easier . . . corrects skin disorders resulting from intestinal sluggishness. *Its action is gentle and natural.*"

When you eat Fleischmann's fresh Yeast you act to free your system of the poisons that may be keeping *you* from perfect health, vigor and happiness. Fleischmann's Yeast "tones"—stimulates—purifies the entire digestive system. Isn't that better than constantly taking harsh laxatives?

Try Fleischmann's Yeast—3 cakes a day, following the simple directions on the label. You can get it at grocers, restaurants and soda fountains, and each cake is exceedingly rich in three indispensable health-giving vitamins —vitamins B, G and D.

Won't you start to eat it now?

● **"I was a sufferer from constipation for years," *writes* Mrs. Mary Ryder, *of Baker, Oregon*. "I tried almost every sort of laxative and cathartic . . . but they all made matters worse. Our doctor prescribed Fleischmann's Yeast for me. I started eating three cakes a day. My elimination became regular for the first time in years."**

***IMPORTANT!** Fleischmann's Yeast for health is sold only in the foil-wrapped cake with the yellow label. It's yeast in its fresh, effective form—the kind famous doctors recommend.

Copyright, 1933, Standard Brands Incorporated

(Continued from page 35)

editor in chief of the paper, and then I will can a lot of guys I do not like. Fergus Appleton is to meet Cecil Earl here this morning, and in the meantime I will relate the story to you."

But before Ambrose can tell me the story, in comes Fergus Appleton, and Miss Florentine Fayette is with him, and they sit down at a table not far from us, and Fergus Appleton looks around and sees Ambrose and gives him a terrible scowl. Furthermore, he says something to Miss Florentine Fayette, and she looks at Ambrose, too, but she does not scowl or anything else, but only looks very dead-pan.

Fergus Appleton is in evening clothes and has on his monocle, and Miss Florentine Fayette is wearing such a gown that anybody can see how beautiful she is, no matter if her face does not have much expression. They are sitting there without much conversation passing between them, when all of a sudden in walks Cecil Earl, full of speed and much excited.

HE COMES in with such a rush that he almost flattens Regret, the horse player, who is on his way out, and Regret is about to call him a dirty name when he sees a spectacle that will always be remembered in Mindy's, for Cecil Earl walks right over to Miss Florentine Fayette as she is sitting there beside Fergus Appleton, and without saying as much as boo to Fergus Appleton, Cecil grabs Miss Florentine Fayette up in his arms with surprising strength and gives her a big sizzling kiss, and says to her like this:

"Florentine," he says, "I love you."

Then he squeezes her to his bosom so tight that it looks as if he is about to squeeze her right out through the top of her gown like squeezing toothpaste out of a tube, and says to her again, as follows:

"I love you. Oh, how I love you."

Well, at first Fergus Appleton is so astonished at this proposition that he can scarcely stir, and the chances are he cannot believe his eyes. Furthermore, many other citizens who are present partaking of their Bismarck herring, and one thing and another, are also astonished, and they are commencing to think that maybe Cecil Earl is having a complex about being King Kong, when Fergus Appleton finally gets to his feet and speaks in a loud tone of voice as follows:

"Why," Fergus Appleton says, "you are nothing but a scurvy fellow, and unless you unhand my fiancée, the chances are I will annihilate you."

Naturally, Fergus Appleton is somewhat excited, and in fact he is so excited that he drops his monocle to the floor, and it breaks into several pieces. At first he seems to have some idea of dropping a big right hand on Cecil Earl somewhere, but Cecil is pretty well covered by Miss Florentine Fayette, so Fergus Appleton can see that if he lets a right hand go he is bound to strike Miss Florentine Fayette right where she lives.

So he only grabs hold of Miss Florentine Fayette, and tries to pull her loose from Cecil Earl, and Cecil Earl not only holds her tighter, but Miss Florentine Fayette seems to be doing some holding to Cecil herself, so Fergus Appleton cannot peel her off, although he gets one stocking and a piece of elastic strap from somewhere. Then one and all are greatly surprised to hear Miss Florentine Fayette speak to Fergus Appleton like this:

"Go away, you old porous plaster," Miss Florentine Fayette says. "I love only my Cecil. Hold me tighter, Cecil, you great big bear," Miss Florentine Fayette says, although of course Cecil looks about as much like a bear as Ambrose Hammer looks like a porcupine.

Well, of course there is great commotion in Mindy's, because Cecil Earl is putting on a love scene such as makes many citizens very homesick, and Fergus Appleton does not seem to know what to do, when Ambrose Hammer gets to him and whispers a few words in his ear, and all of a sudden Fergus Appleton turns and walks out of Mindy's and disappears, and furthermore nobody ever sees him in these parts again.

By and by Mindy himself comes up and tells Cecil Earl and Miss Florentine Fayette that the chef is complaining because he cannot seem to make ice in his refrigerator while they are in the joint, and will they please go away. So Cecil Earl and Miss Florentine Fayette go, and then Ambrose Hammer comes back to me and finishes his story.

"Well," Ambrose says, "I go over to the certain number on Menahan Street, and what do I find there but a crippled-up middle-aged doll who is nobody but Fergus Appleton's ever-loving wife, and furthermore she is such for over twenty years. She tells me that Fergus is the meanest guy that ever breathes the breath of life, and that he is persecuting her for a long time in every way he can think of because she will not give him a divorce.

"And," Ambrose says, "the reason she will not give him a divorce is because he knocks her downstairs a long time ago, and makes her a cripple for life, and leaves her to the care of her own people. But of course I do not tell her," Ambrose says, "that she narrowly escapes being murdered through him, for the meaning of the floor plan of the house in Cecil's book, and the meaning of the book itself, and of the dagger, is that Fergus Appleton is working on Cecil Earl until he has him believing that he can be the super-murderer of the age."

"Why," I say to Ambrose Hammer, "I am greatly shocked by these revelations. Why, Fergus Appleton is nothing but a fellow."

"Well," Ambrose says, "he is pretty cute, at that. He has Cecil thinking that it will be a wonderful thing to be the guy who commits the hundred-per-cent perfect crime, and furthermore Fergus promises to make Cecil rich after he marries Miss Florentine Fayette."

"But," I say, "what I do not understand is what makes Cecil become such a violent lover all of a sudden."

"Why," Ambrose Hammer says, "when Cecil lets it out that he loves Miss Florentine Fayette, it gives me a nice clue to the whole situation. I take Cecil in hand and give him a little coaching and, furthermore, I make him a present of a book myself. He finds it more interesting than anything Fergus Appleton gives him. In fact," Ambrose says, "I recommend it to you. When Cecil comes in here this morning, he is not Cecil Earl, the potential Perfect Murderer. He is nobody but the world's champion heavy lover, old Don Juan."

WELL, Ambrose does not get to be editor in chief of his newspaper. In fact, he just misses getting the outdoors, because Cecil Earl and Miss Florentine Fayette elope, and get married, and go out to Hollywood on a honeymoon, and never return, and old Hannibal Fayette claims it is just as bad for his daughter to marry a movie actor as a guy on the stage, even though Cecil turns out to be the greatest drawing card on the screen because he can heat up love scenes so good.

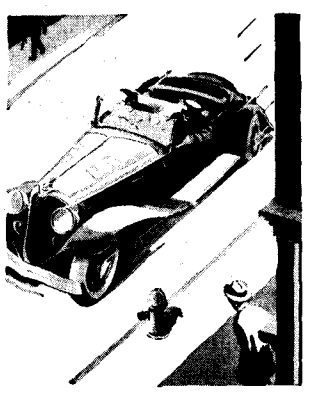
But I always say that Cecil Earl is quite an ingrate, because he refuses a part in Ambrose Hammer's play when Ambrose finally gets it written, and makes his biggest hit in a screen version of Never-Never.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Which would you rather hear? CHICAGO, LONDON *or* ROME?

These new G-E All-wave sets reach out and catch the voices of aviators talking to distant landing fields.

They tap, as well, the wave bands on which 40,000 amateurs are talking informally across the continent.



They also bring you police calls—adding adventure to your radio hours.

Listen in around the world on the new G-E All-wave Radio

IF you think that radio holds no more thrills for you—

Just wait till you hear this new G-E All-wave set!

Not only will you hear your favorite American programs as you've never heard them before, but you'll discover that this set makes the whole wide world your radio playground.

The World is Yours—at the Turn of a Dial

When atmospheric conditions are right, you'll get real foreign entertainment. Not just foreign signals, exasperatingly faint and clouded by noise.

Think of listening to announcements such as "This is the Club Mayfair in London" or "Melbourne, Australia broadcasting" as foreign stations are brought in...clearly...with ample volume...brilliant in tone!

Your fingers will fairly itch to turn the world-spanning dial—to switch from New York...Chicago ...Los Angeles to some station an ocean's span away.

You'll roam the short-wave band...listening perhaps to a tango flashed from Buenos Aires...or a symphony being played in Berlin.

And that's not all! You'll thrill, as well, to the voices of aviators flying the night mail...to the chatting of amateur operators...to grim calls to police cars.

Born of G-E Research and Achievement

You'll say that this is magic. And it is—G-E magic. For this set is born of the G-E experience in short-wave development that enabled Admiral Byrd at the South Pole to communicate with Schenectady and home...that dispatched a human voice around the world in a seventh of a second. It marks a long step forward in dependable short-wave reception.

See these new G-E All-wave radio sets today. Hear them...and "believe your own ears." Learn how the sets that "won the tone tests" now reach around the world.

Inspect, as well, the new standard-range sets in the G-E line. Table models...consoles...radio-phonograph combinations. Prices from $27.95 to $179.00, at your nearest G-E radio dealer's.

Dealers: See your G-E Radio distributor today. Or write Section R-1810, General Electric Company, Merchandise Dept., Bridgeport, Conn.

• • •

The G-E All-wave set pictured above is the console model—K-85. A-c. superheterodyne circuit. Featured by an airplane-type dial—illuminated and precisely graduated—divided into four broadcasting bands: "A" for standard American programs, "B" for police calls, "C" and "D" for foreign stations and amateur and aviation signals. Cabinet of Renaissance design. Fashioned of two-toned walnut veneer. $128.75. *Prices slightly higher in Denver and the West.*

GENERAL ELECTRIC RADIO

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

EVEN BOILING OIL, 403° OF LIQUID FIRE CAN'T HURT SUPER-VALSPAR VARNISH.
Cheaper substitutes fail under this remarkable test
NEW VARNISH! NEW ENAMEL! AMAZE THOUSANDS
by their ability to resist punishment

"25 YEARS AHEAD OF THE TIMES"—

"Will make home furnishings last 2 to 10 years longer"—say experts

LASTING beauty—quickly, easily applied—lovely, mar-resisting surfaces anywhere in the house—are now assured to all, thanks to a remarkable new finish called Super-Valspar.

This revolutionary discovery for all home painting comes as a further improvement over the famous original Valspar—the varnish that *boiling water* will not turn white.

The new Super-Valspar defies even *boiling oil*—alcohol—strong soaps! Pound it, hammer it, maul it—it resists intense punishment.

This wonder finish is offered in clear varnish and 20 beautiful shades. Both types dry in 4 hours. No brush marks. One coat covers.

Now wood floors can shimmer like new, defying even hot grease and the worst wear and tear when covered with Super-Valspar clear.

It's amazing, too, how this economy finish *triples* the life of linoleum-type floor coverings while protecting beauty and halving cleaning care. Saves up to $35 in postponing replacements.

With Super-Valspar in colors, chairs, tables, porches, kitchens, bathrooms, can now glow with *lasting* beauty; so simple that no experience is necessary to get splendid results.

Dress up the old car

Don't drive a shabby car any longer when it is so easy to renew its former beauty. Now, with Super-Valspar Enamels you can transform it in a few hours without fear of failure or drudgery.

Remember that Super-Valspar in colors are the only enamels containing the miracle element that makes Super-Valspar finishes tough as steel yet smooth as silk.

So don't accept substitutes advised as "just as good but cheaper". Super-Valspar costs a few cents more, but it goes much farther, and think of its lifetime satisfaction. Get a can today and change drabness to beauty.

RIGHT — Instantly floors brighten under Super-Valspar clear varnish — the tough, protective covering that saves wear, money and drudgery.

LEFT—The *boiling water* test that made the original Valspar world famous — the varnish that will not turn white under this merciless test.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Super VALSPAR

CLEAR AND IN COLORS

VALENTINE & COMPANY, 386 FOURTH AVE., NEW YORK CITY

Part-time Statesmen

Continued from page 26

And so many of them do! Many Washington correspondents regard themselves as something more than mere recorders of the news. Many actually function as part-time statesmen who think themselves clothed with an almost divine right to help run the country. Nor do they limit their advice and action to their writings. Their newspaper careers are an amateur sport by comparison with their unknown and unwritten activities in cloakrooms, corridors and committee-rooms on Capitol Hill.

They initiate and conduct congressional investigations, suggest policies and procedure and appointments, write speeches and interviews, promote publicity stunts, dominate some public officials and influence less aggressive and articulate members of the corps.

It is almost impossible to exaggerate their back-stage influence. They first grew conscious of their extra-journalistic power, and ganged together most impressively, in the League of Nations battle. It was a small group of correspondents who, with the assistance of Alice Longworth, herself a journalist by temperament, did most to block American membership in the League. They conspired hourly with the "irreconcilables" and performed service far beyond the call of newspaper duty.

They tipped off foes of the Covenant to untoward developments, to Wilsonian statements and maneuvers, and started senatorial counter-attacks before the War President could unlimber his orators. They wrote philippics for the Borahs, Brandegees, Johnsons and Reeds, cooked up interviews, spied out vulnerable points in the Wilsonians' arguments, carried on independent research into the League's implications, dug up secret material. Their dispatches bristled with personal hostility to the League, and the carbon copies which they distributed to pro-Wilson writers affected even the latter's supposedly favorable articles. The Covenant was defeated by the Senate press gallery long before it was finally rejected by the Senate.

Diggers at the Roots of Evil

These newspaper men who specialize in amateur statesmanship have had a key rôle in influencing some of the most important domestic matters of the last decade. It was the correspondents—or some of them—who resuscitated the Teapot Dome investigation after it had apparently died. At this and other senatorial inquiries their fertile minds supplied some of the devastating questions propounded by the late Senator Thomas J. Walsh.

It was a writer's publication of two secret Senate roll calls that led to abolition of executive sessions for confirmation of presidential appointments, and forced the Senate to transact public business publicly.

Had it not been for the independent enterprise and detective instincts of a Washington correspondent who revealed the amount of the Vare "slush fund" in the 1926 Pennsylvania senatorial election, the decision that the Senate may look behind a state's official returns and act upon disclosures of questionable electioneering methods might not have been established.

Not all the members of the corps aspire to be a combination of Greeley and Galahad. Some confine themselves to writing objective news and setting down only what happens. But these passive observers find it hard to resist the influence of the more dashing, part-time statesmen. For one thing, those who fling themselves into every set-to as participants rather than reporters are usually the most alert and astute journalists.

Robust enough to work all day and stay up half the night, they sit around clubs and living-rooms hatching schemes to mold politics and government nearer to their idea of things. They write anonymous books and newspaper columns in chatty and unconventional style, and they are slowly breaking down the attitude of awe which the reading public has had toward the bigwigs at Washington. They are hardy nationalists, "aginners" and iconoclasts. In winning these free-and-easy lances of the press, President Roosevelt has attached them for the first time in modern history to the party in power.

Presidents and the Press

The last President who had even comparable success with the press was the President's fifth cousin, "Teddy" Roosevelt, but he dealt with only a small body of writers in an age of personal contacts and journalism. Even so, he consorted with only a small coterie of favorites, and often antagonized them by repudiating inspired stories when the public reaction was adverse. Mr. Taft threw up his hands helplessly when asked to meet reporters. Mr. Wilson was too professorial, and the war's demands eventually led to an abandonment of all traffic with reporters.

Mr. Harding was well-meaning—he used to remind everybody that "I was a newspaper man myself once"—but he had no faculty for dealing with the active, agnostic press. It was his misinterpretation of the terms of the 1922 disarmament treaty that resulted in the system under which queries had to be submitted in advance. Besides continuing this system, which was highly unsatisfactory to the correspondents, Messrs. Coolidge and Hoover added innovations of their own.

Mr. Coolidge frankly used the press to political advantage. Although he rarely permitted himself to be quoted directly or indirectly, hiding behind the "official spokesman" he created, he sponsored inspired news in an effort to maintain prosperity by proclamation. But when a curious reporter sought to interrogate him or develop the facts, he froze the poor fellow with an icy stare and a sharp answer.

Mr. Hoover deeply resented reporters as prying people, and they came to dislike and distrust him. Eventually he did away with conferences, especially after his defeat, which seemed to sour him on the world of journalism. The same antagonism spread through most of the departments, which always reflect the will and wish of the Executive.

When secret service investigations were started to ascertain the source of stories about the White House dog and Smedley Butler, and fast driving to and from the Rapidan Camp, the private feud became an open war on all fronts. Even the photographers joined in, and some of the unflattering pictures of Mr. Hoover were due to bad feeling more than to bad light. His friends still maintain that the correspondents' day-by-day production of unfavorable news did as much to defeat him as the Democrats.

In view of these memories, the present attitude of the press becomes understandable. The motto of the Roosevelt administration seems to be, "Give the press every break," and they are returning the compliment. It is a case of *noblesse oblige*.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Man without Nerves

Continued from page 19

his face. "First of all I want to ask you something. It is a question of ethics."

"Fire away."

"Supposing I have something the matter—a hurt—nothing catching or anything of that sort, but just a hurt that came by accident—if I ask you to treat me for it, do you have to tell anyone what's wrong with me?"

"Certainly not," was the prompt reply.

"Well, then, come along and have a look at my leg," the young man invited, throwing off the bedclothes. "I will tell you at once what happened. I was fooling with a gun last night—I don't understand much about firearms—and it went off."

The doctor made a brief examination during which he remained silent. When he had finished he stood away and looked at his patient thoughtfully.

"You have quite an unpleasant wound," he announced, "and you still have some shot in your leg. Your bed, too, is in a horrible state. You've lost a lot of blood. What time did this happen?"

"About three o'clock this morning."

"And what the devil," the doctor asked, "were you doing playing with a gun at three o'clock this morning?"

Tyssen looked at him severely.

"I sent for you to patch me up, not to ask me questions. You can see for yourself what has to be done. I can pay for treatment—I am not short of money—but I want you to understand before you start doing a thing for me that you've got to keep your mouth shut. Never mind why. Do everything you can for me and I will be thankful."

THE doctor whistled softly to himself. It flashed into his mind that drama of a strange sort was spreading in this little backwater of country life.

"The thing is going to be difficult, Mr. Tyssen," he warned him. "For instance, I must dress your wound and at once. I shall want hot water, towels, lint, and of course these sheets will have to be got rid of. How am I going to arrange all that for you without your Mrs. Foulds knowing?"

"If you have to tell that gossiping old busybody," Tyssen said, "I would rather put on my mackintosh and find my way somehow or other to the nearest hospital."

The doctor felt his pulse and frowned.

"I will do my best for you, Tyssen," he promised soothingly, "but one thing is certain—your leg has to be dressed at once. Sit up in bed and lean forward like this," he begged, catching hold of him.

But Tyssen had fainted.

Some two hours later Dr. Anderson drew a sigh of relief, packed his bag and threw open the window.

"All serene, eh?" Tyssen asked weakly.

"All serene," the doctor assured him. "I don't mind telling you that you're a lucky young man. It is not everyone who can play with firearms and get a discharge of shot into his leg which penetrates less than a quarter of an inch below the surface. If it was not that one shot got you in a particular place you would have escaped very lightly. I gather you don't want the affair talked about."

"I have tried to make that clear," Tyssen replied.

"At the same time," the other went on, "I cannot allow you to think so little of my intelligence as to expect me to believe your story. If you had been handling a gun yourself it would have been an absolute impossibility for your present wound to have occurred. And another thing—at such close quarters the shot would not have spread, and you would probably have been dead from loss of blood by now, because you would have had one terrible hole instead of a few little scratches. All the same," he concluded, "it is a different thing knowing the truth and talking about it. I shan't say a word about your accident."

"Good man."

"You'll have to deal with your landlady yourself. She's half crazy with curiosity already."

"Leave her to me," Tyssen enjoined. "I will try to keep her mouth shut. How long will it be before I am able to go about as usual?"

"With a stick in three or four days, I should think."

"What is your fee for this morning?"

"Five guineas."

"Then, listen to me," the young man begged earnestly. "You have your car outside?"

"Well?"

"Help me to get into some clothes—I don't need to pack anything—I have a few things in London. Take me to a railway station — not Sandyways — where I can get a train to London, or motor me up if you can spare the time and, look here, give me my pocketbook. Thanks. Three five-pound notes. Fifteen pounds if you'll take me all the way. What about that?"

The doctor reflected for a moment.

"Look here, young fellow," he said, "you've not been doing anything against the law, I hope? You're not a burglar in disguise or anything of that sort?"

"Word of honor, I'm not," Tyssen assured him. "To my knowledge I've never broken the law in my life."

"I'm on, then," the doctor told him. "I have a little business up there, and I will take you all the way to London. Come along and I will help you into your clothes. . . ."

Ten minutes later Mrs. Foulds was surprised to see her lodger and the doctor, the former leaning upon a stick, pass down the paved way outside the window and enter the motor car. The doctor came back.

"Not much wrong with the young man, Mrs. Foulds," he confided. "He has a sprained leg and I am not too sure about one of the valves of his heart. He smokes too many of those filthy cigarettes. I am just going to run him up to a specialist to have him looked over. He will be back in a day or two, and he wants to keep his room."

"Well, I never!" Mrs. Foulds exclaimed. "You think that he will be able to come back all right, Doctor?"

"Perfectly certain that he will," was the emphatic reply. "There is nothing serious the matter with him."

IN THE "Club Car" that morning Timothy Sarson, who was looking worn and ill, asked a question.

"Do you know, Huitt," he inquired, "whether Lord Milhaven preserves any game on our side of the railway?"

"Not to my knowledge," Mr. Huitt replied. "The golf links have taken up all the spare land and there are certainly no covers anywhere near."

"Queer thing," Sarson observed. "Early this morning—I think it must have been about three—I had both my windows open and I could have sworn that I heard the sound of a gun from somewhere up by the Wilderness. No

(Continued on page 40*)*

Why Brush Teeth

In a Way That Doesn't Save Them?

The Surest Way

To Save Teeth Is to Keep Them Free From Film

You brush your teeth, but does that brushing save them?

Don't your teeth discolor? Doesn't tartar form and decay sometimes get started?

Despite your brushing, aren't you often disappointed with your teeth's appearance?

You remove the debris, but not the film—that slimy film. Even after brushing you can feel it with your tongue.

That film is what discolors. It holds acid-forming bacteria in contact with the teeth. Acid is believed to be the cause of tooth decay.

Tooth troubles find their source in that film. So do stains and tartar.

There is now a way to keep free from that film. It is embodied in a tooth paste called Pepsodent.

This is to urge that you prove it. See for yourself how it removes the film which causes stain and tartar and leads to tooth decay. See how this germ-containing film disappears under its dainty touch.

Then you will know how to keep teeth whiter. How to help keep them tartar-free. How better to keep them sound.

Prove That Pepsodent Ends That Film

Pepsodent is called the special film-removing tooth paste. When you see it, you will know the reason.

The basis is a special cleansing and polishing material. Its object is to remove film—safely, thoroughly.

Some cleansing materials remove film but scratch enamel. Others are safe but too soft to be effective. That fact made the development of the ideal material seem impossible.

But, after 13 years, the ideal material was developed. It is accepted as one of the truly great discoveries of the day. This new material is unique in film-removing power. It is twice as soft as those commonly used in tooth pastes. Thus it is **absolutely** safe. That applies to adults and to children. It is this discovery that makes Pepsodent entirely different both in formula and in actual result.

NRA MEMBER U.S.A.

Let us send you a 10-Day Tube. Use it and watch the results. Note how the teeth whiten. Mark how the film disappears. Note how clean your teeth feel.

Even 10-days' results will amaze you. And we do not believe that you will ever again neglect to use Pepsodent on your teeth. We are receiving thousands of letters daily thanking us for Pepsodent results.

The 10-Day Tube is free. Cut out this coupon—now before you forget. Fill it out and mail it. That is all.

Free — 10-Day Supply

THE PEPSODENT CO. 4242A
Dept. 1610, 919 No. Michigan Ave., Chicago
Mail 10-Day Tube of Pepsodent to

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

Pepsodent PAT. OFF. REG. U.S.

The New-Day Dentifrice

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's come between them
Once they were slated to be married. Then everything seemed to change. If only someone had told him to use Pepsodent Antiseptic. For even one's fiancee shouldn't be expected to overlook the world's greatest social offense

1 to 2 Hours Longer!

The new record in keeping breath pure . . . fresh

PEPSODENT gives greater protection because it is 3 times more powerful than other leading mouth antiseptics . . . It goes 3 times as far . . . Makes every $1 do the work of $3.

SOME people cling to old ways to their sorrow. But the majority are quick to take advantage of the new—of the improved ways scientific progress constantly makes possible. Ten years ago the discoveries on which Pepsodent is based had not been made. Hence, Pepsodent Antiseptic is bound to be superior to antiseptics born before that time.

Two kinds of antiseptics

There are only two kinds of mouth antiseptics. The old-fashioned kind that kills germs *only* when it is used full strength. The new discovery—Pepsodent—that is utterly safe when used full strength, yet powerful enough even when diluted with 2 *parts of water* to kill germs in 10 seconds! Pepsodent Antiseptic is at least 3 times as powerful as other leading mouth antiseptics. Hence, it goes 3 times as far—gives you 3 times as much for your money—and gives you assurance of a pure, sweet breath for 2 hours longer.

Millions who once diluted ordinary antiseptics now realize their mistake. Be sure you choose the antiseptic that, even when mixed with water, kills germs. Insist on Pepsodent Antiseptic—be safe—and save your money!

COLDS!

Clinical research reveals that Pepsodent Antiseptic is particularly effective in reducing the number and severity of common colds.

Some of the 50 different uses for this modern antiseptic

Sore Throat Colds
Head Colds
Smoker's Throat
Bad Breath
Mouth Irritations
Irritations of the Gums
After Extractions
After Shaving
Cuts and Abrasions
Chapped Hands
Dandruff
Skin Irritations
Checks Under-Arm Perspiration Odor
"Athlete's Foot"
Tired, Aching Feet

NRA MEMBER U.S.

Pepsodent Antiseptic

(Continued from page 39)

one but a gamekeeper would be likely to use a gun at that hour."

"Or a poacher," Martin suggested.

Mr. Timothy Sarson jumped at the idea.

"I saw a couple of cock pheasants running up into the Wilderness only two nights ago," he confided. "Why shouldn't it have been a poacher who shot Sir Julian, eh?"

Martin shook his head dolefully.

"Poachers don't carry revolvers," he reminded the little company.

MR. JAMES HUITT, austere and dignified, having that air of intense concentration, the possession of which was perhaps his most effective quality, pushed the baskets of letters away from him and turned to the waiting clerk.

"I am prepared to receive callers now, Martin," he said, "in the order of their arrival. Who is first?"

The clerk glanced at a list in his hand.

"A Mr. Tyssen, sir," he announced.

If Huitt was surprised he showed no signs of any such emotion.

"On bank business?" he inquired.

"Presumably so, sir."

"You can show him in."

Tyssen, leaning upon a stick, was ushered into the sanctum.

"Good morning, Mr. Tyssen," Huitt said. "What can I do for you?"

Tyssen sank into the indicated chair.

"How is Sandywayes?" he inquired.

"As usual, I believe. Have you left it permanently?"

"Not I," Tyssen replied. "Had a little trouble with my leg and I'm up to get some massage. Anthony Sarson still at large?"

"You must forgive my reminding you, Mr. Tyssen," Huitt said, "that I am not here to gossip. Please state your business."

"I wish to transfer my account from Williams' in the city to you," Tyssen explained. "I seldom go into the city."

"We should be very pleased to accept your business," the bank manager conceded, "providing, of course, that the conditions we are able to offer are agreeable to you, that your references are satisfactory and that your account is of such a size that it would be worth our while to handle it."

"My references," Tyssen replied, "would be Williams' Bank and Kennerly Mumford & Co., solicitors, of Lincoln's Inn."

Huitt knew the name quite well, but he made a point of taking it down. Once more he was assailed by a vague, illogical suspicion. It seemed strange to imagine a firm of solicitors of such standing acting for this curious young man.

"I have a balance of a thousand pounds, Mr. Huitt," the latter continued. "I seldom draw below that. I have also some securities to deposit with you. Apart from that I have money paid in every month from a business that belonged to my father."

"Yours, I gather," Mr. Huitt remarked, "is purely a personal account, then. You do not wish for any banking facilities in the shape of an overdraft or the discounting of bills or anything of that sort?"

"I don't know what you're talking about," the young man grinned. "I've no business. I've got enough to live on as it is and I expect to be earning a bit more as soon as I sell my novel."

"I see nothing to prevent our accepting your account," Huitt said graciously. "I will take up your references, and if you will call next time you are passing we will complete the business."

He touched the bell in front of him. Automatically the clerk-secretary appeared. Automatically Tyssen was shown out.

Tyssen made two other calls of more or less importance. He wound up in the small grillroom and bar of a fashionable West End restaurant. The hour being still early, the place was half empty.

Tyssen made his way to an easy-chair set in a distant corner. A middle-aged man of florid appearance rose to meet him. There was a questioning expression upon his face to which Tyssen replied with a slight nod. They sat down together. Tyssen summoned the barman.

"A whisky-and-soda, if you please," the man who had been waiting ordered.

"And a dry Martini for me," Tyssen directed.

He began to roll a cigarette with his usual dark-colored tobacco, a proceeding which his neighbor regarded with something like disgust.

"Won't you try one of mine?" he invited, offering a platinum-and-gold case. "Bateman's. They're quite decent."

Tyssen shook his head.

"I always make my own," he confided. "You are Major Flower?"

"That's right," the other agreed. "You apparently know all about me."

"I do," Tyssen assented. "Are you going to answer my questions?"

"I am on one condition."

"Condition?"

"The condition of absolute secrecy. You know my history, Mr. Tyssen. I can't afford to lose my job. I don't suppose I should ever get another."

"My friends and I are not chatterboxes," Tyssen assured him. "You need not have the slightest anxiety. We are just as anxious as you are for you to hold your post. Question Number One."

"Go ahead."

"At odd times during your weather announcement," Tyssen began, "you vary it very slightly. That is to say that several million people who may be listening in receive a message which probably interests about half a dozen of them."

"That's right," Major Flower assented.

"Who sends you word when you are to make the change?"

"I don't know," was the firm response. "The word to be changed comes in a sealed envelope. It must be someone of intelligence because the word has always the same significance, and not one of the people at headquarters has ever made any remark."

"WHO made the arrangement with you for the substitution of words?"

Major Flower groaned.

"Have I got to answer that question?"

"Absolutely."

"Lord Milhaven. He lent me money when I was down and out and he got me this job."

"Do you know, among these few millions of listeners-in, who the people are who receive your message?"

"I haven't the faintest idea," the major declared, with obvious truth.

"Do you know its significance?"

"I've never even tried to guess at it. I imagine the few people who are interested have a code."

"I should like that code," Tyssen said.

"Lord Milhaven is the only person who could give it to you," Major Flower pointed out, "and you mustn't dream of asking him. He'd know I'd been talking."

"Another drink?"

"Whisky-and-soda, please."

"I haven't got much out of you yet," Tyssen reflected. "Whose idea was this secret method of communication?"

"Milhaven's," was the prompt reply. "Before he got me the job he was interested in this broadcasting work."

Tyssen leaned a little closer to his companion.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"You got your bank note?" he whispered. "Would you like another?"

Major Flower laughed scornfully.

"Is there anything in the world a man needs at my time of life worse than money?" he demanded.

"Tell me anything else that has occurred to you with regard to this business. If it's worth anything I'll pay for it."

Flower sipped his whisky-and-soda.

"There have never been more than seven changes," he said slowly. "I wondered sometimes whether they didn't represent the days of the week."

Tyssen reflected for a few moments.

"It's an idea," he admitted. "It's too small a compass for a real cipher. Your change of words would be noticed."

"Seven words are all I've changed at any time. There are three other words I could use instead of 'depression,' three instead of 'visibility,' and for the seventh I used 'British Islands' instead of 'British Isles.'"

TYSSEN smoked furiously for several moments.

"You have never seen a piece of paper, Major Flower," he asked, "with the days of the week in order and their code word attached?"

"Never."

"Do you ever visit Milhaven's house?"

"At odd times when he's alone."

"If you should ever come across that key," Tyssen said, "I would double that last note. If you should come across it within a fortnight I'd treble it."

Flower's fingers, which were holding a lighter to his cigarette, trembled. He gave one the impression of a man who was consumed by some inward fear. His shoulders gave a little nervous twitch as though he were shivering. He straightened his tie with an unsteady hand.

"Do you know what sort of a man Milhaven is?" he asked, dropping his voice.

"I know scarcely anything about him," Tyssen confessed. "All that I do know is that I believe him to be the friend and associate of one of the world's worst criminals."

"I shouldn't be surprised," the major muttered, and there was a smoldering fear behind his watery eyes. "Look here, give me another whisky-and-soda, sir. I've just been thinking. Supposing Milhaven would get to know about this, supposing he were to walk in and find us talking—"

Tyssen ordered the whisky-and-soda and grinned reassurance.

"It wouldn't matter," he said. "He wouldn't know me from Adam."

"I'm glad of that at any rate," Flower declared. "You don't know what sort of a man Milhaven is. I've been out in the East with him. I've been in China. We went into an opium-running scheme there long before he had any idea he was going to be the Earl of Milhaven. Those Chinese were cruel enough. They were nothing to Milhaven! I've seen him kill men just for disobeying a single order. I've seen him deal out torture, stand by while men were done to death. I watch him now sometimes—the cold, dignified aristocrat—and if it wasn't for this"—he clutched the glass containing his whisky-and-soda—"I should have hysterics."

Tyssen ordered another drink for himself and laughed boisterously.

"Well, we're not in China now, thank goodness," he reminded his companion. "England isn't the country where one can break the law with impunity. Milhaven here will have to behave like the rest of us."

Flower wiped his eyes.

"That he'll never do," he muttered. "Milhaven may play at being deputy lord lieutenant, chairman of a board of magistrates, director of banks and orator in the House of Lords—he may play the game and love doing it, but he's the same man—he'll never change. I want money like hell. I'll get the code if I have any luck; but if he knows, I'm a dead man. Tyssen, I don't know who you are. You don't look English somehow. Seems to me you're looking for trouble if you're up against Milhaven."

"If I am I can take care of myself," Tyssen said cheerfully. "By the bye, did you happen to know that fellow Julian Bott?"

FLOWER rose to his feet, but the question seemed somehow or other to have steadied him.

"Yes, I knew him," he said, and his voice was certainly not the clear and flute-like utterance of the B. B. C. announcer. "You'll excuse me, Mr. Tyssen, I'm going. You know where to find me. I know where to find you."

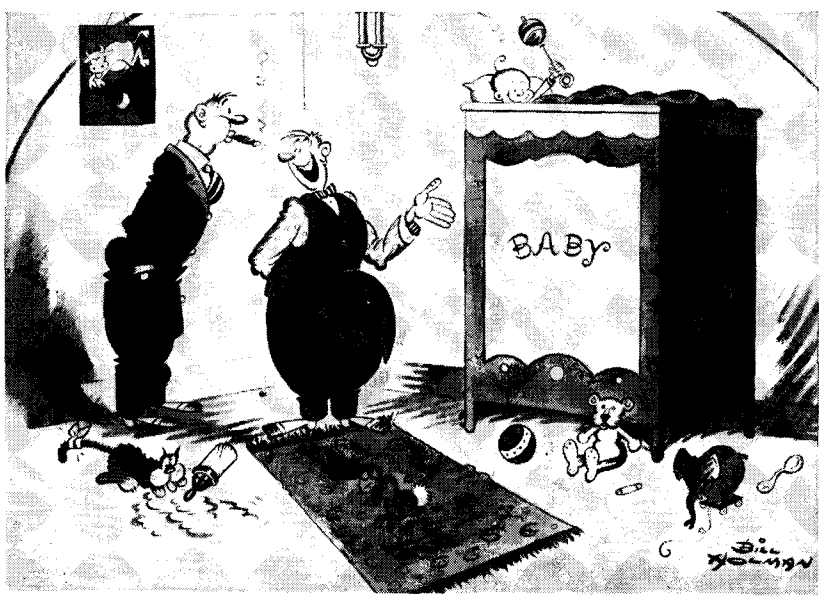
"About this fellow Bott—" Tyssen began.

Flower picked up his stick and gloves.

"I knew Bott," were his farewell words to Tyssen, "and if Milhaven were to walk in here at this present moment, if he were to have the slightest idea of what we've been talking about, I should be where Bott is by this time tomorrow. Good day, Charles. Good day, Mr. Tyssen."

The major took his leave with a slight but not unbecoming swagger.

(To be continued next week)



"We bought a high crib so we can hear him when he falls out!"

Bill Holman

Corns hurt?

Here is INSTANT RELIEF from PAIN!

• Why tolerate this unnecessary pain? Remove painful, unsightly corns in this safe, scientific way. Blue-Jay stops the ache instantly—removes the corn in 3 days, only occasionally requiring a second application.

HERE is the safe gentle way to REMOVE CORNS

1. Soak foot for ten minutes in hot water, wipe dry.

2. Apply Blue-Jay, centering pad directly over the corn.

HOW BLUE-JAY WORKS **A** is the mild medication that gently undermines the corn. **B** is the felt pad that relieves the pressure, stops pain at once. **C** is the adhesive strip that holds pad in place, prevents slipping.

3. After three days, corn is gone. Remove plaster, soak foot ten minutes in hot water, lift out the corn. (Old, tough corns may need a second application, because Blue-Jay is mild and gentle in its action.)

• The old days (dangerous days!) of cutting and paring corns are gone forever. Don't risk infection by cutting. And don't risk unscientific, harsh remedies, either.

• Blue-Jay is a truly scientific product—safe—and tried. It has removed millions of corns, given supreme satisfaction for 35 years. It is the invention of a scientist—and made for you by Bauer & Black, the surgical dressing house whose products are used daily by doctors and hospitals the world over.

• Be kind to your feet. Don't let them get disfigured and unsightly. When a corn appears, remove it at once with Blue-Jay.

25c at all druggists. Special sizes for bunions and calluses.

BLUE-JAY
BAUER & BLACK'S SCIENTIFIC
CORN REMOVER

Free Booklet — "For Better Feet"—Contains information and suggestions that are very helpful to foot sufferers. Also valuable exercises for foot health and foot beauty. Address Bauer & Black, 2500 S. Dearborn St., Chicago.

(Pasting this coupon on a government postcard will save postage)

C-10

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catching fish by RADIO TELEPHONE

"Fisherman's luck" becomes *good* luck, when Marine Radio Telephone helps with the catch. This Western Electric equipment sends boats where the fish are running best—brings them into port when the market is best! It keeps fishing company executives ashore in close touch with captains at sea—makes for more profitable operation.

Marine Radio Telephone is one of a large family of Western Electric sound transmission products. Others are: broadcasting equipment, police and aviation radio telephone, talking picture apparatus, sound amplifying and distributing equipment, aids for the hard-of-hearing—all backed by more than 50 years of Bell Telephone making.

Western Electric

LEADERS IN SOUND TRANSMISSION APPARATUS

The Blue Eagle at Home

Continued from page 13

than for them to go into a close huddle and say to one another: "Why, this is easy. It'll be a couple of months anyhow before this thing hits us and so the bright thing is for us to get busy now, while wages are low and hours are long, and saw up all the timber we can. Then, later on, when we have to, we can sign a code, get along with as little labor as possible, and clean up a nice profit for ourselves by selling out the low-cost lumber in our yards at the new and higher prices."

This as anybody can see was a noble way for the lumbermen to help out the national recovery program, but, as was pointed out to me when I visited the largest hardwood market in the United States, it didn't work. The local administrators of the Blue Eagle merely got hard-boiled about it and told the mill owners substantially the same thing the miners had had to listen to.

"Keep Your Mills Running"

"Nay, nay," they said, "you fellows can't put over anything as raw as that. To be sure, it isn't all worked out yet but the code authorities say it will be before long, and so you had better make up your minds to begin now to supply most of the current demand for lumber out of current production. That'll keep your mills running and that's what we are after. In time, of course, you will get your profit out of your present inventory by working it off gradually at the higher prices, but you can't close down your mills and dump it all at once. That wouldn't be fair competition against men who are complying with all the rules of the New Deal."

That was that; it was a real eagle's scream, and as a concrete illustration of what it meant I was one day forced to listen to a sad story about a poor but rich lumberman who, having sawed up enough hardwood flooring to supply his trade for *two years*, was just preparing to shut down his mills and drag down his profits through his sales when, suddenly, hearing the rustle of wings in the air, he changed his mind, canceled his closing orders, and is today keeping about a thousand men on his pay roll. For me to say, however, that those men are grateful to the man who is actually employing them and paying them their wages would be to misrepresent the facts as they were put up to me by a grizzled old timber wolf of the hardwood forests that I encountered on a side road in eastern Arkansas.

"Huh," grunted this man when I asked him about work in the lumber business, "there wouldn't be none, I reckon, ef it warn't fer that there Blue Eagle of Mr. Roosevelt's. Leastways ef it warn't fer that bird there wouldn't be but a mighty few hands a-workin' fer that mill you passed down the road yonder. As it is, though, about seven hundred of us has got jobs around here, cuttin' and haulin' and workin' in the mill, and so we ain't a-complainin' none, but at the same time, Mister, we ain't none of us a-thankin' nobody fer it except the President."

"How about wages," I asked—"have they gone up to suit you?"

"'Course not. We've had a raise all around; in the mills and out in the woods too, and the owners are a-yappin' to beat heck about it, but it ain't been raise enough 'cause it ain't anywhere like kept up with the cost of grub. Flour, f'rinstance, that used to sell fer four bits a bag now costs eighty cents. Meat and beans has riz about the same way, and—"

"And that's what you're kicking about, is it?" I interrupted.

"Kickin', Mister! Hell, I ain't a-kickin'. I was just tellin' you about it. Down here there ain't nobody kickin' any more. We ain't got no room to kick 'cause most of us, in this neighborhood, is workin' again, and 'spose flour is costin' us eighty cents a bag, what of it? Ain't it better to have it cost us that much and be able to git a bag once in a while than it was to have it worth only a half a dollar and never have fifty cents to buy it with?"

And now let us jump from the hardwood industry to the hard-boiled one. Of course that means oil. As everyone knows, the men in the petroleum business can't get along with anybody. They hate one another, abhor their local governors, and have no regard for their Father in Washington. It was with some trepidation, therefore, that on the very day the Blue Eagle was fixing up the oil code in practically its final form I visited the offices of probably the most influential oil man in Oklahoma to inquire as to how the industry he represents was getting along with the Bird.

His docility amazed me. Heretofore, when I have asked oil men about governmental control of their affairs, I have heard Cabinet members referred to as blank nuisances, obstructionists in the path of progress and a lot of other things, but on this occasion no such complimentary epithets were applied to anybody. Certainly none were applied to the Blue Eagle. On the other hand, he was spoken of as a wise old Bird who knows what he is doing and, although the gentleman with whom I was talking made no secret about not liking some of the things that are happening to oil, he frankly admitted that the only thing the oil industry can do is make the best of it.

Oil Takes Its Medicine

"And if we do that," he said, "government control will not hurt much. On the contrary, it actually seems to me that under NRA control the oil business will be able to iron out some major troubles that it has never been able to get rid of. Retail distribution of oil and gasoline provides one of them. As we know, and as everybody knows, gasoline has been sold at a loss because of the immense overhead involved in keeping about three times as many filling stations running as the business warrants. Now if the NRA, through shortening hours, raising wages and stabilizing the price of gasoline, gets rid of that situation for us it will do us a lot of good. We can either operate our stations at a profit or we'll close them up, which will, as anybody can see, be a great help to everybody, including the public."

"I suppose that's true," I replied, "but how about the rest of the NRA scheme? Is that going to hurt much?"

"I don't know that it will," was the answer. "Of course there's a lot of kicking about it, but let's just look at one feature of it and see what that kicking amounts to. Under the rules the NRA is providing for us the *labor cost* of producing crude oil will be increased fifty per cent. Very well. The labor cost of producing crude today is only five cents a barrel and, provided the NRA stabilizes the sale price at better than a dollar a barrel, which is what we expect it will do, what difference is it going to make to us if the production cost does go to seven and a half cents?"

So likewise is another roaring lion

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

who had previously had strong ideas of his own regarding federal control of local affairs now ready to sign up and lick the spoon. I refer to Governor Alfalfa Bill Murray of the oily state of Oklahoma. Only three years ago Governor Bill was making all the front pages by telling everybody what he was going to do to Washington in case it refused to do what he told it to in regard to oil in his state. At that time, as I recall, I wrote an article in which it was stated that Alfalfa Bill was placing the sovereignty of his state, as regarded its ability to control foreign corporations within its borders, above that of the federal Interstate Commerce Commission. He was then doing exactly that, but now listen:

Like the lumberman over in Arkansas, Alfalfa Bill has heard the rustle of wings, and hence when I asked him to what extent the operations of the NRA were a violation of the sanctity of states' rights, his exceedingly humble reply was:

"Just so long as the federal government exercises control of the oil business of Oklahoma through its enforcement of the rules and regulations of the Interstate Commerce Commission it will not be exceeding its authority in this state."

They'd Better Be Good

That's a fine, helpful utterance, but what does it indicate? Alfalfa Bill is a politician, isn't he? Well, that's really all there is to it. In order to hold his power he has to follow the trend of public opinion, and, *like every other politician in this country,* he can see with only half an eye open that what the people demand is that he openly support the Blue Eagle and all its works.

All the politicians have to do is travel Main Street as I did: walk into its small retail establishments, stop at its modest hotels, eat in its popular-price restaurants, and patronize its filling stations, and they will get the verdict direct from the largest, the most important, and today the most vocal division of the American people. And that verdict is: "We are for the NRA because the NRA is for us."

In a small city of not more than a hundred thousand population, I was amazed to learn that within ten days 2,900 men and women had been given jobs as clerks, waitresses, mechanics, etc. To be sure, there are many cases where the business being done by the restaurant keeper, the retail merchant, or the garage man is not now profitable enough to justify the added expense. But mark this: the little man on Main Street is a better sport than the big man on Wall Street, because, whereas the latter are all in a blue funk because they are afraid the Blue Eagle may cost them something, it is a fact that in 4,000 miles of travel I didn't meet a single little fellow who did not have faith in the outcome of the NRA movement.

"Just at the moment," would be their composite answer to my inquiries, "we may be assuming a pretty hefty burden, but in the end we'll gain by it. Business has got to come up from the bottom and we'll soon begin to profit by making a present sacrifice. We're bound to win because our pay rolls are being increased."

Or as one particular man in a mid-western state said:

"Look at it like this: Suppose that last week some fellow had suddenly dropped into this town and announced that he was going to open up a factory with a pay-roll of $100,000 a week, what would we have done about it? Why, the Chamber of Commerce would have given that fellow a banquet; the town would have chipped in to buy him a factory site and we would all have been delirious with joy. Well, what is it but that very thing that the NRA is accomplishing not only for this little out-of-the-way place but also for every small community in the United States? And the way I feel is that if the scheme doesn't succeed the only reason for its failure will be not that the American people are not for it but because a select group of non-Americans are out to scuttle it."

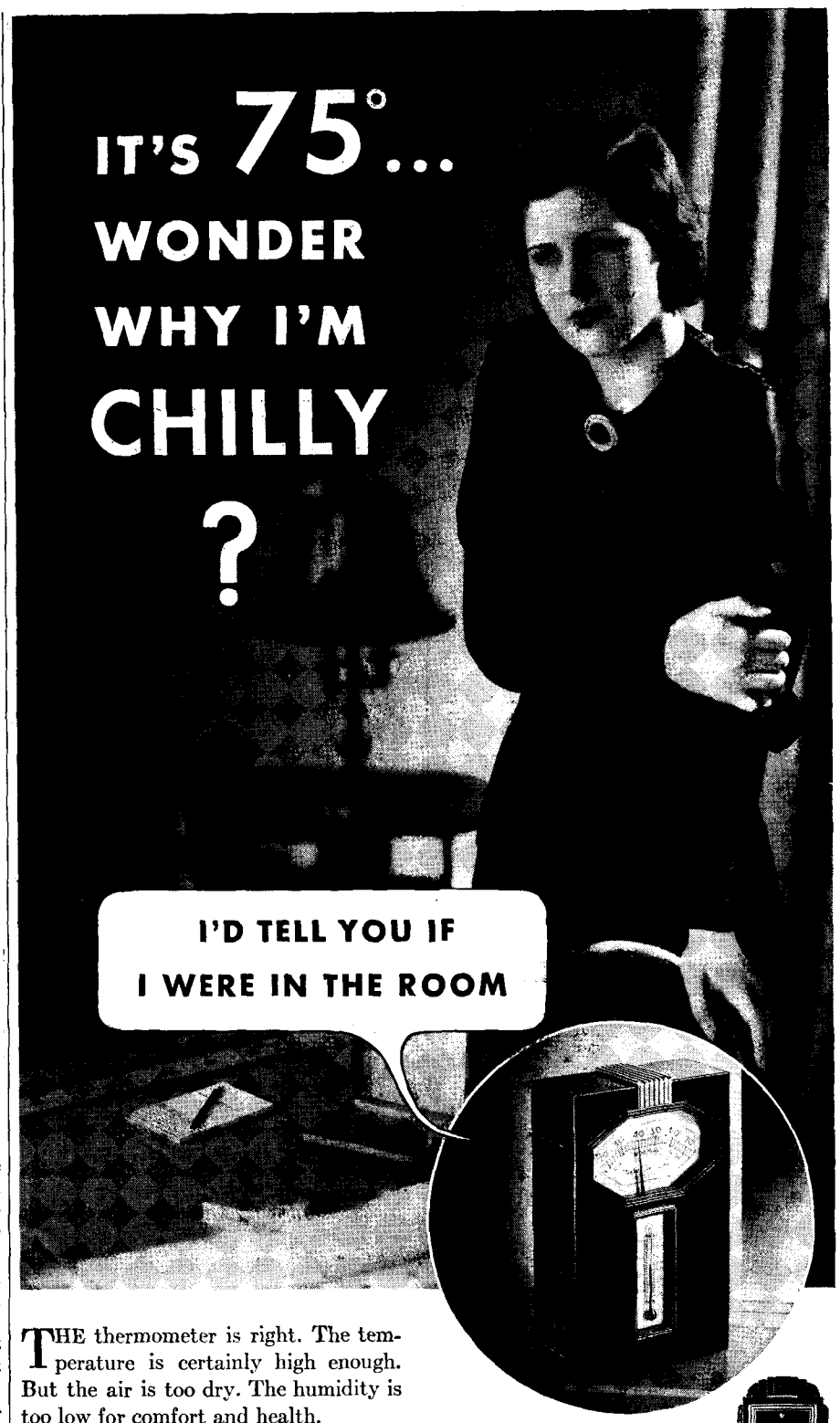
Are they? Is there any truth in that mid-western gentleman's closing sentence? I think there is. At any rate, at almost the end of my journey, when I stopped in Washington, I was told by an informed journalist, a man who keeps a very close watch on public events: "Now that certain vested interests have finally come to the conclusion that the NRA is a spear thrust leveled at the existing profit system they are going to combat it."

To which the only reply that I could make after my long tour of observation was:

"Well, let 'em try. If Wall Street wants to lock horns with Main Street over the issue of the Blue Eagle, then I'm betting on Main Street. I'll give odds too."

"Yeh, I'm a surgical student. I just play for practice!"

George Shellhase



THE thermometer is right. The temperature is certainly high enough. But the air is too dry. The humidity is too low for comfort and health.

The Taylor Humidiguide will tell at a glance what the relative humidity in your home is. No matter how you humidify indoor air, you need this accurate instrument to tell what the moisture-content is. The presence of the Taylor Thermometer on the Humidiguide enables you to maintain the relation between temperature and humidity endorsed by leading health authorities as ideal for the comfort of your family and guests.

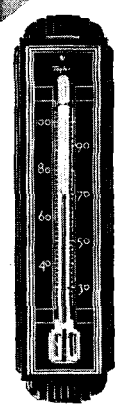
Why deprive yourself of this additional comfort which costs so little to have? Your Taylor dealer will be glad to show you this Humidiguide along with the complete line of Taylor indoor, cooking, and fever thermometers.

FREE—"Temperature—Its Relation to Health and Comfort," helpful and instructive booklet telling how temperature and humidity affect family health, sent free if you address Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, New York, or Toronto, Canada.

TAYLOR HUMIDIGUIDE, Hampton model, No. 5538. Shows air condition at a glance—humidity with hygrometer, temperature with thermometer. Ebony finished case 6"x4" with chrome highlights. Price $5.00.

• • •

TAYLOR WALL THERMOMETER—DeLuxe model in modern style, 7 inches overall, choice of 3 two-tone finishes—Blue, Brown, or Red—indoor temperature range, red Permacolor tube. No. 5107. Price $2.00.



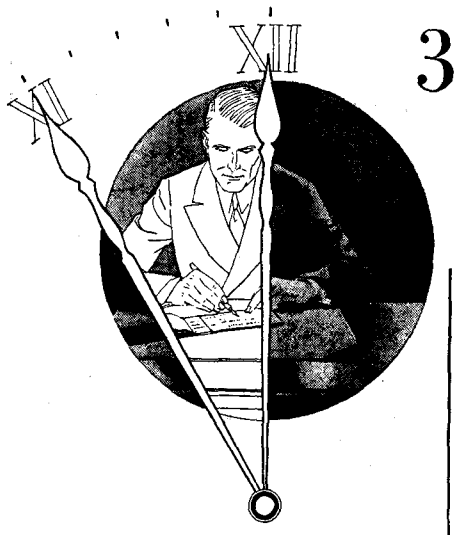
NEW TAYLOR HUMIDIFIER—This latest Taylor development evaporates sufficient moisture to supply the proper relative humidity for an average-sized room. Designed for use over warm-air outlets or on top of radiators. Takes up little room. Made of non-corrosive metal, with specially woven wick. Complete, only $9.00. Write to us direct for complete information.

Taylor INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure and humidity.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How John Elton crowded 30 or 40 years *into 5 minutes*



The Equitable* CASE METHOD *enabled him to create an estate with a stroke of the pen

Young Mr. Elton is married and has two children, Ruth, aged six and Edwin, four.

He earns a good income but has not been able to get very far toward reaching a cherished ambition — to provide an estate for his family. Indeed they would be hard pressed if his earning power suddenly stopped. Elton one day decided to see how life insurance could help, and he put the problem up to an Equitable agent.

After learning all the facts, the agent said, "Why of course it can be arranged. I can work out a program which will enable you to create that estate immediately and take care of a number of your pet ambitions also. It can be a sizable estate too, such as might take you thirty or forty years to accumulate by uninsured savings."

The program developed was made to Elton's measure, in accordance with the highly individualized Equitable CASE METHOD. His wishes were provided for to the letter; a life income for his wife, funds to be available for a college education when his boy reached 18, a generous marriage settlement for his daughter, an old-age retirement income for himself.

This comprehensive estate, which might otherwise require a lifetime to accumulate, was "underwritten" by the Equitable all within a brief five minutes.

Let an Equitable agent apply the Case Method to your financial problem

The Elton case is merely an illustration of the Equitable method of fitting life insurance to individual needs. Your age, your income, your objectives in life and many other factors are taken into account—and then an effective, economical program is developed for your consideration.

THE EQUITABLE
FAIR — JUST
LIFE ASSURANCE
SECURITY — PEACE OF MIND
SOCIETY
MUTUAL — COOPERATIVE
OF THE U.S.
NATION-WIDE SERVICE

The EQUITABLE Life Assurance Society of the United States 40-C
Thomas I. Parkinson, *President.* 393 Seventh Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I am interested in your "Case Method" of adapting life insurance to specific needs. Kindly send explanatory booklet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS ..... AGE

Conspiracy

Continued from page 17

out. Evans had no desire to be a hero to his valet, but he didn't want the man to think unnecessary cheapnesses. Even as this idea came to him, he wondered at the strange activities of his mind. A few days ago, before suspicion and intrigue enveloped him, it would never have occurred to him to think of Derrick, to wonder what the valet's thoughts were. But tonight he had even worried about what check boys and taxi starters would think of him. A quick hatred of Phyllis swept over him. She was responsible for these meannesses of thought on his part. Then he grinned involuntarily. It was something of an anticlimax to hold her responsible for his thoughts when he could hold her responsible for offenses so much greater.

"I'm going to the Hotel Splendid—to see Mr. Degas. But if anyone phones—I've just gone out."

"Yes, sir," said Derrick.

AT THE corner of Madison Avenue Evans picked up a late-cruising taxi, and five minutes later he was asking for Degas at the desk of the hotel.

"Degas?" The clerk looked at him curiously. "Aren't you the gentleman who came in with him earlier tonight?"

Evans could feel his face blanch. Why did the clerk eye him so oddly, why did he ask such an unnecessary question?

"Yes. Will you ring him and—?"

"He's not in his room," said the clerk. "He had an accident—"

"An accident?" Evans died a thousand deaths. Because he had not wished to compromise himself with Phyllis Benedict, because he had feared that if she proved innocent her anger would be aroused at his suspicions of her guilt, he had refrained from giving Degas information that might have saved him from this—accident.

"Yes," said the clerk. "He tripped on something in his own room—I don't know just how, and knocked himself out. When he came to, he telephoned for help. The house physician went up and he was taken to the Wanderers' Hospital in an ambulance. It seems he was operated on there for something once and he preferred that to any other."

Evans turned away from the desk. An accident, an ambulance—but the Wanderers' was a regularly constituted private hospital of the highest reputation, hardly the sort to lend itself to any queer dealings. The clerk called to him and he turned back.

"Here's Dr. Leeson, our house physician," said the clerk. "Just back from the hospital."

"Dr. Leeson," said Evans. "My name is Doyle Evans. I came down to see Mr. Jean Degas on—business. I understand he's hurt, in the hospital."

"The Wanderers'," said the doctor perfunctorily. "A concussion and a badly sprained ankle. Don't know how serious the concussion is. He came to long enough to telephone downstairs for help and was conscious when I called on him. Told me where to take him as soon as I examined him. But he was unconscious when I left him at the hospital. That's all I can tell you. Good night, sir."

"Good night," said Evans dully.

Obviously, Degas' injury had been accidental. Had he been struck down by some assailant—but would he have told the hotel physician? The only way to answer that question was to see Degas. He gave a taxi man the hospital's name and stepped into his machine. In ten minutes he was deposited before the hospital entrance, a converted private home on the East River.

A uniformed attendant in the lobby greeted him. Mr. Degas? Yes, Mr. Degas was here, but it was impossible for him to see anyone. His physician? Certainly. And a moment later a grave man, thin and elderly, was giving Evans meager details of Degas' condition.

"Serious?" he said in response to a question. "Yes, indeed. I don't know how serious. There's a concussion, but I can find no fracture. But, unfortunately, sometimes the brain can be very seriously injured without the breaking of the skull. There is nothing that can be done. Time is the only sure remedy."

"Then time *will* fix him up?" asked Evans.

The doctor shrugged.

"We hope so. We are all attached to Mr. Degas here. I operated on him—appendicitis—several years ago, and never had a better patient. You may feel assured, Mr. Evans, that no pains will be spared—"

"Of course," said Evans. "When—when can I see him, do you think?"

"Well, certainly not tonight," said the doctor. "But tomorrow, perhaps."

And with that Evans had to be content. He returned to his waiting taxi and drove back to his apartment. As he dismissed the man he saw that his two guardians still lurked in the darkness across the street, and wondered that no policemen had ordered them to move on.

He let himself into his apartment and Derrick appeared from that back bedroom which he occupied.

"A lady telephoned, Mr. Evans," he said.

"A lady?" Phyllis Benedict came to the forefront of Evans' mind. He knew no other woman who would phone him at such an hour. Yet why should she? But of course. His lips curled. To impress upon him the depth of her love, that he might be further drugged into belief in her sincerity.

"A Miss Gundstrom," went on Derrick. "She said you'd know. You saw her in Paris, she said to tell you, and again the other evening."

"Yes, of course," said Evans. As earlier tonight, he felt embarrassed in the presence of an inferior. "Did you tell her where I was?"

"I said you were out, sir; and she told me to tell you to call on her at the Altemaha Hotel—I spelled the name, sir; rather, I had her spell it for me—tomorrow morning. She seemed rather excited, sir, and made me repeat the message. She said it was very important."

Evans looked at his watch; it was three-thirty. He moved toward the telephone. Derrick anticipated his intention.

"I forgot to say that she particularly didn't want you to telephone, Mr. Doyle. She told me that three times and made a great point of it. She acted, if you'll pardon my saying so, sir, like someone in great trouble and—fear."

"Thank you, Derrick. Good night," Evans said.

EVANS slept but fitfully; his dreams—he hadn't dreamed for a good many years—were filled with visions of Phyllis Benedict. At least, the figure that floated through them seemed, at a distance, to be that of the Benedict heiress, but on nearer approach she turned into an unrecognizable monster. But he awakened, finally, at about nine o'clock, and all the crowded hours of yesterday came rushing to recollection.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From his bed he reached for the telephone and was connected with the Wanderers' Hospital, only to learn that Degas' condition was unchanged and that the Frenchman could not possibly receive any visitor for several days. His hand rested on the receiver after his talk with the hospital. Every nerve in him ached for the sound of Phyllis' voice. One word from her and he knew the wretchedness of last night would be healed. Her voice would have the magic power to dispel doubts, to melt facts until they became hazy, incredible illusions.

But his hand fell away. She had had her moment with him last night. There would never be another. He picked up the directory and found that the Altemaha Hotel was situated on West Fifty-eighth Street. Then he rang for Derrick, and showered and shaved, to emerge from the bathroom in possession of an appetite that interrupted sleep had not lessened. And at shortly before ten he arrived at the Altemaha Hotel.

He paid his taxi and was crossing the sidewalk when a uniformed policeman violently shoved a man through the doorway.

"I don't care a damn if you *are* from the Planet," cried the officer. He disappeared a moment, to stand in the doorway again holding a camera and folding tripod. "The woman's not here, so you won't need these," he said. As he spoke he threw the implements at the man, who caught them deftly enough. Evidently he had had previous practice in such matters. He turned to Evans with an engaging grin.

"Nice cop, ain't he?" he said. "'Lo, Charley." His greeting was directed at a young man who had just alighted from a taxi.

"'Lo, Bill. Get any pics of the Gundstrom dame?"

Evans had met many newspaper men. If the man's words had not identified his calling, his appearance and manner would have done so, as well as anything could have done. And he had mentioned Lisa Gundstrom's name.

"No. They got her away before I could get here."

"What is it—a murder?" asked Evans.

The camera man shrugged indifferent shoulders.

"Naw, I don't guess so. A dame takes the gas route. That's all."

The reporter entered the hotel and the camera man got into a taxi.

THE gas route! A girl who had telephoned in high excitement early this morning was dead now. Suicide. Maybe. And maybe not. She had identified herself to Derrick, and unquestionably was the girl who on Monday night had professed to be the girl of Lanson's. She had wanted to see Evans. Why? Paul Lanson had died because Degas was on his way to see him. Could this girl have died because Evans was on his way to see her?

Could Degas' accident be other than what it seemed? Could he have been the victim of an assault? But Evans shook his head at this. The hotel physician had not been lying any more than had Degas' friend of the Wanderers' Hospital. No, Degas' injury had been accidental. But the death of Lisa Gundstrom was no accident, nor was it suicide. It was murder.

His face lost its pleasantness, lost its look of youth. It became harsh and grim; the gray eyes glinted and the strong nose seemed thinner. The stubborn chin took on quick determination. He continued, now, into the hotel, but made no inquiries of the clerk at the desk. Instead, he went to a telephone booth, looked up the number of the Benedict town house, and called that number. To the maid who answered he said he wished to speak to Miss Benedict, giving his name.

"Good morning—darling," said Phyllis.

Had she been face to face with him he could have struck the lips that framed the lying endearment.

"Good morning," he said. "I want to see you—right away."

"Not right away," she said. "I'm—not even dressed. But—in an hour?"

"In an hour then," he said.

"But haven't you something to say to me?" she cooed. "Or do you think I was too bold last night?"

He tried to laugh reassuringly. His own hypocrisy, as well as hers, sickened him.

"You know better than that," he said.

"I don't know. Sometimes—a girl worries if—she's made advances. And I did make them."

"Certainly not," he said.

"Chivalrous man," she said, and again her voice was a coo. "At about eleven-thirty, then. And don't be late, as I'm lunching with Mother at one out in the country."

"I'll not be late," he said.

He hung up and walked slowly back toward his apartment. No office for him today. Not until he'd seen Phyllis, told her point-blank his suspicions—and heard her answer. There could be no satisfactory answer, but—he'd listen to whatever she had to say. Last night's kisses had earned her that.

THERE was doubt on the face of Phyllis Benedict as she slowly hung up. There had been something vaguely alarming in Evans' voice. Then doubt was replaced by sternness as a maid entered the room and told her that Mr. Johnson Fay was waiting downstairs.

She drew the negligee more closely about her and descended to the street floor of the house. She entered a reception-room, saw Fay, walked over to him, ignored his outstretched hand and held out to him a copy of the morning Planet.

"Your doing?" she asked. She pointed to the screaming headline that informed all readers that Paul Lanson had been murdered the previous day.

Fay glanced at the big type. He took a cigarette from a case, lighted it, and stared at her.

"Eighty million is a lot of dollars, Minnie," he said.

"I want to know if you did that—and why," she said.

"And why? Well, that's pretty thick, ain't it? And why, says you. And you saw Degas—met him—last night and still can ask me that. You told me, about three weeks ago, that this guy Paul had stared at you pretty hard when you were dining at his restaurant. You recognized him and you were afraid he had recognized you. Then you met Degas here—this Paul, like I've told you—was a stool for Degas—and yet you ask questions, you want to know *why* Paul was rubbed out. So he wouldn't talk to Degas, my dear. Get it now?"

Her face was marble.

"I thought you understood that—there was to be no—other crime," she said.

"And I thought you had sense enough to know that pretending to be the Benedict daughter had a certain amount of danger in it. The big house is no pleasant place to spend ten or twenty years," he said.

"Murderers don't stay there that long. They get the chair," she said.

He laughed coolly.

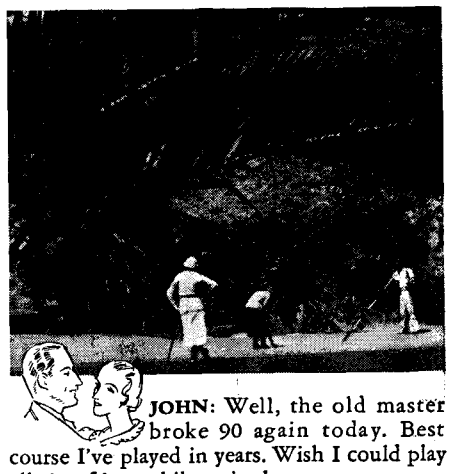
"I'd rather have the chair than a long term in prison. Degas is clever. If Paul told him who you were—he wouldn't need to be clever. He'd dig back into the past—"

(Continued on page 46)

Adventuring in SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA

MARY: Isn't it *different* out here! Those gorgeous flowers ... palm trees ... and fascinating old Missions ... like a foreign country.

JOHN: It's hard to believe we were home in New York three days ago ... and could have made it in less than a day if we'd flown.

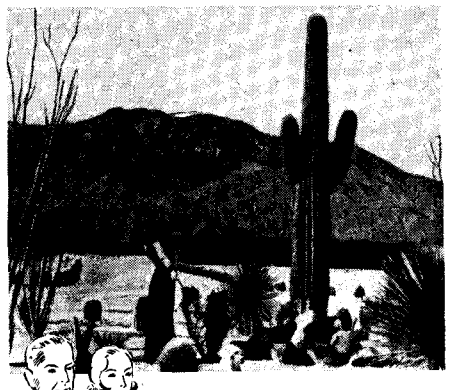


JOHN: Well, the old master broke 90 again today. Best course I've played in years. Wish I could play all 60 of 'em while we're here.

MARY: You and your golf! *I've* been shopping ...marvelous stores. And was I thrilled at lunch ... movie stars all over the place.

MARY: Why, it looks just like the pictures. Orange groves and snow-capped mountains! I can hardly believe it.

JOHN: Must be the ocean that keeps it so warm here all winter. I feel like a new man already ... completely rested.



MARY: Imagine swimming right here in the middle of the desert. And playing golf in shorts. I never saw so many sun-tanned people.

JOHN: It's great. And those moonlight horseback rides have their points too.

MARY: I'll never forget tonight ... everywhere, famous people, grand music, wonderful food.

JOHN: Talk about night life! Hollywood certainly knows how to serve it up right!

JOHN: Well, we've done things right. Ocean, mountains, desert, movie studios, Catalina, Missions, sports ...

MARY: And everything is so cheap here. I'll bet we'd have spent as much staying home.

You need this low-cost trip this winter

OUT of your own particular rut! Across this new-era country of ours. New perspective. New enthusiasm. Back, really fit for the future!

Costs in Southern California are about 16% under the U. S. average the year 'round ... *far* less than one-season resorts. Write, and let us prove how you can spend the winter here at no greater cost than staying home.

Out-of-the-ordinary vacation book, FREE

Won't you let us send you free, a brand new book which tells and pictures all the *facts* about a Southern California vacation? Includes over 150 gravure photographs, maps, itemized cost schedules and a wealth of authoritative information. Rest assured it's no ordinary travel booklet. We'll also gladly send free detailed routing from your home city. Just mark and mail the coupon.

©1933 ALL-YEAR CLUB OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA, LTD.

Come to California for a glorious vacation. Advise anyone not to come seeking employment, lest he be disappointed; but for the tourist, attractions are unlimited.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

All-Year Club of Southern California, Ltd.
Dept. A-10, 1151 So. Broadway, Los Angeles, Calif.

Send me *free* book (including costs) about a Southern California vacation. Also send free routing by ☐ auto, ☐ rail, ☐ plane, ☐ bus, ☐ steamship. Also send free booklets about counties checked.

☐ Los Angeles ☐ Santa Barbara ☐ Orange
☐ Kern ☐ Riverside ☐ San Diego ☐ Ventura

*Name*_____

*Street*_____

*City*_____ *State*_____

(Please Print Your Name and Address)

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Come on back, Georgie

—I heard her say we'd have a new kind of hot cereal tomorrow"

When he threatens to leave home —Pettijohn's, that different hot cereal, will wangle him back. Golden flakes of real whole wheat. Cooks in 3 to 5 minutes!

WE don't blame you a bit, Georgie. Probably the grown ups kept preaching "hot cereals" at you. But *never* did they give you one little chance at a *different* hot cereal!

But now, all is changed. Mother's going to get Pettijohn's today. Tomorrow morning you and father (he's probably been suffering for a change too) will sit down to the most luscious, delectable golden flakes, your tongue ever tasted!

There just *isn't* another hot cereal like Pettijohn's

1. It's genuine, old-fashioned wheat.
2. It cooks done in 3 to 5 minutes.
3. It has a rich, racy flavor—a meaty, firm texture, (no mushiness in *this* cereal).
4. It gives you the pep, vigor, health of real whole wheat.
5. Plus bran that isn't dry—won't scratch—tastes delicious—but regulates even the most *stubborn* cases.

So Georgie, there *is* some justice in this world. Come back and have your Pettijohn's tomorrow morning.

Pettijohn's

Rolled Wheat with All the Bran

Product of The Quaker Oats Company

(Continued from page 45)

"I won't have murder," she said.

"No? You've had it already," he reminded her. "Paul is dead. Now, what are you going to do about that?"

"I'm going to tell Doyle Evans," she said. "He's coming to see me in an hour. I'm going to tell him—"

"What?" demanded Fay. "Are you insane? Everything is fixed. Paul is out of the way. Degas—we don't need to worry about him. Now that you've fixed Evans, vamped him so he wouldn't dream of doubting you, we needn't worry about Degas. You're all set. You're stuck on this lad. He wants to marry you. You're sitting on top of the world. And you want to blow it because a stool pigeon gets what's coming to him, what he ought to have had years ago. I think you've gone nuts."

"Perhaps I have," she said, "but I can't go on with it."

FAY stared at her, more with wonderment than with concern.

"That Doyle Evans must be a marvel," he said. "One look and your knees get all wobbly. You needn't tell me you're squeamish about Paul. You saw Big Mike get his without breaking down. It's Evans. You've fallen for him really—not kidding—and you want to be all pure and lovely. *You* vamp him? *He* vamped you. Like he did Gundstrom."

"Lisa?" she said.

"Yes. And now listen carefully. Lisa telephoned him last night. My God, what does he do to you dames? She saw him once, assured me that he didn't doubt her, and—well, now I'm coming clean with you. We were all set to bump Evans off last night. Like I told you after we left them at the theater. He was too close to Degas to suit me. And you whined about it, and said you wouldn't play ball, so I told you to vamp him if you could. And if you could, okay. But before that I'd told the boys to put the finger on him, and he got away. Outsmarted the lads after Lisa tipped them to who he was. Well, she got remorseful. She phoned and left word for him to call on her this morning. So Lisa took the gas route this morning."

She stared at him, unbelief in her eyes.

"Lisa's dead?"

"That's the word," said Fay. "She won't blab, believe you me. Now kick about that."

"I'll tell the police—" she began, but Fay cut her short.

"I just about believe you. You're just sucker enough to toss it all off because your stomach can't stand it. And that, my child, is why Evans wasn't croaked before this. Because I wanted something to hold over your head, and it looked to me that he might fill the bill. Now—I see he does. You're for him—in a large and lovely way. That's okay. When you told me, last night, that he had asked you to marry him and that you'd accepted him—that was fine. And now you're hollering because Paul got his, because Lisa was eased out. You talk about the police. Well, what about them? What are they going to do to you for pretending you're the Benedict girl? I suppose you think they'll thank you."

"I don't care what they do," she cried.

"Maybe you don't. You're pigheaded enough not to care. But old Johnson Fay—he cares. Pin a rose on that one, baby—he cares. And do you know what old Johnson is going to do? He's going to bump off Doyle Evans unless you promise to go through with it. And if I feel it necessary to kill some more people—a hundred more—you'll take it and like it. Or else your sweetie gets his. Now, what have you to say?"

His cold eyes held her. The very calm of his utterance was more frightening than screams would have been.

Paul Lanson had been killed; Lisa Gundstrom was dead; and both of these had been slain on mere suspicion. Why should Fay hesitate where Doyle Evans was concerned? He wouldn't; she was certain of that. The only way to save a life was to continue acquiescent to Fay, was to continue playing a part that had suddenly become despicable to her.

What had happened to her, anyway? When Johnson Fay had presented his great scheme to her, her only fear had been that it might not work. Then she had had no pangs of conscience, no terrors at the evil she contemplated. Indeed, it had not seemed evil to her. Fay had told her how the Benedicts had never ceased hoping for the return of their lost daughter. Why, he had assured her it was a kindness to *be* that daughter. The old couple would end their lives in supreme happiness, grateful for God's mercy that had restored the lost.

Oh, he had been blasphemous in his twisting of the wrong into the right, but she had been easily convinced. The injury she contemplated had been to a girl long dead, it could be assumed. That she would inherit money that should go to relations of the Benedicts seemed a crime not too serious. Anyway, she was willing to commit that crime. And as soon as the Benedicts had accepted her, their pathetic joy reconciled her to her deception. She had made them incredibly happy.

No, if she had committed wrong, the wrong was trifling compared to the good she had done. This was specious and she knew it, but it was satisfying. But further wrong—murder! That was too much. But unless she agreed to keep silent, unless she agreed to go on with the plot, Doyle Evans would die, too.

She had no doubt about this. Johnson Fay's power, unsuspected by the police, ran into the farthest corners of the underworld. The police, and the public, knew him as a harmless importer of furs, but she, who had seen Pelletiere die, knew that he was far from harmless, knew that he was a most dangerous criminal.

SHE heard the front doorbell ring, heard the rustle of the maid's skirts as she went to answer the bell. It was Evans, arriving to see her, to renew last night's happy moment.

"Is this Evans, do you think? Well, what's the answer, baby?" demanded Fay.

Through weary, troubled eyes she regarded him.

"I'll not tell him," she promised.

"Good baby," he said. "And something else. I hate dames that are uncertain. You vamp this lad plenty. You marry him—right away. Get me? The works for him from you. Or else a different kind of works from me. Understand me? No stalling. I'm going to see you tied to this boy tight. Then I'll know you won't squeal. And just to make certain of you, just to know how you work—I'll be in the next room—listening. And I want to hear you making plenty love to him. I want to hear you telling him you'll elope with him, marry him right now. Get me? And don't make any mistake—you like this bird well enough to want him to live. Well, I don't want him to live unless he's your husband. In fact, I won't *let* him live unless it's a cinch you're going to be Mrs. Evans right away. Now you know all the answers, baby. Watch your step."

She watched him as he slipped through portières into the music-room beyond. Then she turned to greet Doyle Evans.

(To be continued next week)

"DONT SHOOT" I'm only after my overcoat!"

Poor, unhappy guest! He received a warm welcome, but was given a chilly bed. The blankets were too short!

Such things should not be. Either short or tall you sleep with your pillow at the head of the bed, while your blankets tuck in at the foot. Whether you're six-feet-two or five-feet-six they must reach just as far to keep you warm. And there are blankets which do just this very thing.

Nashua 90 INCH Blankets

These handsome, deep-napped blankets keep any sleeper warm all night long. They stay down, yet snuggle under his chin and tuck behind his shoulders.

Don't wait until your feet freeze. If your store isn't yet showing these longer blankets (they're so new you know) . . . write us for full descriptions and prices.

Nashua also makes regular-sized blankets in all colors and styles to suit all purses. But for extra warmth and extra satisfaction you'll prefer the new Nashua Nineties.

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

Fascinating booklet — FREE. *"The Art of Sleep" tells you how to get the most rest during the third of your life you spend in bed. Write for your copy today.*

Nashua Mfg. Co.
Incorporated 1823
Dept. 134 — Box 1206 — Boston, Mass.
Anchor Sheets *Indian Head Fabrics*

LOOK how much money you can make taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION and THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE. You may earn $1.00 or more an hour. For full particulars without cost or obligation, *write to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-14
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

For a Social Breath

Use Daily

LAVORIS

It's Different

This unique purging mouth wash and gargle guards against offense — indicates refinement

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Fore and Farewell

Continued from page 11

"Artists are supposed to be queer. Anyhow, I hope you're not angry—with me blurting out everything. I'm just as surprised as you are."

The daughter of a golfer laughed and then George and Henry barged into the scene. Vic presently climbed aboard his yellow vehicle and roared off home in high good humor, running through a red signal. When he entered his studio, he was singing—and he was no singer. On the easel a half-finished mountain stared at him reproachfully, an unfinished scene doomed to remain so for many a day.

IN THE home of the golfing Allisons, George asked Leona if she liked the new man and she replied that he seemed nice and straightforward, lacking, too, the boastful qualities she had sometimes noticed in men.

Now there were three stout golfers in the family, and three is not four. There were three fanatics under the roof, but not four, because Leona was a throwback to some former golfless generation, a black sheep and a scoffer, whose incomprehensible attitude had for years mystified her menfolk; yes, and saddened them. Why? Because she hated golf and wouldn't play. She abominated everything connected with the game, and sometimes put her views thus:

"Since I was a little girl, I have had to listen to you discussing golf. You didn't talk to me, but I had to listen, or go without meals. Nobody in this house ever talks of anything else. It's golf, golf, golf, day and night. What your good scores were and why. How you came to foozle this and why you didn't foozle that. I have been bored with it since childhood."

"Nonsense," George put in. "You'd probably like the game if you started playing."

"I never shall start. I'll always hate it. I never will go near a course, except to get Father, and I wish he could drive a car, darn it."

"Dad's a champion, and you sit there knocking the game! If that isn't rich!"

"I am simply trying to tell you the subject makes me ill. Let's stop."

This was the situation in the home of the Allisons, and the three gentlemen had long since agreed to humor the child and not chat too much of bunkers and slices during meals. Having none of these facts, Mr. Blessing continued to struggle out at Blue Hills, took his daily dose of lessons, floundered about in the rough, swore dismally and had dinner as often as possible with the Allisons. Leona no longer left the table during technical discussions; even joined in; and Henry winked at George and looked over at Vic. Then she suddenly petrified her people.

She came downstairs one morning in a natty sports costume and pointed to a bag filled with new clubs. The Allison men stared at this miracle.

"You don't mean it!" George shouted. "It isn't our little Leona."

"Yes," she said quietly, "I may as well give in. Everyone seems to be playing and I shall take lessons from Eddie Mack. As you have so often said, perhaps I shall like it."

"After all these years," Henry remarked, "it does seem extraordinary. Could there be any other reason, beyond a young girl's natural interest in sports?"

"Might be," chuckled George. "Might have something to do with station wagons and art work."

"Brothers who mind their own affairs will always do well," Leona told them, and she sallied forth in the green car to swing a club for the first time.

ON THE day of her sudden conversion, Leona weighed one hundred and fifteen pounds and was slim, pleasing to the eye, the utterly feminine type. Her face was oval and her eyes sparkled. Her ankles and wrists were small, and yet, when she drove over to Blue Hills, she caused Eddie Mack astonishment.

"Let's see you swing," he suggested, and Leona clasped a club and snipped the top off a daisy.

"Do it again," ordered the pro, handing her another club, and Leona obliged, after which Eddie gave her a mashie.

"Don't I hit a ball?" she inquired mildly.

"Never mind the ball," said the pro, and when the morning was over he went about the club looking for John Murray.

"I can tell you some news, Mr. Allison," said Eddie. "You have a champion in your family."

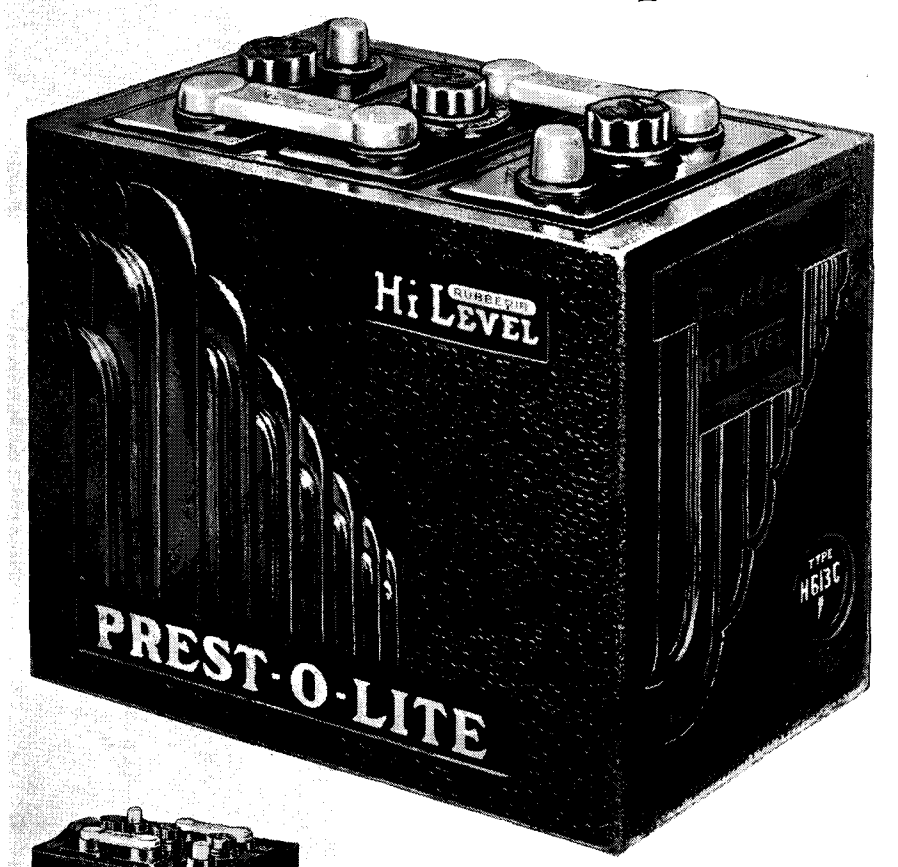
The old title-holder stopped hauling at a sock and glanced up.

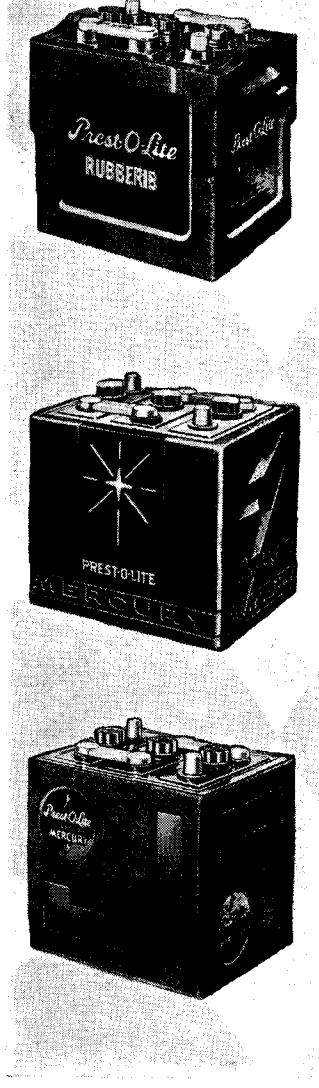
"You mean George?"

(Continued on page 48*)*

"If you have indigestion would you mind taking your medicine in the back, sir?" *Courtney Dunkel*

Prest-O-Lite
BATTERIES
As FINE *as they look*





START STRONGER
LAST LONGER

●

A size to fit every car

A type to suit every purse

When you need a new battery we invite you to get all the facts from the local Prest-O-Lite Service Station

●

Prest-O-Lite Battery Company, Inc.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA
Oakland, California Toronto, Canada

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A minute a day

KEEPS DANDRUFF AWAY

STEP 1

a few minutes each week with

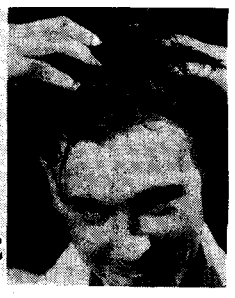
PACKER'S TAR SOAP

Give your hair a sudsy shampoo with Packer's rich piney lather. Packer's Tar Soap contains genuine pine tar and soothing, softening glycerine. For 64 years doctors have been recommending it.

STEP 2

one minute each day with

PACKER'S SCALPTONE



Massage the tingling goodness of Packer's Scalptone into your scalp. Rub it in deep—give dandruff the works! Feel it tone up the scalp—tone up the nerves—make your head healthy and happy, too!

And expect to be surprised when you first see Scalptone! It is the only tonic that is *adjustable*. In the neck of every bottle there is a separate tube of oil. You make your own prescription for your own hair.

AFTER 21 DAYS

—have a look at your hair! It'll be healthy. And well-groomed. But not greasy or plastered down. And as for *dandruff*—well, this treatment usually stops it inside of 3 weeks. If you aren't satisfied—write us. We'll cheerfully refund the purchase price if you'll let us know the amount.

PACKER'S

Dandruff Treatment

1 PACKER'S TAR SOAP

2 PACKER'S SCALPTONE

(Continued from page 47)

"I mean your daughter. She took her first lesson today, and I'm telling you that in a year she ought to be the best woman golfer in the state. She is a natural."

Half an hour later, the elder Allison rode home with Henry, dashed into the house and pounded about, looking for Leona. She appeared for dinner and John Murray seized her in a bear hug and whooped.

"Eddie Mack told me!" he cried. "Tomorrow I'm going along and watch you myself. We have another champion."

"What are you talking about?" she asked. They informed her the blood of the vikings flowed in her veins and that her destiny was to carry the torch for the Allisons.

"I should think it would be a little early for such talk," she remarked. "Hadn't we better wait?"

"Eddie Mack is never wrong," said her dad.

THE Blue Hills pro stuck to his opinion and the weeks that followed were full of excitement and hard work for both Leona and Vic. They practiced interminably, and in due time Leona was ready for her first start—in a ladies' tournament.

She didn't win, but she played well enough for the paper to praise her highly.

She and Vic got on famously and everybody could see they were fond of each other, for they played round after round together. Vic realized that he would set no golfing rivers aflame but hoped to qualify for one of George's teams.

"Put down that club," he commanded on a bright spring morning, "and listen to me."

Leona was gently tapping six-foot putts at the cup on the practice green, and they were skipping in like trained mice.

"I think the time has come for a show-down," he continued. "I would like to know where I stand."

"You are a good artist," she replied, "but a trifle negligent. What else?"

"I mean how do I stand with you? Do you love me?"

Leona missed a final putt and smiled. "Well, Mr. Blessing, if you must make me confess, I have loved you all the time."

Vic rose, the putter flew into the grass, and with no regard for golfers or caddies he kissed her.

"Do you suppose we could be married?" he demanded, and she said she saw no good reason why not. Later on the problem came up in the Allison home, where they had been expecting just such news for weeks. John Murray spoke:

"Vic, we liked you from the start. I'm mighty happy and we welcome you heartily into our family. When were you thinking of getting married?"

"How about the middle of June? If that suits Leona, it suits me."

"June is an ideal month," she said. "Always thought I would love to be married in June." George immediately saw reasons for not hurrying into the ceremony.

"You'll have to go to Chicago in June," he said, "for the interstate matches, and when they finish you start for Seattle for the ladies' Northwestern."

"Sure enough," put in Father Allison. "And after that are the California tournaments. We certainly expect big things of you in June. And after all, you can be married any time."

"Well, then, how about July?" Vic asked.

"Afraid July won't do," said Henry. "On the seventh is the Southwest championship and you'll have to play in that, sure. You may not win any of these. Most likely you won't, as you're green, but you must get the experience."

"Absolutely," chimed in John Murray. "Nothing like experience. And you might win. I won when I was your age."

It was thus apparent that, while nobody objected to their being married, they could not start for the altar with tournaments popping. When the summer campaign ended, the fall season opened immediately, with railway journeys and dates to be filled. John Murray Allison was as proud as a peacock and told everyone that he always knew one of his kids would carry on.

On the comfortable front veranda of the Allison home, Leona and Vic sat in gloomy contemplation of their future, staring out into the silvery moonlight, low in their minds; for when two young persons are frightfully in love and desire to be married and cannot marry because of golf tournaments, life turns to aloes. Vic was in a state of complete demoralization and practiced mechanically. He hadn't touched a paint brush in weeks and was sure he would never produce another mountain.

"Well," he remarked in a sullen voice, "anyway, I'm glad I met you. It was nice to know you and I am sorry we cannot be married."

"Is that a cheerful way to talk? You know perfectly well it isn't my fault. I'm ready to be married whenever we can."

"Family says we can go ahead any time, so long as we do not interfere with the precious tournaments or take your mind off your mashie shots. Nice outlook. As the rest of the year consists of nothing but tournaments, where do we stand? When you are not in Chicago you are in Kalamazoo."

"Think what it means to Father. And you, too. You should be proud of me, seeing I'm only a beginner."

"I am. I'm fainting with excitement at the prospect of your career. But I should like to be married to you and have breakfasts sitting on the desert."

"Maybe later on," she said sadly.

"You mean in the distant future? I hadn't thought of that, but it's a nice idea. You meet me somewhere in six or seven years and we'll talk it over."

LEONA stared at him mournfully across the moon-bathed veranda.

"Or," he said suddenly, "we can tear out and be married tomorrow. There's a bright thought, sweetheart. What if we skipped in my station wagon, explaining to the family that we were going up to Pebble Beach to practice hard shots?"

"We wouldn't dare."

"We could stop off in Santa Barbara and be legally married and I know the very minister, a bald man. If we don't do this, your golfing engagements will keep us unwedded until you are a gray-haired old lady with one tooth."

"No," said Leona firmly. "Absolutely not."

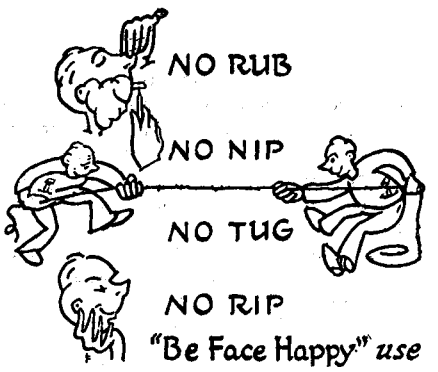
"Think," said Vic, rising up and pacing the veranda. He pointed eloquently to the miseries of long engagements and to the fact that neither yearned for an elegant church wedding with spectators. Arguing in the moonlight, he rose to unwonted heights and the lady commenced to weaken.

"A honeymoon at Pebble Beach," he cried, "is the most romantic event in life. Beautiful sea, beautiful sky, lovely flowers, gorgeous rocks, even the bees are friendly, and there, at hand, the hardest golf course in the world for a rising young champ to practice on."

"We could take our clubs?" she asked weakly.

"Sure we could."

"All right," said Leona, and Vic seized her in a firm embrace and said she was a darling.



"Be Face Happy" *use*

SEGAL ONE PIECE RAZOR and SEGAL SUPER KEEN BLADES

SEGAL *Unitary* RAZOR is the greatest improvement in double edge safety razors in over 30 years. "THE WORLD'S FINEST" men everywhere say. You'll like its speed, its balance, and its convenience.

Don't trifle with your face to save a trifling difference in the price of your blades. Extra Shaves with Segals, make them your cheapest blades.

TRIAL SET—½ PRICE

DOUBLE EDGE 5 for 38c 10 for 75c

Get it At Your Dealer or MAIL COUPON

Segal Safety Razor Corp., Dept. T.
270 Broadway, New York City.
Enclosed find 50c for a Regular $1.00 type Segal One-Piece Razor and 5 Segal Super-Keen Blades. Unconditionally Guaranteed.
Name_____
Address_____
MAKERS of the Famous SEGALOCK

Frank MEDICO REVOLUTIONIZES PIPE SMOKING

NEW FILTER INVENTION

CELLOPHANE EXTERIOR, MESH SCREEN INTERIOR, KEEPS JUICES, FLAKES and ALL OBJECTIONABLE SUBSTANCES *in filter and out of your mouth.*

FINEST BRIAR MONEY CAN BUY

$1.00 AT GOOD DEALERS

ALL POPULAR SHAPES

Patented July 25, 1933. No. 1,919,958

WRITE FOR BOOKLET C S.M. FRANK & CO., INC., 133 FIFTH AVE. NEW YORK

Make Money at Home!
Experience unnecessary, we tell you how. Big demand! Write for Mushroom Book free.
American Mushroom Industries, Ltd.
166 Woolnough Bldg., Toronto, Ont.
Grow Mushrooms IN YOUR CELLAR OR SHED
EARN up to $25 A WEEK or More

BREATH BAD?
TONGUE COATED?
Use Daily

LAVORIS

It's Different

This unique *purging* mouth wash removes tainted tongue coating that causes bad breath

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

At a remarkably early hour the next morning, he drove up in the station wagon and Leona was waiting beside her bag. The male Allisons were informed that two sturdy golfers were heading for Pebble Beach, just to practice, and John Murray gave the enterprise warm approval.

"You ought to put in at least three hours a day, Leona," he suggested. "How long will you be gone?"

"Just a few days," said Vic.

"Leona should be back by the end of the week," George remarked. "They may ask her to play in the charity match. . . . Pebble Beach is a great place to practice."

"And I'll be out there morning and afternoon," Vic promised. "I will see that she is, too."

THEY bowled away joyously to Santa Barbara in the bright sunshine, and Vic's minister friend was at home. By noon they were safely married and the station wagon sped northward for the short honeymoon. The artist was in high spirits and Leona was perfectly happy. The miles fled behind them and dusk was coming on as they roared into Pebble Beach and pulled up before the inn.

"We should telephone Father," Leona suggested, being a dutiful child. "He'll probably swear a little."

"And order us to come home. Chances are this honeymoon will be the shortest on record."

"They'll certainly let us stay a few days," said the bride. "Isn't it beautiful?"

"It is, and now, with your kind permission, I shall take my bag over to the caddy-house and have the man wrap a broken club, so I'll be ready for tomorrow."

Leona was surprised, but nodded, and her new husband removed his heavy bag from the tail of the station wagon and started for the caddy-house. Whether he actually intended going there will always be a mystery. He stopped walking, leaned against a tree and made a lightning decision, for he turned abruptly and hurried across the famous golf course toward the eighth hole, his bag bumping against his leg, his irons faintly clinking. He wore a smile of triumph, for he had decided to be a man without any golf clubs. A man cannot practice with strange clubs and it occurred to Vic that a person would be a sheer idiot to spend a brief honeymoon getting out of bunkers.

He hastened across the fairways, steering for Number Eight, which is the sea hole and a noted one. The ocean roars along beside Number Eight and there is a lofty rock like Gibraltar, with the combers rolling at its feet.

It was just dusk when young Mr. Blessing began throwing his implements into the sea, one by one, the wooden clubs first. He hurled them vigorously, with a long, sweeping motion. He kicked a pile of new balls into the breakers and finally only the empty bag remained. He raised it above his head with a joyous gesture and cast it into the maw of the sea and when he swung about to return to the inn there was Leona, his bride, standing not thirty feet from him, her countenance a picture of consternation.

"Well?" she said.

"So," he cried defiantly. "You followed me?"

"I did not follow you. I merely happened to see you."

"Caught me red-handed. Caught me in the middle of the crime. All right. I'm not sorry."

"What does it mean?"

"It means," he replied, still defiant, "that you may as well know the truth about your husband, who is a bluffer and a schemer. I do not wish to practice golf shots. So I throw my clubs into the ocean, meaning to tell you the caddy-man lost them."

"Vic Blessing—you big fraud!"

"Certainly I'm a fraud. We have about three days in this favored spot and we were married today. And now that we've started, you may as well hear the whole story. I hate golf. I abominate and loathe golf courses and people who play the silly game and bags and the smell of locker-rooms and fat golfers parading about in their undershirts. I don't like any game—not even checkers. The only reason I went into this—I was trying to make myself solid with you."

"Me!" cried the little bride.

"Who else—you and your tribe of golfing Allisons, who live on divots and stymies."

"Oh, my aunt!" said Leona, and she began to laugh and continued to laugh until the tears ran down her cheeks. Vic walked slowly to her side, looking stern.

"What's funny about it?"

"What's funny? Oh, my poor aunt!"

"Leave your aunt alone and tell me—"

"I'll tell you, Mr. Vic Blessing, and you'll see. It is too bad you were not with me during the last ten minutes to see what I have been doing. You tell me you dislike golf—you! That's the funny part, because I am the one in this family that detests golf—a million times more than you do. I began playing because I thought you adored it, as you told me."

Vic suddenly clasped his bride in his arms, burst into an Indian war-whoop and swung her off her feet.

"You wouldn't lie to a fellow?" he cried. "You're not joking?"

"Never again will I put my hand on a golf club, or even look at a golf course," she answered, gasping for breath. "I am through forevermore."

"What about the tournaments?"

She made a scornful gesture. "I wouldn't go anywhere near a tournament. I particularly hate women who play."

"What will the Allisons say?"

"What do I care? I am not an Allison, and do not live with them."

VIC took her by the arm and started briskly for the inn. "Now we will certainly have to telephone," he said happily. "Have to inform the stunned Allisons that they just lost a champion, whereas I win a honeymoon."

They scurried across the greensward in the dying light, passing over fairways that would know them no more. "And you are to begin painting at once," Leona told him. "You've wasted enough time. We will take the station wagon into the desert and I'll cook for you—I'm a good cook."

A youthful caddy strolled into view, wandering with the aimless air of a caddy when not working, and Leona summoned him.

"Boy," she said, "do you know where the woods are on Number Three?"

"Yes, ma'am," said the lad.

"If you will walk over there and hunt in the underbrush, you will find a brand-new leather bag, with sixteen clubs. They are yours."

"Ma'am?" said the boy.

"I'm not joking. I put them there myself fifteen minutes ago and you can have them for your very own, as I shall never need them again."

Mr. Blessing turned upon his bride. "So," he shouted. "You, too, Brutus?"

"Yes, darling. I didn't happen to think of your ocean, but my idea wasn't bad."

They walked up the steps of the inn and Vic spoke again.

"You telephone your father. . . . You know him better than I do."

"They're Just Perfect!

—you've never had shoes half so smart or cost you so little... as Bostonians"

"That's why I buy Bostonians. They *are* goodlooking. And they hold their looks from the first to the last step. You're right about their fit, too! In fact, I've never found their equal in style, wear or comfort. And would you believe it, Bostonians now cost only $6 to $8?"

Bostonians

SHOES FOR MEN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NEW MODELS FOR THE NEW DEAL!

"MINITMASTER" is new, novel, ingenious. It measures minutes as a speedometer measures miles. 6¾" high. Illuminated face. $10.95.

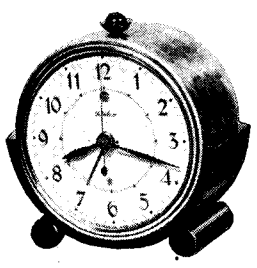
DURING the depression, Telechron kept clock quality high. Telechron Clocks ran quietly and faithfully —good times and bad.

Now, with better times, Telechron brings a rich range of new models. Clever cases with novel features. In every one, the same silent, *self-starting* precision that has distinguished Telechron since modern electric time began.

Prices are reasonable now, may be higher soon. See a dealer near you, before you oversleep or your old clock stops *again!*

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

WARREN TELECHRON CO.
Ashland, Massachusetts



TELECALL—Clever NEW alarm with metal case and molded base in choice of colors.....$5.95

PRICES SUBJECT TO CHANGE WITHOUT NOTICE

Telechron

(Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. by Warren Telechron Co.)

SELF-STARTING ELECTRIC CLOCKS

So this is Harlem!

Continued from page 22

path of merrymakers and evildoers.

Now and again, police report, stragglers follow the messiah to his chapel—men and magdalenes—to get religion and become forever exclamatory bores. Harlem has many of these. Principally, Harlem is the compound of the messiah's mission—a garish pleasure-ground with a dull backdrop of evangelical piety.

The Dutch settlers of New Amsterdam called the stream that arcs about Manhattan's neck to make Manhattan an island after the old Haarlem of the Low Country. Harlem, sentimentally, has been exaggerated into a national synonym for naughtiness—of savage and sordid flavor. It is two square miles of Africa in modern clothes. Before the World War, Harlem was not a capital for the colored folk. There were many there; but colonies of almost equal size were in other sections of metropolitan New York. The war brought swarms of Southern Negroes north for high wages. White landlords were quick to capitalize this immigration. They threw open apartment houses to blacks at two and three times the rental they charged poor whites.

When they had crowded the whites out of their section they solidly entrenched, encouraged by some shrewd Negro lawyers with Tammany affiliations, and became a black block from Eighth Avenue to the East River, crammed with a hundred and fifty thousand colored folks of varying shades and geographical origin, from Mother Africa herself to Puerto Rico, the British West Indies and Honduras.

Men and women became menials; that was all the work they could get. The women filled subway and elevated trains to the Bronx to do laundry and general domestic work for white-collar whites: the men were Pullman porters, waiters, bus boys, a small proportion of them manual laborers in sturdy jobs, and some of them politicians and policy grafters, which are much about the same. The good-looking gals and boys become entertainers—musicians, singers and hoofers—also caterers to less respectable tastes in amusement.

Jazz triumph over ragtime sent Harlem to Broadway in shows like Black Birds, and Broadway, plus all visitors thereto, and the snootier terrains of Fifth and Park Avenues and whatever may be your own élite residential district paid Harlem back by making Harlem resorts—public, private and terrible—popular and profitable, for a while.

Musical Gymnasts

Harlem became a jungle of jazz, honeycombed with dens that led the Committee of Fourteen, a bevy of amateur puritans with an urge to preserve public morals through the diversion of private investigation, to brand the district a menace.

For a few years it was. A young Negro named Cab Calloway succeeded an older Negro named Harry Europe as exploiter of African tempo to American ragtime. Europe was shot by a discharged trombone player. Calloway, so far, remains unshot; but the cruel and unusual punishment his rhythms inflicted on the national ear merits impalement in legend if not in fact.

Harlem's accumulated multitudes had their fixed stars to worship—prize-fighters like Jack Johnson, Sam Langford, Sam McVeagh and Harry Wills; actors like Bert Williams and Paul Robeson and the dashing Adelaide Mills; politico-religious heroes like Marcus Garvey, since deported to Barbados; hair-straightening beauticians like Mrs. Walker.

All these racial hierarchs were living Harlem tradition when Gilda Grey took the squirming wriggles of the Harlem dives, called them the shimmy and put the word into circulation.

Ann Pennington contributed the Black Bottom and somebody else the Charleston—all Negro folk dances are more athletic than æsthetic—and when Jerome Kern wrote the best song of many a day, Ol' Man River, for Showboat, and Marc Connelly's Green Pastures stormed Broadway, while a fifty-year-old chap named Bill Robinson raised tap-dancing to poetry, and Libby Holman made fashionable the torch songs that are much better throated by Ethel Waters and the authentic colored coloraturas—then the Harlem show was complete.

His Brother's Cheater

Running full blast of a Saturday night, Harlem's seven major night clubs, its eighteen dance halls for mixed patronage, and its thousand-odd drinking dives had an army of customers that required the full force of the Sixth Division of Police to protect them from harpies and panderers—who invariably were *not* colored.

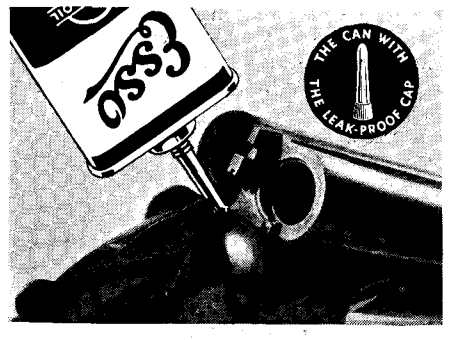
Inspector Tom Leahy is the head man of law and order in this playground. His command covers three precincts and an army of twelve hundred policemen, about two hundred of these Negroes.

Leahy is a large, powerful man of the dangerous breed of the County Tyrone—the men who are either rash or most self-controlled. At rest, through with the ordinary traffic of the Harlem police—the daily scores of arrests for policy gambling, for drunken assaults, for pocket-picking, for cadging, for unlawful entries and pandering—he calmly points out the enormous congestion, and the twisted humor of the whites who invade what is notoriously black man's land for their pleasure.

A burning sense of persecution by the whites—like the uproar caused by the Scottsboro boys affair—is the principal weapon the colored politicians in Harlem—or elsewhere and everywhere—have to bolster their power over their people. Just as in Chicago the Republican party plays the colored vote, in New York the Tammany Democracy succeeds with the same tactics, although it never has let a colored state senator or congressman be elected from Harlem, satisfying—or at least not dissatisfying—Harlem to a point of protest by letting them slip in a pair of colored assemblymen and, on occasion, a colored alderman or two. They tried a colored magistrate; but it didn't quite work. Mixed juries sit on cases in New York's criminal and civil courts, but no colored man has ever achieved the bench.

Despite this lack of recognition of their numbers, loudly protested as race discrimination by their press and their politicians—until these are venally placated by plums and "public notices"—the vast colored community in Harlem is docile; excepting when internecine strife breaks out—principally over women or gambling. They are quick to punish, and racially inflammable.

"But the colored man is principally victim of the colored man in Harlem," experienced Inspector Leahy reports. "He's the one we chiefly protect from his brother."



Smooth Breaking and ejection

Snap her open, slip in the shells—bang, bang! Two dead! Smooth sure action—Esso Handy Oil! The fine long spout puts this great lubricant right where you want it without drip or waste—leak-proof cap lets you carry it in the pack without oiling up the bacon. Keep a can in the car, too. On sale at dealers everywhere. Esso, Inc., 26 Broadway, N. Y. City.

Esso HANDY OIL

THROAT SORE?

Try LAVORIS It's Different

Its unique *purging* action gets rid of embedded germs—relieves soreness

BECOME AN EXPERT ACCOUNTANT

Executive Accountants and C. P. A.'s earn $3,000 to $15,000 a year. Thousands of firms need them. Only 12,000 Certified Public Accountants in the United States. We train you thoroly at home in spare time for C. P. A. examinations or executive accounting positions. Previous experience unnecessary. Training under the personal supervision of William B. Castenholz, A. M., C. P. A., and a large staff of C. P. A.'s, including members of the American Institute of Accountants. Write for free book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays."

LaSalle Extension University, Dept. 1040-H, Chicago
The School That Has Trained Over 1,100 C. P. A.'s

Wear a SLEEP SHADE

Sleep Day or Night in Spite of Light

Produces absolute darkness, nature's greatest aid to sleep, day or night. Soft, restful, soothing. Downy pad holds it clear of eyes. Money back unless sleep improved. Write for folder or mail $1 for Shade. SLEEP SHADE CO., 1466 Pine Street, San Francisco, Cal.

EXTRA INCOME for You

IF you have tried and tried and can't stretch your income any more, the only remedy is to *increase* your income. You can earn the extra money you want by acting as our special subscription representative for COLLIER'S and the other Crowell Magazines. *Just mail your name and address to:*

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-16
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

If you spend an illuminating day in the gloomiest of police courts, you'll find that Inspector Leahy, who should know—*does* know when he says that black specializes in defrauding black, as white specializes mostly in swindling white.

Somewhat hard-boiled and immune to surprise at all the twists and turns of ingenuity put to profit by gentlemen and ladies who relish abiding anywhere but within the law, I was amazed at colored confidence games. They are operated with a histrionic brashness unexcelled anywhere.

Routine pocket-picking, assault and battery and the rest differ in no wise from the current run of crime in white precincts. But when the roughnecks and the practitioners of more sordid social escapades had been disposed of with a rapidity that made them dizzy as they were stuffed in patrol wagons and jerked into cells, there came the more ambitious felons who were specially tagged to appear in line-up at headquarters the following morning.

The "Perfesser" Knows All

"This mob," said a detective who looked like a prelate, as a tall mulatto, lean and learned in appearance, and a squat, yellowish Negro were haled for booking—"this mob has been playing the spiritualist swindle all over Harlem. We ain't got Aunt Jemima yet—but that won't be long."

Aunt Jemima, in this dramatic cast of the Harlem spiritualist swindle, was a capacious Negress who ran a chain of crystal-gazing parlors. These were hideaways, because fortune-telling is a misdemeanor in New York and nearly everywhere else unless done in the sacred cause of charity.

Aunt Jemima sold glimpses into the present to suspicious wives and perspectives of the future to ambitious wives. But when she hooked something more than the ordinary one-dollar customer she referred them—as more respectable practitioners in human solace will refer their clients—to a specialist, a great psychic: the Hindu professor, Mahrit Singh.

Especially when it was learned that some fortunate Harlemite had received an estate or legacy in cash (the colored folks believe in cash) was the heir traced and inveigled by careful stratagems.

In the case I heard involving the Hindu professor a colored gent of about forty, named Jackson, had inherited from his father six or seven thousand dollars in property which he had converted into cash. Quitting his job as an elevator starter after rejoicing over his windfall with all and sundry, he spent lazy, luxurious days of loafing, smoking large cigars and talking finance in soda stores and shoe-shine parlors and pool rooms.

One bright afternoon he was accosted by a small, rotund racial brother who wanted to know where the "Hindu perfesser" lived. Jackson didn't know. "Then where's the nearest palm reader?" the little man inquired. Jackson didn't know that either.

"I got to see the Hindu perfesser," said the little man, whose name was Toby. "He's a great man to tell your past and your future."

Suddenly, Toby recognized a hangout of the occult arts. He steered his friend into the presence of Aunt Jemima. Jackson was caught by his own curiosity. Aunt Jemima, large, gurglingly genial, heard Toby propound a question about a deceased cousin which she said was beyond her power to answer. Toby proffered a dollar; but Aunt Jemima refused this.

"You go see the Hindu perfesser," she said. "He knows all."

"Tha's jest who I wanted to see," said Toby.

Aunt Jemima supplied the professor's whereabouts.

Toby and his friend Jackson agreed that it would be good to meet the professor. They met him. No sooner did the professor set eyes on Jackson than his flabby mouth folded into lugubriousness.

"Deeply sorry to heah of your sad loss," says the professor. "Your poor father."

Jackson wonders how the professor ever heard of his bereavement. Toby nudges Jackson, reminding him that the professor is a leading mystic—the greatest of Indian seers.

"I contacted the spirit world last night," says the professor, "and talked with your father."

Jackson hears the professor describe his father—for Toby, after sympathizing with Jackson, has obtained some details of the late lamented which he has passed on to the professor by phone. Jackson is intrigued—especially when the professor reveals that in his contact with the departed the departed had mentioned the matter of treasure hidden in lots he owned in Babylon, Long Island. The treasure is gold and there's a great deal of it.

Two nights later, at the witching hour, the professor, Jackson and Toby, the ally, go to the lots in Babylon, Long Island. The professor, turban bowing low to the ground, invokes the shade of the departed by candlelight. They dig. They come across a can in the ground. It contains two twenty-dollar gold pieces—placed there, of course, by Toby.

They dig farther, with more salaams to the departed by the professor.

Suddenly the professor halts the digging.

"We can't go no further tonight," he says. "The control is lost. There's conflict of wills."

Jackson is disappointed, but earnest. The following day the professor has astonishing tidings. He has contacted the departed again—and the departed has revealed that for a few moments that very afternoon he will inhabit the body of an angel fish at the Aquarium.

"This means," says the professor to Jackson, "that your father is an angel in heaven."

Black Magic

Jackson dutifully watches the angel fish in the Aquarium, straining his eyes to detect any possible resemblance to his late father—and there is some. Attendants lose their patience and direct him outside, where he is met by the professor and Toby.

"Now," says the professor, "go home and boil two eggs hard and sleep with a hard-boiled egg beside each of your ears on the pillow."

Next morning Jackson reports to the professor that he has done this. He produces the eggs.

"Very well," says the professor. "This is what the spirit of the departed now says: Take each of these eggs—you and your friend Toby. One of you throw his egg south in the river and the other throw his egg north."

Toby and Jackson do this down at the Battery, not without note by the police, and return to the professor, who then informs them that the spirit of the departed is amiable. *But—*

Of course, you've guessed it. There's twelve thousand dollars in gold treasure buried, which means that each party to this treasure hunt must produce six thousand dollars to guarantee good faith to the departed: to bury the money there for a while until the departed is satisfied that it is his own son looking for the treasure, as he left his

(Continued on page 52)

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

The extra miles and extra comfort you get in Florsheim Shoes are a natural result of extra quality and extra care. Your shoe dollars will travel farther in Florsheims.
THE BLACKSTONE . . . . . Style S-507.

The $8.50 *MOST STYLES*

FLORSHEIM SHOE

THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY • *Manufacturers* • Chicago

Mr. George P. Welsh of Ohio

FULL-TIME EMPLOYMENT
or an Extra Income!

WHETHER you want full-time employment or an extra income, here is a happy solution to your problem. Mr. George P. Welsh is just one of hundreds of men and women who are improving their finances by using our new income plan. *The same opportunity is open to you!*

Let us help you make money by taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S, THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE and WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Even if you have only a little spare time, you may make as much as $1.00 or more an hour! Of course it's up to you to make the first move. Then, we'll help you with personal cooperation from a competent Division Manager. Write for free money-making supplies. There is no obligation.

Mail the Coupon—Now!

Chief of Subscription Staff, Desk C-17
The Crowell Publishing Company
250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.

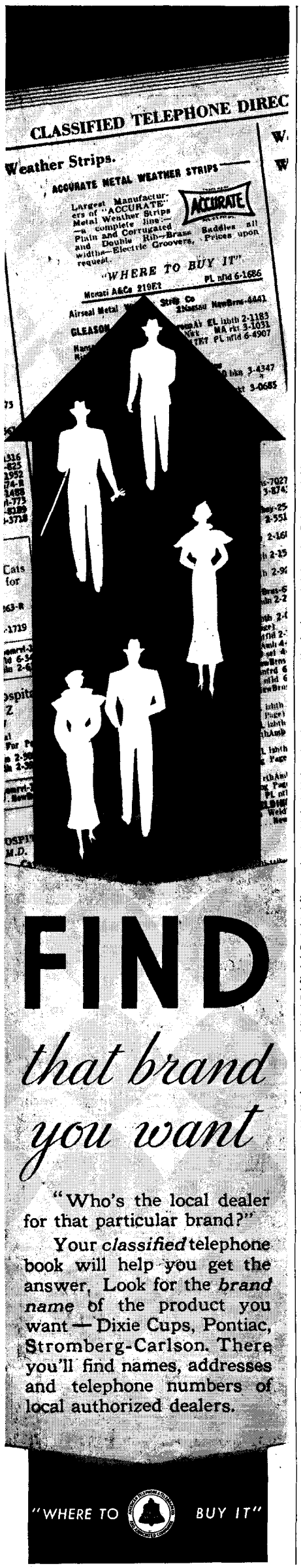
Without cost or obligation, please send me full details of your profitable plan.

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIREC
Weather Strips.
ACCURATE METAL WEATHER STRIPS
ACCURATE
Largest Manufacturers of "ACCURATE" Metal Weather Strips —a complete line— Plain and Corrugated and Double Rib—Brass Beddies all widths—Electric Groovers. Prices upon request.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"
PL nfld 6-1686
FIND
that brand
you want
"Who's the local dealer for that particular brand?"
Your classified telephone book will help you get the answer. Look for the brand name of the product you want — Dixie Cups, Pontiac, Stromberg-Carlson. There you'll find names, addresses and telephone numbers of local authorized dealers.
"WHERE TO BUY IT"

(Continued from page 51)

own son six thousand dollars and up.

Back they go to the lots in Babylon—and there, naturally, when the gullible Jackson produces his envelope containing six thousand dollars, the professor places it, with Toby's envelope, in the ground, and goes into a trance while they chant under flickering candles.

The old envelope switch is worked—and Jackson comes to police court, wailing. He never recovers his six thousand dollars but makes a deal for part of it, and somehow or other, through black sheep with pull, the case is shuffled out of the docket. Can you wonder why Harlem is a happy hunting ground for colored men of too much guile?

Followed through this courtroom the customary parade of ladies of the evening, of all shades—habitués and inmates of raided tenements. Then a more enterprising swindler was brought in by a colored plain-clothes man. He had set himself up, under Amos and Andy inspiration, as the Fresh Air Motor Tuition School, Inc. He specialized in students who couldn't read; gave them driving lessons for ten dollars, and presented them with a certificate embossed by a huge seal of silver paper, attesting that the recipient was entitled "To be a Back Seat Driver of Any Make of Car."

There was nothing illegal about it. But as the parade of Harlem's vice and its victims threads through the magistrates' courts you conclude that the heathen Chinee has no monopoly whatever on "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain."

Poor Policy

A black officer brought in two colored brothers arrested for violence in one of the few speakeasies operated by Negroes. One man was the size of a mountain, the other a spindling Negro who evened things up by owning a knuckle-duster that banded the back of his hand, with two razor blades projecting. Harlem likes to do its dirty work with edged tools.

The colored officer had a quiet face and a soft voice, but hands like sledgeheads. He had waded into the fight between the big man and the little man over a toss-money game. One punch had flattened the man-mountain against a wall, another had sent the little chap bow-legged before he could use his two-bladed knuckle irons. Both were his immediate prisoners.

I left this police court in Harlem to go with a detective through dour blocks, ill-lighted, of fetid tenements—jammed. Children swarmed on the streets, in the alleys, leaned perilously from windows to gasp all there was of fresh air. These tenements reeked. Men slept on stairs; women wrangled in rooms common to three or four families. A string of flats in every block with nothing but bedrooms, the multiple beds which rent in eight-hour shifts at ten or fifteen cents the sleep. Fights over clothes, crap games going on in the cheapest lodgings and brawls everywhere.

Outside at two in the morning men walked. Few women were about. But a low moon hanging over a railroad viaduct tinged all this squalor with a sinister touch of a brooding jungle. Dapper, jerk-motioned men moved about selling policy slips to the throngs of walking waiters for beds. I bought a slip for a dollar from a demi-hunchback who said he'd take a chance. It was coded—to carry figures of the Italian provincial state taxes published each week. The New York Clearing House no longer issues its daily figures, on which "policy" formerly was based for betting purposes. So policy goes to Italy, or to the betting quotations on the races. It works by taking rows of figures—of the Italian taxes or the race odds—selecting the penultimate column and giving the prize money to those who hold combinations of those numbers.

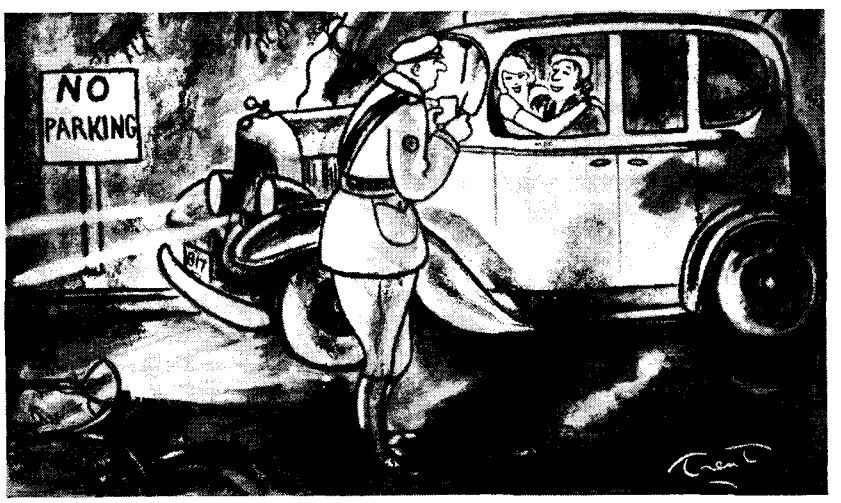
Intricate, and the masses of the colored who play policy don't understand it. Neither do I. Neither will you. It isn't worth understanding. But it is worth such tremendous intake that every year white gangs fight for policy control in Harlem and there are spot-murders. It's a dangerous throne.

But here they are selling policy slips for from five cents to a dollar to casuals who can only pay ten to fifteen cents for a bed, and in the heart of this density there's shouting and mirth. Thin music and the sound of shuffling come through steamy open windows as a row of rent parties splash lights like yellow mud in the night. When a colored family is pressed for rent it throws open its flat and invites all comers who can leave a dime to the dance.

Wait for dawn and a choir sings in a cathedral-like church, a choir velvety-rich and sonorous—singing matins of all things—with more bravura than even the most festive monks would attempt.

A colored mother with a sleeping baby at her breast reaches a lean brown arm to a bottle of milk perched on a fire escape. Through the streets files of women troop along and vanish, slipshod, into the subway's maw. They are Bronx-bound in the "black trains" that take colored help to white-collar flats.

A scraggly Negro strides along, head bent, talking to himself. A pretty brown girl peeps at the morning through a window, yawns and laughs.



"Shall I give you the ticket now, sir, or shall I come back later?"

William Trent

DO YOU KNOW

LAVORIS

It's Different

Because it Purges Mouth and Throat—Gets Rid of Embedded Germs

WARNER RADIATOR CLEANER

Before putting anti-freeze in your car be sure your radiator is entirely rid of "oil-muck" and dirt. Use Warner Radiator Cleaner for safe sure results. Do it yourself. It's easy. Price 75¢

At Gas Stations, Garages and Accessory Stores

Stop radiator leaks—don't lose expensive anti-freeze. Just pour a can of the nationally known Warner Liquid Solder into the radiator—it finds all leaks and repairs them permanently. No tools. Only 50¢

At Gas Stations, Garages and Accessory Stores

WARNER-PATTERSON CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

WARNER LIQUID SOLDER

STATEMENT of the ownership, management, circulation, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912, of Collier's, The National Weekly, published weekly at Springfield, Ohio, for October 1st, 1933. State of New York, County of New York,—ss.: Before me, a notary public in and for the state and county aforesaid, personally appeared Thomas H. Beck, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the P. F. Collier & Son Company, Publishers of Collier's, The National Weekly, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, P. F. Collier & Son Company, Springfield, Ohio; Editor, William L. Chenery, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Charles Colebaugh, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, Thomas H. Beck, 250 Park Avenue, New York, N. Y. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) P. F. Collier & Son Company, New York, N. Y.; Stockholders Owning 1% or More of Stock: The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; 1% Stockholders of The Crowell Publishing Company: Bankers Trust Company, Trustee for Ella Gardner Hazen, New York, N. Y.; Employees' Savings and Profit Sharing Pension Fund of The Crowell Publishing Company, New York, N. Y.; Hannum Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Frederick W. Jaeger, Jr., New York, N. Y.; Gertrude B. Lane, New York, N. Y.; Anne Payne Maxwell, New York, N. Y.; Publication Corporation, New York, N. Y.; Publication Securities Corporation, New York, N. Y.; E. T. Sanders, New York, N. Y.; Walter Roosevelt Thompson, New York, N. Y.; Samuel Untermyer, New York, N. Y. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is——(*This information is required from daily publications only.*) Thomas H. Beck, Business Manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1933. (Seal.) Mary L. Walker. (My commission expires March 30th, 1935.)

NOTE—This statement must be made in duplicate and both copies delivered by the publisher to the postmaster, who shall send one copy to the Third Assistant Postmaster General (Division of Classification), Washington, D. C., and retain the other in the files of the post office. The publisher must publish a copy of this statement in the second issue printed next after its filing.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Help from Uncle Sam

Continued from page 20

I saw him the next day.

"Get anything on that taxi man?" I sked.

"I ain't got much on anybody. I ight get something now."

We went to a West Side apartment uilding and he rang a bell. The card eside the bell said "I. Walger." It idn't mean anything to me. He rang dozen times but got no answer.

"Not home," he said in disappointnent.

There were some letters in the mail ox over the name, and O'Malley peered t them through the little glass panel.

"I'd like to know what's in them etters, but a guy that robs the U. S. ail gets himself in trouble. You better o round the corner."

I WENT around the corner and waited and in a few minutes he rejoined me, hrowing away a piece of wire.

"What was in the letters?" I asked.

"What letters? If you don't want he government to put me in the can, I vouldn't talk about letters. I think better telephone."

We stopped at a drug store while he elephoned.

"Did you ever go to a hotel and egister as John V. Huber?" he asked when he came out again.

"No, I never even heard of the name."

"Well, it might be a good thing to ry."

"Not for me," I said, "unless I know hy I'm doing it."

"You might not be useful to me if you new."

We went to the Times Square dis rict and he pointed out to me a side street hotel.

"Does John V. Huber come from anywhere in particular?" I asked.

"He might come from Newark."

He left me and I went into the hotel and registered as John V. Huber, Newark.

"There's a package here for you, Mr. Huber," the clerk informed me.

He gave me a small, square package and a bell-hop showed me to my room. I didn't know what this was all about, or what was expected of me, and I just sat and looked at the unopened package. Then a knock came at the door and I opened it and let in O'Malley.

"You done that fine," he complimented me when he saw the package.

I was glad of that, but I didn't know what I'd done. We opened the package and found a smaller one inside it, and opened that one and found a handful of unset diamonds.

"Maybe now," I demanded, "you'll tell me what this is all about."

"Sure I'll tell you. But first I got a piece of news for you. They got them holdups. Them smart cops traced down that hat."

We went to the station-house and looked at them—three sullen, hard-faced young men. They wouldn't talk.

"Malling will be glad they're caught," I stated.

"Yeah. We'll go tell him."

We went to the hospital. Malling was up and dressed.

"You look like they're going to let you out of here," O'Malley observed.

"Yes. I'm bruised, but fortunately suffered no greater injury."

"We got the guys that done that murder. Do you feel able to go over to the station with us?"

"I'm not likely to recognize them, but I'll be glad to give you any help I can."

"We don't need no help. We want you as accessory to the murder."

Malling turned white. "Why, that's ridiculous! I was unconscious when it happened."

"Sure you were. If you hadn't been unconscious there wouldn't have been no murder."

Malling fainted, but he was all right in a few minutes and we took him to the station-house. The police had a flashy blond girl there named Irene Walger. They locked her up too.

"I'm all at sea on this, O'Malley," I told him.

"Yeah? Malling used to be Paden's clerk. A couple of years ago, when Paden wanted partly to retire, he made him his partner. Malling couldn't stand prosperity. He began stepping out, gambled and went around with women and got himself in debt. So he got the idea to have the store robbed to get him out of his trouble. He figured it was no harm to Paden because the stock was insured, and Malling was to get part of the proceeds. The idea was he'd get held up when he opened in the morning, and they'd tie him up and the clerk would find him. Malling took his part in jewels because, being in the business, he could do better with 'em than if they'd been sold to a fence. The package you got at the hotel was his share."

"Didn't the taxi man or Enbrook have anything to do with it?"

"Not a thing. Enbrook is just a young guy that met Miss Paden at the beach and fell in love with her, and afterwards he hung round the store because he saw her there sometimes. He wouldn't tell that. The taxi business was just an accident, but it upset the plan. Malling was unconscious and couldn't let the holdups know. They went there expecting to find him and found Paden instead, and he fought 'em and they knocked him off."

"BUT how did you trace this to Malling?"

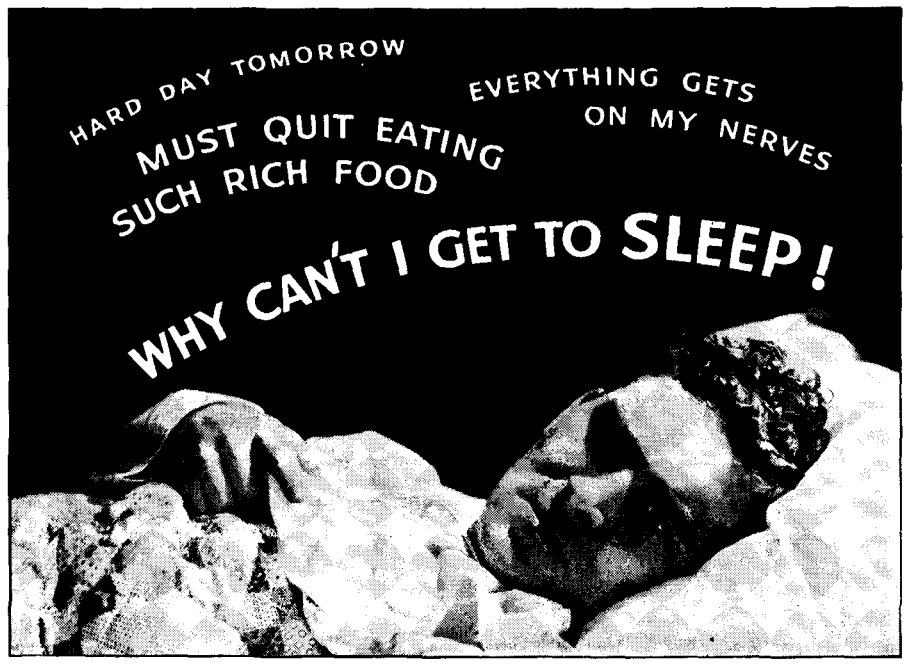
"Malling lied when he said he was at O'Connel's. He wasn't known there. But he had been somewhere, so I asked around night restaurants and found one where they did know him. He had been there a lot with a girl named Irene Walger. I found out where she lived and went out to question her. She wasn't home but there were some letters to her in her mail box—only we won't say nothing about them letters. One of 'em addressed to her had another one inside it, but all it said inside was John V. Huber and the name of a hotel. I didn't know what that meant but I called up the hotel to see if Huber was registered there. He wasn't, but they thought he was expected.

"So then I wondered what would happen when Huber got there, and I figured I'd find out. I didn't want to go there myself because they might spot me as a cop, so I had you do it, and it turned out that that was the way Malling was to get his share. Of course there ain't no John V. Huber. Malling was to go there and register by that name and his cut would be there waiting for him. He wouldn't want to meet those guys after the robbery because he might be seen doing it. It might be he didn't even meet 'em before it. I figure he got the idea of being robbed, but who was to do it and how it was to be done was fixed up by Irene Walger."

"You worked this out well," I told him, "and deserve a lot of credit."

"Yeah? You tell 'em. When I write out a report it always reads like I'm a dumb guy that only happened to get the one they sent me after, and now that I've got to dodge Uncle Sam about them letters it'll read like I'm cuckoo."

NO MORE WAKEFUL NIGHTS



Put an End to this - and

SLEEP TONIGHT

As Soon As You Go To Bed

Try This Natural, Drugless Way That Quickly Brings You Restful Sleep . . . And Quiet Nerves Next Day

NOW—put an end to those nightly battles when you struggle in vain for sleep. Say goodbye to those heavy-headed mornings and nerve-shattered days that inevitably follow nights of restless tossing!

For now a remarkable way has been found to bring sound sleep quickly—without medicine, without drugs. A way that physicians recommend because it is so utterly *safe!*

This discovery is a unique food concentrate of vital elements processed from *natural* foods. You simply mix it with warm milk and take it a few moments before retiring.

You fall asleep as effortlessly as a child—and sleep all night more soundly than you have, probably, in weeks and months. In the morning you awaken clear-eyed, refreshed—alive and "on your toes."

For this remarkable food-drink *not only* brings sound sleep quickly—but also acts to restore nerve, brain and body tissues while you're fast asleep. Besides aiding greatly in the maintenance of nerve poise—and in increasing vitality, too.

What It Is—How It Acts

This unique food-drink is called Ovaltine—and acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness in 3 different ways—*entirely without drugs.*

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

A cup of Ovaltine, in fact, provides—in easily digested form—the food elements necessary for rebuilding nerve, brain and muscle tissue while you sleep. And, at the same time, greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue. That's why millions take it night after night—and is an important reason why its use has spread today to 54 different countries.

Really Sleep Tonight!

Don't put up with night-time tossing any longer—don't endure another sleepless night! Get acquainted with Ovaltine and see how quickly you fall asleep—how much more *completely* you rest.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe the permanent benefits you obtain. Note how your natural tendency to fall asleep quickly *every night* is progressively restored. Note, too, how resistance to fatigue is increased—how "staying power" multiplies.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine now. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls in a cup of warm milk and drink it just before you go to bed tonight. You'll be delighted with the sound, refreshing sleep you get each night—and the redoubled energy that's yours with each succeeding day. *1002-A*

NOTE: ***Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. During the World War, it was made a standard ration for rebuilding nerve-shattered soldiers. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.***

NRA MEMBER U.S. WE DO OUR PART

OVALTINE

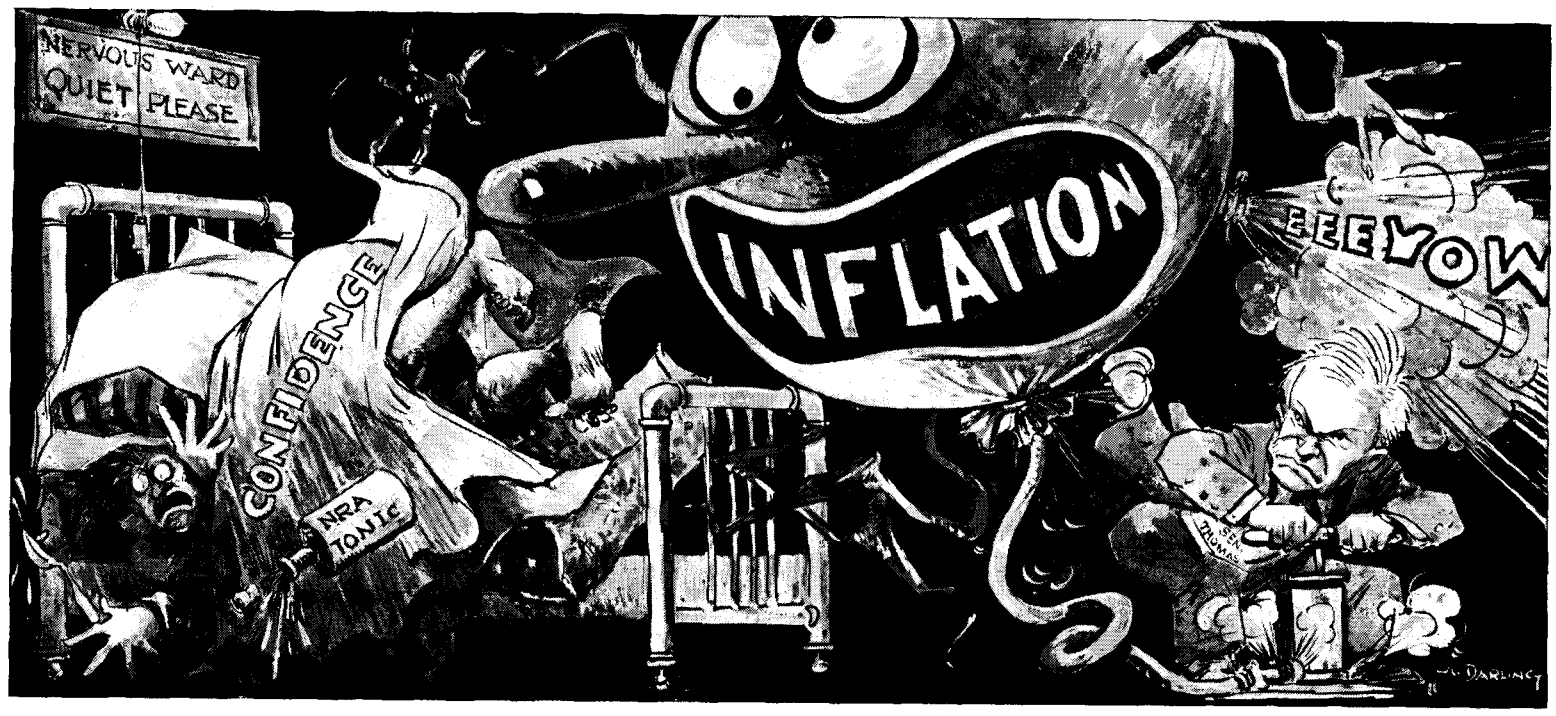
The Swiss Food-Drink

Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Collier's

THOMAS H. BECK, *Editorial Director* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Editor* CHARLES COLEBAUGH, *Managing Editor*



Remove the Last Doubt

SENATOR ELMER THOMAS of Oklahoma is a poor friend of farmers and of the nation as a whole. Senator Thomas last spring announced his intention to transfer two hundred billion dollars from its then existing owners to others. He planned to accomplish this Robin Hood act by devaluing the dollar.

There are ninety-six senators and Oklahoma's Elmer Thomas is only one of them. Other senators fortunately have other and sounder ideas of business as well as morality. The only reason for remembering Senator Thomas' unscrupulous extravagances at all is because of the continuing injury he is inflicting upon those whose favor he curries and whose interests presumably he would like to serve.

Senator Thomas is the spokesman of those who would compel the President arbitrarily to expand the currency. At the very moment the Thomas resolutions were being drafted the American dollar was worth only 65 cents in gold. Already inflation talk had created so much apprehension that the dollar had lost more than a third of its buying power in world markets.

The degradation of the dollar would not matter if actually it bettered the position of farmers or the nation as a whole. Actually the uncertainty which resulted from the Thomas propaganda has done more than anything else to combat the progress made toward recovery by the NRA, the Agricultural Adjustment Administration and all other branches of the Roosevelt effort.

What Senator Thomas has not learned, and seems incapable of learning, is that American business is conducted on bank credit and not with paper dollars. Checks, not currency, are the important medium of American exchange.

The number of paper and metal dollars in circulation gives little indication of the activity of business. There was a billion dollars more in circulation last April after the bank holiday, when things were at their worst, than in July, 1929, when business reached the top of its fevered boom.

In this country, currency is hardly more than "change." Important work is paid for not so much with currency as with bank credit. The uncertainty and apprehension engendered by the Thomas propaganda restrain men who can borrow, and who ought to borrow for business enterprise and expansion, from undertaking new ventures.

While the actual currency in circulation has expanded more than a billion dollars the volume of bank credits is still twenty billions less than it was five years ago. Even though some bankers have behaved as misers there should be plenty of bank credit available for anyone who can reasonably be expected to repay his loans. The excess reserves of the member banks of the Reserve System rose to eight hundred millions in September.

The major effort of the Roosevelt administration has been to increase employment and to revive buying power. Jobs can be created only by businesses which at least are not losing money. Wages can be paid only if there are earnings. Stupidly Senator Thomas is doing his worst to frustrate and nullify the remarkable accomplishments of General Johnson and the Recovery Administration and at the same time adding immeasurably to the difficulties encountered by Secretary Wallace in raising farm prices.

The only serious obstacle now in the path of economic recovery is the financial uncertainty due to the Thomas agitation. Remove the uncertainty concerning the future worth of the American dollar and American business will surge forward. We are already well along the road to recovery. The business cycle has turned upward. Other problems remain but none is insuperable.

If Senator Thomas has his way and the dollar is cut not only to 50 cents in gold but even to zero, after the manner of the Russians, Austrians and Germans, farmers would not be benefited. Their debts might be wiped out but their markets would be disorganized and destroyed.

The savings of the thrifty in banks and insurance companies would be dissipated. The funds for the support of widows and orphans and the helpless would vanish. The revenues which maintain colleges and hospitals and all endowed institutions for human service would dry up. The damage done in such a country as the United States would be incalculable.

Of course the Thomas policies won't succeed. After all, we are a sane people, hardheaded in the defense of our fundamental interests. We shall get along faster, however, as it becomes obvious that the Thomas propaganda is merely the conversation of the lunatic fringe and not the deliberate program of any congressional or popular majority.

Congress does not assemble in regular session until January. Some plain speaking based on clear thinking by the responsible leaders of that body before the session is called to order will be immensely helpful.

We have gone through such periods of agitation before and have emerged successfully and honorably. After the Revolutionary War, again after the close of the Napoleonic Wars, and finally in the aftermath of the Civil War similar issues were debated during long years.

Few who know the history of the past now doubt the outcome of the present agitation. We can, however, measurably speed up recovery by removing this uncertainty concerning the value of our money. Once the future becomes clear on this point, tremendous energies will be released and the present march toward recovery will be vastly accelerated.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You must feel A SMILE to act one

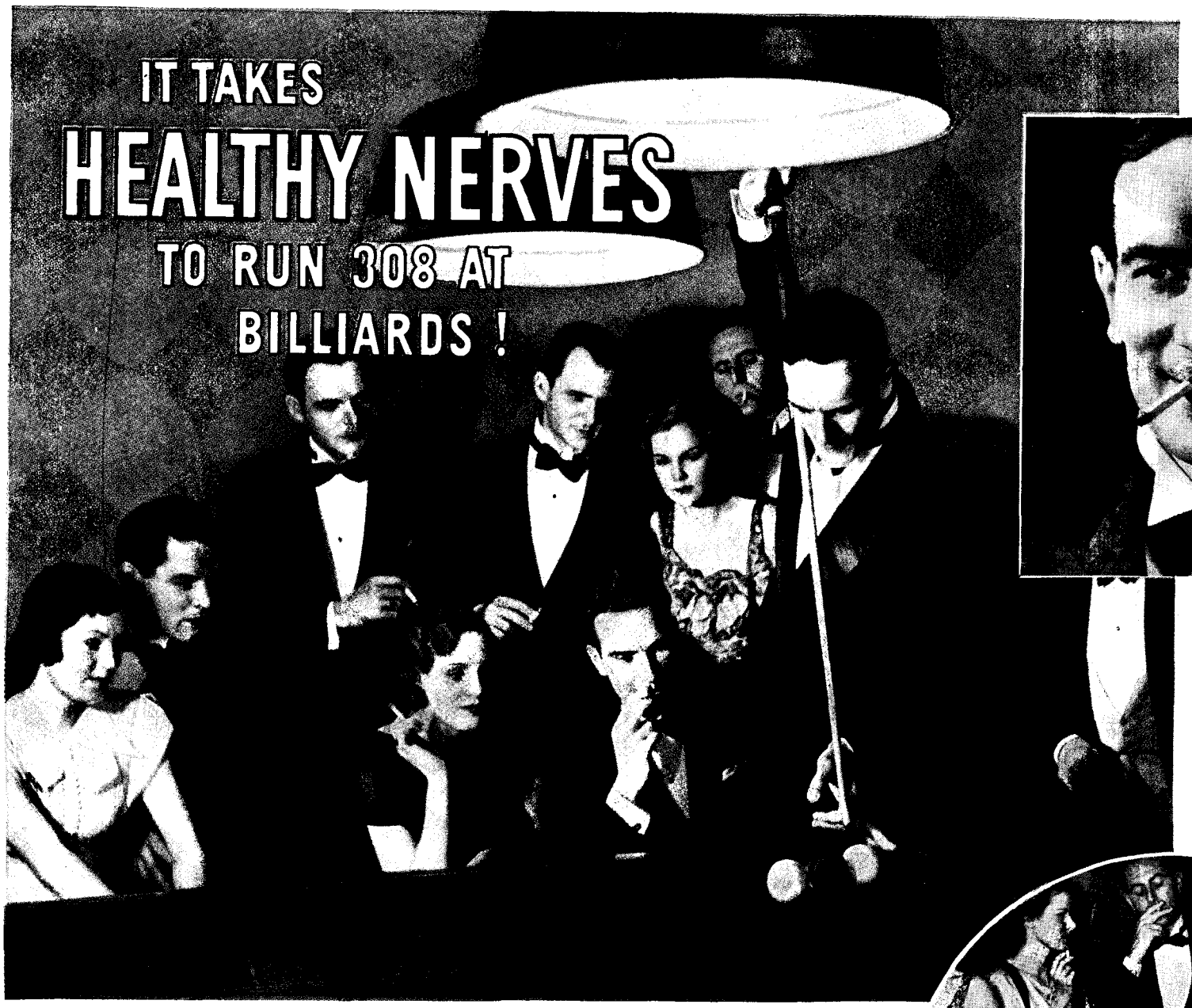
Joan Crawford
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Star
in "The Dancing Lady"

Refresh yourself
Bounce back to normal

A smile comes from within . . . tells how you feel. Pause *in the part you play in a busy day* for a sparkling, ice-cold Coca-Cola. Watch the fade-out of a tired, thirsty face as good cheer appears . . . There's a scientific reason for it. Coca-Cola is a perfect blend of those pleasant, wholesome substances which foremost authorities say do most in restoring you to your normal, happy self.

© 1933 COCA-COLA CO., ATLANTA, GA.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



●MR. HAGENLOCHER says, "If I were giving one simple rule for successful billiard play, I should say, 'Watch your nerves!' That's why I've smoked Camels for years. I like their taste better and they're milder. But more than that, they never upset my nervous system."

●ABOVE—ERICH HAGENLOCHER, twice 18.2 balk-line billiard champion of the world, and holder of innumerable other titles. Healthy nerves have carried him successfully through the sternest international competition.

●RIGHT—TALKING IT OVER calls for more Camels. Steady smoking reveals the true quality of a cigarette. Prove to yourself that Camels keep right on tasting mild, rich and cool...no matter how freely you smoke them.

Steady Smokers turn to Camels

"I know of no sport," says Erich Hagenlocher, "that places a greater strain on the nerves than tournament billiards. The slightest inaccuracy can ruin an important run. One simple rule for success is, 'Watch your nerves!' I have smoked Camels for years. I like their taste better, and because they're milder they never upset my nervous system."

There *is* a difference between Camel's costlier tobaccos and the tobaccos used in other popular cigarettes. You'll notice the difference in taste and in mildness—and Camels *never* jangle your nerves. You can prove this yourself. Begin today!

IT IS MORE FUN TO KNOW

Camels are made from finer, MORE EXPENSIVE tobaccos than any other popular brand. They give more pleasure. Your own taste will confirm this.

Copyright, 1933,
R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Camel's Costlier Tobaccos

NEVER GET ON YOUR NERVES
NEVER TIRE YOUR TASTE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED